TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

VOL. XXXIV. TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY, JANUARY 6, 1881. NO. 2

Written for the Toledo Blade.

A ROUND HALF-MILLION

A STORY OF AMERICAN LIFE.

BY GEO. WAINWRIGHT.

CHAPTER XIV.

WHAT MR. PECKHAM WAS DOING.

The estate of the late John Thompson consisted very largely of mortgages upon real estate in the vicinity, though the bank had in its possession a vast amount of Government bonds, of its own, and a still greater amount on deposit for safe keeping, the property of the wealthy farmers and the other comfortable people who have an income.

Probably there was two hundred thousand dollars of this property in the cavenous safes of the concern, besides the currency and Government bonds which the bank owned and carried as property that was money, or could be converted into money instantly.

Sam. Peckham commenced re-arranging the safes, and putting their contents into better and more convenient shape. As he did it, he made minutes of what he handled very carefully, which at night he transcribed in a memorandum which he carried upon his person.

And then Mr. Peckham commenced gradually turning the securities held by the bank into money, and investing that money in bonds. This course met the approval of Mr. Seth Thompson, who actually complimented his manager upon his suggestiveness as well as his executive ability, at which the manager smiled sardonically, as he thanked him for his good opinion.

The nights of the young husband were now all spent away from home. Poor Hannah did not dare to ask him the cause for this change, for people who are in trouble never like to know for certain just how much trouble they have on their hands. She did not want to be assured of what she dreaded.

She dared not face her position. She did not want to have it forced upon her that her husband had escaped her, that he did not love her, and what was still worse that she could not interest him to the point of retaining him. And so she silently accepted the situation, and wept in solitude, night after night.

Where was he every evening? At Esther Mercer's, enjoying the only pleasure of his dreary life. At Esther Mercer's, basking in her smiles, enjoying the delight of her conversation, and reveling in living in her presence. When Mrs. Mercer was out of the room, her soft hand fell naturally into his, as of yore, and it came to pass that he never left the house without giving and receiving the ecstatic kiss that once was his by right. And he never left the house till it was absolutely necessary that he should go, and he came as early in the evening as prudence, stretched to its utmost limits, would permit him.

He was more in love with her than he ever had been, and had told her so. She admitted, more by looks than words, that his passion was returned, or rather had never abated. He never stopped to think what the outcome of it was to be, but he was on the bosom of a current that he could not resist, and permitted himself to be swept along, tasting the joy of the moment, and reckless as to what was to follow.

One night he prolonged his stay till late in the night. There was a strange light in his eyes, and a stranger one in Esther's. He had something to say to her which he was afraid to say, and it was evident that by some intution she knew what it was, and knew that he would say it that night.

He lingered in a sort of irresolution, and she permitted him to stay. She did not call his attention to the time as shown on the dial of the little clock, and beg him to save her good name by getting away immediately, as had been the regular thing to do, and then laughingly retain him for a minute more, but she sat in silence waiting for what was to come. It came.

"Esther, can we go on as we have been going on, forever?"

"What do you mean?"

"You are a woman and know that I love you. You know that I love no one else—you know that I am under the shadow of a hideous mistake, that the marriage I made was a blunder that was worse than a crime, and that I cannot live with it. You know that the sight of the woman who is, before the world, my wife, is a torment to me, because she is my wife. The sight of you, who should be my wife, is another torment. I am driven to desperation, and something will happen, something must happen to change, or I shall go crazy."

"What would you have?"

"I would have you. I would be free from a bondage I hate, and would go to you, from whose side I should never have departed. Do you love me enough to take with me a desperate step?"

"I love you, Sam, enough to do anything. I am as mad as you are. She shall never have you."

They sat and talked till late in the night, and when Sam finally left her he went home reeling like a drunken man.

The door had scarcely closed upon him till Esther changed in a most frightful way. Gone in an instant was the sweet expression—gone was the red in her face, and the soft woman of a minute before was ten years older. Her face assumed a hardness that was cruelty itself, and her hands clenched till the nails sank into the flesh, as she fell into a chair. The strain of the two hours was all that she could bear, and she was white as snow. The strain of the past four hours had been too much for her, and she sank back utterly exhausted.

"At last," she thought to herself. He shall suffer all I suffered and more. He shall ruin himself, and shall not get what he ruins himself for. As humilated as he is now, he shall be ten times more humilated. I will avenge Hannah and myself, at once. Oh how I hate him!"

The next morning Esther left the village for Chicago. Her customers were informed that she would not be home for a month, much to their disgust, for who so tasteful as she in matters of head-gear, and who so prompt and obliging. But she went, all the same, leaving work and her mother.

Sam Peckham did not go to his wife's room that night, at all. He spent the most of the night in the library arranging papers, and what sleep he took was upon a sofa therein. But it was very little sleep that he got. He could not sleep. A score of times he rose and paced the room, a score of times he laid down, but sleep would not come to him, and when he did close his eyes there was plainly visible to him, two things, the bonds in the safe and Esther Mercer.

Mr. Peckham was not in a proper frame of mind to sleep. Only those at peace with themselves sleep well.

The next day there were more transfers of bonds and mortgages into government, collections were urged, and many a man whose paper was overdue and had been allowed all sorts of grace, so that the interest was promptly paid, found himself in the receipt of a most peremptory note, insisting upon immediate payment.

The trouble became so common, for half the Town owed the bank, that Seth Thompson found his newly-acquired popularity in danger, and he went to Peckham to see if he were not carrying the matter too far, and too rigorously.

This was Peckham's opportunity, and he improved it. He knew that Thompson knew nothing of the business and that he was the real master of the situation. He remarked to him that a banker's first business was with the bank, and not with public opinion. No man came for money unless he must have it, and money was the one commodity on which there was no higgling. Men would pay for it whatever was asked unless they could do better elsewhere, and there was no place they could get money but of them, and he went on very wisely. Every indication showed the certainty of a crash, (this was in 1872,) there would be a terrible depreciation of value of real estate, within two years, and it was a measure of safety that they realize on all the securities possible.

"For instance," says Sam, "we hold a mortgage for $5,000 on Patterson's house. That house has been valued at $10,000 and will sell for that probably now. But when specie payment is resumed, and real property gets down to a gold basis, that house will not sell for half that money, if it could be sold at all. We don't want to get into a box by having a mass of unproductive real estate on our hands. We can use all the money we have, and four times as much, on securities valued at half they are rated now. A crash is coming and we must be prepared for it. Banks are going to break within two years, and there is going to be trouble all around. If I am to manage this institution I want to be prepared for what I consider inevitable."

"You are not intending to press Patterson?"

Patterson was one of the most influential men of the Town, and one considered entirely good and solvent.

"I have already moved on him. He is reputed to be good, and will be if matters continue as they are. Within a year Patterson will find himself with a big stock of goods on his hands, with prices falling every day. He will find himself fighting a depreciation in everything, and will go to the wall. With the decline in goods, there will be a decline in real estate, and the house which is the basis of his business will drop so that we shall have to take it, and carry it, a piece of dead property. No, we want all this class of securities in Governments, which, though the interest is low, are at least secure, and we want to hold them there till we can re-invest on a basis in accordance with the drop that is to come."

Thompson could not but admit that his manager was right, and he permitted him to go on. He disliked carrying the load of odium that followed, but he had more love for money than popularity. And so he consented to the superior will of the man who after all controlled him. He took good pains, though, to let it be known that it was not his work, but that it was done in accordance with directions left by his deceased brother, whose instructions were being carried out with perhaps too much fidelity by his son-in-law, Mr. Peckham.

This was the first recognition Sam had received since the death of John Thompson. Mr. Seth Thompson, like many other men, found it very convenient to have some one upon whom the responsibility for the dirty work of the concern could be shoved. Mr. Peckham assumed it willingly, for he had come to the point of not caring what anybody, in Pentonville, thought of him.

CHAPTER XV.

A SENSATION.

There was an immense excitement in Pentonville, one fine morning in May. Mr. Mason came and opened the office as usual, and, possessed of the combination of the safes, opened them, and, taking out the ponderous ledgers, proceeded to go about his regular routine work. He made no further investigation. Ten o'clock came, but Mr. Peckham did not appear. At eleven Mr. Seth Thompson came in and asked for Peckham, but he had not come, which was singular, for a more punctual man never lived. It was the first instance since his connection with the bank that he had ever failed to be promptly at his desk at nine o'clock.

"Did he leave no word—send no message?" asked Thompson.

"None, sir," said Mason.

Mr. Thompson opened the inner recess where the securities were kept and, uttering a howl of anguish, sank back upon his chair, with a face as pale as the ceiling. It was empty! All gone! Not a penny's worth remained.

Seizing his hat he rushed frantically to the house and found Hannah red-eyed with weeping.

"Where is Sam?" he demanded.

"God only knows," replied the woman, breaking out into a fresh paroxysm. "He did not come home last evening.—I waited for him all night, and he has not been here since. Something has happened him."

"Something has happened you and I. Something has happened, Hannah, every dollar of money—every Government bond, everything that is money, or convertible into money, is gone We have been robbed, and robbed by him."

As much as Hannah Peckham loved money, the loss did not affect her in the least. The great crushing disaster of the flight of her husband from her so completely overshadowed the other loss that she never thought of it.

"Oh, Sam," she moaned, "How could you do it? How could you? Why did you not kill me before you left me?"

"Sam," ejaculated her uncle, "Sam is the d—dest scoundrel unhung. Now I know why he wanted to convert our securities into governments. Now I know why he ruined me in the Town by pushing our creditors. A good half-million gone—a good half-million, and not a dollar left."

"Oh, my husband!" moaned the wretched wife.

"Why, Hannah, the bank must suspend, we are ruined. It will take every dollar we have of real estate and other property to pay our depositors, and I doubt if we can ever pay everything. And in the lot in the safe was every dollar that I brought from Vermont, and I am ruined as well as you."

Ruin! That was putting the matter mildly. There was gone all the available capital of the village. Gone were the facilities of borrowing, gone was the only place of deposit, and gone was the only man in the village who had the capacity to manage such a business.

There was no sympathy for Thompson, for the severity with which collections had been pushed for a month or more, had embittered many toward him and the public mind placed the flight of Peckham at the door of his usurpation of the place they knew he felt himself entitled to. Poor Hannah was sympathised with by all the men of the village, and rejoiced over by all the women. They looked upon her desertion as a righteous retribution for winning Sam from Esther, and they felt that it was only what she might have expected.

In the meantime Mr. Thompson had set vigorously about finding some trace of the fugitive. All that could be learned was that he had taken the midnight train southward, that he had left that train at a junction some forty miles away and had gone eastward. There all trace was lost of him, The most skilled detectives could not get scent of his movements after that, and after some days the effort was given over.

Wherever he was he was apparently secure from pursuit, and had got safely away with his booty.

The bank was closed, an assignment was made for the benefit of the creditors, and the banking-house of John Thompson & Co. passed out of existence.

The wreck was complete.

CHAPTER XV.

Had the detectives know that in a pleasant house in the suburbs of Chicago, Samuel Peckham was living with a friend whom he could trust, they would, doubtless have been pleased, and had the good people of Pentonville known that in another house in the same City, not far from where Peckham was hiding, Esther Mercer was living, quietly, the surprise would have been greater. Especially would the gossips have opened their eyes had they known that Esther called regularly upon Samuel, and that the most of the time the two were together.

Mr. Peckham to evade pursuit had done as a man of the world who knew the world, would have done. He did the simplest and boldest thing possible. Your detective is so unconscionably acute that he goes upon the presumption that every man who defies his skill goes about it in a most mysterious way, and he combats acuteness with acuteness. He puts up the most impossible theories as to what the man attempting to escape has done, and follows on that line. The common thief does such things, and the common detective pursues every man who absconds as though he were a common thief.

Mr. Peckham did nothing of the kind, but he proceeded to get under cover in the simplest and most sensible way in the world. He went South by rail, then went East. In the car going East he disguised himself slightly, so that he could not be recognized, and long before his flight was suspected he was safe in Chicago, where he had met Esther as they had previously arranged. Then all he had to do was to keep under cover and not show himself. The acutest detective in the world could not find him so long as his friend did not betray him, and it was very much to the interest of his friend to protect him.

But the trouble of Mr. Peckham did not end with the flight. True he had about him the entire capital of the bank, and in such a form that he could convert it into the money of whatever country he chose to make his home. True he had Esther with him, but she was as far from him as ever.

For the moment the girl found herself in Chicago, and with Sam, her manner changed. He was eager to take her to himself at once, but she would none of it. He must wait.

"Why wait, Esther? We have fled together, we are here, and in the sight of God you are mine. What do you mean?"

"I mean that I will be no man's mistress. We cannot marry legally, but nevertheless we shall marry. When we are abroad there shall be forms, that will be sufficient in whatever country we settle in, to make me your wife. No one who knows me, knows that I fled to join you, and no one who knows me shall ever know it. I shall die in this country, and shall be resurrected in another, as your wife. Till then I shall be to you only what I was before your marriage—your betrothed—and I shall be treated as such."

Then Sam urged immediate flight, but she would not consent. It was Esther who had assumed control of affairs, for she was as cool and collected as he was rash and impetuous. She kept careful watch of the newspapers, and to her delight found there was not a suspicion in the minds of the Pentonvillians that there was any collusion between the two; so her good name had not been placed in jeopardy.

The abuse poured upon the head of the absconding cashier was terrific, for the ruin he had occasioned had been widespread. It affected Pentonville as if a tornado had struck it. Business men who depended upon the bank for their capital found themselves without any means of tiding over tight places, and they went down. Others who had owed the bank money, found themselves suddenly forced to pay, and a part of them went under, and another part were badly crippled, and as every man in the town had had more or less dealing with the concern, there was a derangement of affairs that wrecked the little place, and left everybody in some trouble.

It was as if a cog had been knocked out of a wheel. There could be no even motion till their place was supplied.

As all such things do, time healed over the wound that the disaster had caused. The dead were buried, the wounded were limping about, and Sam Peckham was more than half forgotten. These little Western Towns have wonderful powers of recuperation. Some capitalists from abroad came to the Town and commenced banking, and in a month or such a matter it was an old story.

Then Peckham's time came, the time he had waited for with anxiety and impatience that was almost boyish. It was considered safe for him to move and to make the attempt to get out of the country.

Their plan was to get into Canada as soon as possible, and from there to take a steamer to Belgium, that refuge of American defaulters and peculators. There, under assumed names, they proposed to take up their permanent residence, and live upon the money in their possession. It was enough to afford them not only comfort, but luxury.

Peckham did not intend to live in any mean way. He had means in abundance to do as he pleased, and his mind was set upon a life that would be more than comfortable. His wife that was to be, was beautiful, she was accomplished, and had the peculiar acuteness to acquire what she did not know without trouble or loss of time. He would have an elegant house, he would have elegant equipages, he would have the the best society, and surround himself with the best people.

It was possible that he might be recognized, but what of that? Money is the same in Europe as in America, and the possession of a round half million, which would be rated at twice the sum, would make him a gentleman anywhere.

He had no conscience in the matter. He considered the money in his possession as his own. He considered that he had been defrauded of it by the deceased banker, and that he was simply enjoying his own. As to his wife who was weeping and moaning her life away in Pentonville, he was not disturbed by her, at all. For he held that he had been entrapped into a marriage with her, and that he was entirely justified in the summary way he had severed the legal tie that bound them together.

And so, entirely at peace with himself and confident of his ability to get away with the plunder, the pair left Chicago in the night for Montreal.

They were disguised sufficiently to avoid recognition, especially as they traveled only by night. They managed to stop at out-of-the-way stations before day-light, and resume their trip by night.

Sam urged Esther to take half the bonds and go on alone, joining him in Montreal, but she would not consent. She would go with him.

Four nights passed, and they were in the fifth, and within two hours of Montreal, where they would be safe. It would be no trouble at all to take a steamer for Europe, and once on the high seas they were beyond pursuit.

Two hours more! Peckham was in high glee. Two hours more and he could laugh at fate. Two hours more and with a round half million on his person he would be on his way to liberty, to life, to happiness.

There was an avenging Nemesis following him. The train was gliding on at a rapid rate, for it was the fast express. Sam was in a seat with Esther rhapsodizing over the delights that awaited them. The Nemesis overtook them. It was a broken rail.

There was a plunge, there were shrieks from the affrighted passengers, there was a crash, strong timbers were crushed as if a giant was amusing himself with them, iron bars and rods were twisted as though they were cotton twine, and the train, torn to pieces, plunged down a bank. It was more than two hours now to Montreal and safety.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Written for the Toledo BLADE.

A FILE OF INFANTRYMEN

"For Three Years, or During the War."

At Home in a Shelter Tent, and Abroad with "Three Days' Rations and Forty Rounds of Ammunition."

BY JOHN McELROY,

Author of "Andersonville: A Story of Southern Prisons."

COPYRIGHT, 1880.

CHAPTER LVIV.

O'NEIL'S MINGLED FORTUNE.

The maimed Army of the Tennessee, stunned, bleeding from every pore, angry and humiliated at its unexpected repulse, fell sullenly back to its own range of bluffs, where it lay and glowered at the enemy, whom frequent victory had made it estimate too cheaply.

It was in the mood to make another determined attempt to carry the works at the point of the bayonet, but its commander would not consent to squander any more life in that manner, when he had his prey where it could not escape him, and he could gain possession of it by less sanguinary methods. So the army sat down to the tedious process of a siege.

An anxious consultation was going on in a temporary hospital formed by stretching a "fly" in a grove of odorous pecan trees a mile in the rear of our lines. O'Neil, with a sad fading out of his irrepressible jollity of eye and face, sat on the side of a camp cot, holding in his left hand his mangled right arm, now shorn of the strength and cunning that had been the pride and glory of its possessor. His sleeves had been cut away at the shoulder, and showed the contours of a manly limb that might have been taken from a statue of Hercules, done in warmly tinted marble. There, underneath the smooth skin of the square shoulder, swelled the mighty biceps, pregnant reservoir of virile energy, firm as a cannon ball to the touch, but sensitively shrinking or dilating at the least impulse from the subtle nerves of motion communicating the mandates of the brain, and raising the firm sinews in cord-like ridges or sinking them again in sleeping quiescence beneath the flesh's rounded symmetry. What a wonderful machine is the human arm, and how puny and insignificant do the most boasted inventions of man seem beside its marvelous ingenuity and fitness for all uses.

The kindly Surgeons gazed on the stalwart limb with the admiring eyes of men trained to comprehend and delight in the glories of the perfect manly form, and then began to tenderly undo the bandages about the wound. There was no need of assurances that they would do all that art could to preserve so admirable a member. O'Neil wacht their faces keenly. He did not wince nor shudder as they explored the laceration with their cruel instruments, and took fragments of shattered bone from the torn flesh, and clotted blood, for a deeper agony than mere physical pain wrencht his heart, as he saw come into their faces the hopeless look that even professional training could not wholly mask from his anxious scrutiny.

"Evidently the work of one of those explosive bullets," at last said the Surgeon, whose shoulder-straps bore the golden strawberry leaves of a Major.

"No doubt of it," said the other, whose straps showed the more modest double bars of a Captain. "No plain Enfield bullet could have made such a havoc with the bones."

"The ulna is hopelessly shattered," said he with the Major's straps.

"Also the radius," returned the other.

"But I wasn't hit anywheres but in the arm," said O'Neil, earnestly. "The breastworks covered me so I could't be hit in thim Latin parts that yer a shpaking of. Oi only poked me hand above the bank to snatch the flag down, when the hathins [illegible] me have it thru the wrist."

"Quite true, Lieutenant," said the Major-Surgeon, pleasantly. "That is all we said."

"Thank God for that," said O'Neil, fervently; "Oi thot wid the big names ye were usin' there wasn't a whole bone lift in me body, so Oi did."

"It's clear," said the Captain-Surgeon, resuming the professional conversation, "that there isn't two inches of sound bone left in the fore-arm."

"Yes, and there is no other course remaining but an amputation of the lower third of the humerus."

"Saints presarve us!" said O'Neil, hotly, "hear these cold-blooded sawbones talkin' about cuttin' off a man's good roight arm as something humorous." But his anger faded away as he saw on their faces the unmistakable look of deep sympathy for a misfortune that all their skill could not even mitigate. "Oi beg tin thousand pardons, jintlemin; Oi know ye'll do all ye can for me."

"You are right, Lieutenant," said the Major. "Nothing is so painful to us as to mutilate a man; it seems like a sacrilege of God's noblest handiwork. If there were one chance in ten for saving your arm we would take it. But you are a brave man, and we know you will thank us for telling you frankly that there is positively no alternative; all the surgeons in the world couldn't save your arm. It will have to come off, and the sooner the better."

O'Neil drew a long breath, and set his teeth. The strong lines in his face settled for a moment into an unwonted look of dejection, and there was a suspicion of moisture dimming his blue eye. Then his nostrils expanded proudly, and he said:

"Well, God's will be done. Oi fale as if Oi'd much rather hev had that bullet thru me heart than that it should take away from me the arm that has been me proide an' glory. It'll be a miserable sort of a loife Oi'll lade widout it. But the mother of God will help me, as she always has." And he toucht his beads reverently.

"Shall we give you chloroform during the operation?" askt the Major.

"No; Oi've always lookt anything Oi've had to bear squarely in the face, an' Oi will this. Go ahead as soon as you are ready. O, Walt., me boy, ye're jest in toime; Oi was wishin' for you to be here; ye've been with me thru so much trouble, that's it's pleasant to hev ye now."

"I've come to bring you some good news, Lieutenant," said Walter, who had just come up.

"Well, just hold it a few minutes; Oi may want it more then than Oi do now. Doctor, you *may* give me something; Oi'll take another drop, if you plaze, of that same foine old brandy, that you favored me with this morning,

This was given him, the Surgeons set about their work with the ready deftness of long practice, and in a few minutes it was all over.

"Faith, it's moighty handy ye are wid dem tools o' yourn," said O'Neil, composedly, after he had received another cup of the doctor's brandy. "If ye were only a quarter as good in cooperin' a man up as ye are in pullin' him to payces, we wouldn't nade any recruits at all. Ye'd just go round and patch all the b'ys up good as new after a foight, an' one set of min would last a whole campain, which would save a power o' wear an' tear to the moinds of the drill-sergeants." He pickt up his severed hand and lookt at it, with a return of something like his old fun lighting up his eye. "Well, old frind, Oi'm moighty sorry to part wid ye, so Oi am. Ye've bin the best frind Oi've had these 30 year, an' Oi'm afeard Oi'll niver foind another so good. Ye've helpt me to a pile o' good atin', an' still more good sup, an' ye've paid me complimints most illigantly to several jintlemin fwat Oi've had discussions wid, an' ye've always bin a very conclusive argyment. Oi suppose now Oi'll have to larn to dispute wid me other hand. Thank God, Oi don't nade ye now so much since Oi'm a liftinant, an' carry a soord instid of a musket."

"That's just what I came to tell you about," interrupted Walter. "Your commission's arrived at last, and the Colonel has sent me up with it. Here it is," and Walter produced the potent parchment. "and that isn't all," he continued, and after giving O'Neil a little time to feast on the impressive blazonry of coats of arms and seals, which fortified the Governor of Illinois's high-sounding announcement that he "reposed special confidence in the valor, patriotism, and discretion of Patrick O'Neil." "The Colonel has forwarded your name for promotion to Captain of Company A, indorsed by all the Generals clear up to Grant, and a commission as Second Lieutenant in the Regular Army, on account of conspicuous gallantry in the charge of the 22d, and it'll go thru, sure."

Such overpowering good fortune rendered O'Neil speechless for a few minutes, then he recovered utterance to say:

"Be me sowl, it's worth losin' a hand for. But Oi can't take all this good luck to mesilf: The rest of ye b'ys desarve as much as Oi do."

"O, that's all right; we'll probably all get a hoist of some kind. But I aint done yet. We've fixt up this box for your hand. We'll bury it some place now. And after we've captured Vicksburg we'll inter it again where our flag was placed at the time of the charge."

"That's the spot of all the world," said those around, with enthusiasm.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A LITERARY QUESTION.

Who Wrote "Slush?"

Brooklyn Eagle.

"What seems to be the matter here?" inquired the City editor, as he entered the local room and found two reporters rolling over each other on the floor. "Stop this! What's the trouble?"

"He says my account of the funeral yesterday was all slush," panted one of the contestants, climbing to his feet. "It's twice as good as his account of the fire."

"Tisn't either," objected the other; "I can write all around him with one hand and lick him with the other. Look at his funeral business; he says: 'The corpse stood in a neat casket, which looked as natural as life, while the organ strains blended with a fine cross and anchor of tuberoses presented to the deceased by his partners as a token of esteem.'"

"Well, wasn't it?" demanded the funeral reporter. "See how he puts up his fire: 'Engine No. 6 got the first stream on the Fire Fiend who shot forth his starry tongue and rolled his eyes savagely as the crystal drops fell thick and swift on his red and yellow hide. At this juncture the hose burst, and but for the prompt arrival of No. 4 the monster would have strided through the city, leaving a burning pathway of widows and orphans.'"

"So he would," proclaimed the fire reporter. 'But when 4 arrived he had the bulge. But look at this for a funeral notice; 'The mourners were veiled, but not so keenly as to hide their sobs from the keen observer. A dim religious light prevailed, contrasting pleasantly with the discourse, which was calculated to comfort these who were weary and heavy laden, of which there were six, all prominent citizens, who officiated as pallbearers.' That's what I called slush."

"What does he know about writing?" demanded the funeral reporter. "Listen to his fire a minute: 'The flames burst out of a common kitchen stove, and, rejoicing in their freedom, poured with a bold roar of laughter into the adjoining room used by Mr. O'Meara as a tailor shop. Up the side of the doorways they climbed, shrieking with fiendish delight, toward the residing rooms of Mr. Amos Thompson, when they were checked by the gush of the enraged engines, and dropped affrighted through the floor, into Antonelli's barber establishment below.' Call that sense!"

"Certainly!" defended the author. "That's what they did, and I wrote up the facts. Talk about writing! Look at this: 'The respect in which the deceased was held was held was testified by the energy displayed by the mourners in their efforts to secure front seats. Long before the hour appointed the house was crowded, and hundreds were turned away. At the conclusion of the ceremony the preacher announced that all who desired to glance at the features of the dead party would please step forward, and the scene that followed beggars discription, while the organ played a sad aria from Offenback's oratorio of Solomon.' What does that mean?"

"You just let it alone," defied the funeral reporter. How's this? "For hours the hissing water and the battling flames wrestled for mastery. At length the wearied mass of furious fire, with one expiring effort, reached its blazing arms toward the frowning zenith, and with a shudder of despair sank before its hereditary foe. Loss, $200; no insurance." Call that reporting? "I don't."

"Don't, eh?" demanded the fire reporter.

And the city editor left them rolling on the floor again. There are some questions an umpire cannot decide.

Everybody Knew.

Boston Transcript.

"My wife lost her pocketbook with $15 in it, to-day," said a sad-looking man. "When; going down town, or coming home?" asked somebody. "When? Didn't I tell you she had some money in it?" demanded the sad-looking man, and everybody knew when she lost it.

For the Blade.

LAZARUS.

BY MOSS ROSE.

Now a certain man was sick, named Lazarus, of Bethany, the town of Mary and her sister Martha.—John, Chapter 12th, v. 1st.

Therefore his sisters sent unto him, saying, Lord, behold, he whom Thou lovest, is sick.—Verse 3d.

Knowing that human nature is the same in every age, and also how impatient we are, when an expected blessing is delayed, I have, to some extent, indulged my fancy, in the following lines:

Worn, and weak as a little child,
He slowly raised his head and smiled,
And whispered, "Is the Master here?
Methought I felt his presence near.
And heard his footstep at the door,
I fain would see him, once, once more,
Why should he thus so long delay?
O, faints the runner on his way!
This three days since you sent to tell,
The Nazarene we love so well,
That I am sick, alone I lie,
He cometh not, altho' I die;
Make strait my pillow, bathe my brow,
Perchance he cometh even now."
The man was sick, sick unto death,
He feebly drew his faltering breath.

With aching hearts, and gloomy fears,
The sisters watch through blinding tears,
And wait, and wish, and hope and pray,
Through all that long and weary day,
And through the watches of the night,
"Let by the pale moon's misty light;"
They listen for the coming feet,
In vain, no sounds their senses greet;
Save the free night wind's haunting tone,
And the sick brother's feeble moan,
And o'er and o'er the wailing cry,
"He cometh not, although I die."

When dawned the morning, cold, and gray,
Pallid and still the brother lay;
The eyes were cold, the lips were dumb,
And yet the Master did not come.
And bitter tears the sisters shed,
Above the loved, the silent dead;
And where a low, dark cave was made,
They laid him 'neath the olive shade,
And sought their home in woe, and pain;
The grave was left to sun, and rain.

The days went by in ceaseless flow,
As days are wont to come and go,
And when four days had passed away,
There came a day, a golden day,
When Jesus went on weary feet,
The mourners in their home to greet,
And when he saw their grief, and tears,
He bade them hold no gloomy fears.

And Jesus stood above the cave,
Above the steep and narrow grave;
He stood anear the grave and wept,
Where Lazarus so long had slept,
And there He prayed above the dead,
Above the grave, so dark and dread,
And Jesus stood and cried aloud,
The dead came forth, and in his shroud,
His voice had pierced the deaf, cold ear,
When Jesus speaks the dead can hear.

Age after age has passed away,
Since Jesus raised the dead that day,
Yet still he says to those who grieve,
As then he said, "Only believe."

MME. COURRAINT.

How the Mystery Surrounding Her Death was Solved.

A Clever Detective's Successful Operations—Footprints that Evidently Lied.

Etienne Raoul kept a small haberdashery shop in the Rue Jacques, Paris. Back of the shop was a small room, used as a kitchen and eating room, and up stairs were four other rooms. Next door to Raoul lived a Madame Courraint who sold religious books and pictures, relics, crucifixes, and such like, and was in much favor with the more pious residents and the priests. The latter often went into the small room in the rear of Madame's shop, and drank cognac. Madame's only companion was a young woman, named Marie Paillot, somewhat comely, but seldom appearing outside the premises.

With Raoul resided his wife and her nephew, Louis Mantin, a young fellow of 18 or 19, who attended a religious seminary with a view to entering the priesthood. Between Mme. Courraint and Monsieur Raoul a feud existed, arising out of an alleged trespass by the former on the rear premises of the latter, in the Autumn of 1868. The question was decided in court in favor of the madame, and from that time on the relations between the parties were not friendly—a fact well known to the neighbors. One morning in December, 1868, some stale fruit was thrown from madame's dwelling into Raoul's yard. Raoul threw it back and also a lot of other rubbish, including a pair of old boots, which he charged had been flung there by his neighbor. An altercation followed, during which madame called Raoul a thief and his wife a procuress. Raoul was wild with rage, and used threats.

Three days later—that is, on the morning of Dec. 17, Mme. Courraint was

FOUND IN BED, DEAD.

The young woman, Marie Paillot informed the authorities, and the judge of instruction, answering to our Coroner, took charge of the case

Madame slept in the front room immediately above the store, and her companion, Marie, in the room above that. The stairs ran from the room in the rear of the shop to the room in the rear of that occupied by madame, and in like manner to Marie's apartment. Examination showed that the door leading from the room in the rear of the store to the yard might have been easily forced from the outside, the lock being somewhat old and insecure. Entrance to the entire dwelling could thus be obtained. The night before Marie had washed the yard and well saturated the ground so that the marks were distinctly visible in the soil. The marks of other feet were also visible. They began among those of Marie, close to the fence which separated madame's yard from Raoul's, and they led to madame's door. Impressions of the same feet were likewise found in the passage, in the rear room and on the stairs leading to madame's bedroom.

Frost had come in the night, and the footprints were well preserved. Dicot, a clever detective, was put on these footprints, and the household of Etienne Raoul was kept under surveillance. No foot prints had been found in the yard, but then the ground had not been soaked the night before. This at first puzzled the detective until Marie's explation was given. Early in the morning the sun began to thaw the frozen footprints in Mme. Courraint's yard. Dicot went off in haste and returned with a pan of warm plaster. Selecting a very distinct footprint, he built a small wall of clay around it; then he poured in the plaster. In 10 minutes he had a perfect cast of the footprint. Not satisfied with that, he turned an empty bucket over an impression to preserve it as long as possible.

In the meantime it was fround that Madame

HAD BEEN STRANGLED

as she lay asleep. She had probably slept hard, for there were signs of her having taken some cognac before going to bed. She had sat for some time, apparently, by the round table on which the bottle and glass still stood. She had also amused herself by drawing figures on the table with the spilt liquor and her finger. The detective examined this table very attentively and made a few notes. The theory was that the assassin of Mme. Courriant had come over the fence from Raoul's premiser. Raoul's boots were examined. He had two pairs, but neither fitted the marks in the yard of madame. While Dicot and the Judge of Instruction were consulting an officer entered.

"Monsieur," said he to the Judge, 'I found these on the roof of an outhouse in Raoul's yard."

He brought from behind him a pair of old boots, soiled with mud.

Dicot took one of the boots and examined it. Then he placed it over the plaster cast which lay on the table.

It covered it precisely.

"Very good," said the Judge; that will decide it. Now determine whose boots these are, and you have the assassin."

Dicot smiled dubiously.

"It may be," said he, "but it is by no means sure. These boots were hidden away. Why? Because they would betray some one. Why, then, were they hidden away on the premises of the very man whom they would betray. For these boots are Raoul's. See! there is his name."

And Dicot showed the words "Etienne Raoul," written on the lining on the top of the boots.

"We must arrest Raoul, nevertheless," said the Judge, and he drew out a warrant, and placed it in the hands of an officer."

Everything was clear. So the Judge said.

RAOUL HAD A QUARREL WITH MADAME

and a lawsuit. After that he had another quarrel, and used threats. Then the footprints in the yard and the marks in madame's house correspond exactly with the boots bearing Raoul's name.

Raoul was locked up. He protested his innocence. He insisted that he could establish an alibi. He was sick all that night, and his wife would prove it.

The Judge of instruction shrugged his shoulders and displayed the palms of his hands.

Dicot was not idle meantime. He had made a study of the small table which stood by the side of the murdered woman's bed. There was a bottle and a glass upon it on the side next the bed. The old lady had drank out of the glass, without doubt. But she had not sat in the chair which stood near the table; she had lain on bed and taken the brandy, for there were spots on the coverlet which showed it, The person who sat in the chair had pushed it back near the bed when he or she arose, for the carpet was frayed, and a looped thread of it had been caught in the leg of the chair and drawn away.

Follow that looped thread and you found where the chair stood when madame drank her cognac lying in bed. Placing the chair where it had first caught the looped thread, and placing himself in it, Dicot examined the table and the marks on it. Some one sitting where he sat had used the liquor spilled on the table, drawing lines on the surface with the tip of a finger. These lines had all been drawn toward the occupant of the chair as it stood where Dicot restored it. They were all drawn from the spilled liquor toward the person in the chair, for they grew fainter as they approached the chair.

But might not madame have sat in the chair and drawn the lines, and then moved the chair toward the bed where Dicot found it?

No. Madame was almost blind, and could not see to draw such lines without her glasses, and Dicot himself found her glasses in the desk in the store below, where she left them when she locked up before going up stairs to sleep her last. Some friendly person was therefore with madame.

AFTER SHE RETIRED

that night.

Dicot also carefully considered the footprints in the yard.

They began at the fence, which was 14 feet high. Right at the spot in Raoul's yard there was a water tub. There was no sign that it had been disturbed. Dicot found it so rickety that the weight of a child would have upset it. Raoul did not climb by that. But suppose the assassin came from Raoul's premises? Did he spring from the wall into the yard of Mme. Courraint? Not likely. It would make a noise, and moreover it would require him to stand up and expose himself to detection, and his feet marks would be evident away from the wall. If he came that way he crawled over and dropped to the ground.

But how would he drop?—with his face turned away from the fence? Not likely; but rather with his face to the fence, so that when he touched the ground his toes would be nearest the fence.

But was this so? Assuredly not. The heels were almost close up to the fence, with the toes pointing to the centre of the yard.

But suppose all this was explained? How did he leave the yard? By the fence? There were no foot-prints to indicate it. The foot-prints began close to the fence, and extended to Madame's room, and there was an end of them.

Did the assassin quit the scene of the crime by the front of the dwelling? Windows and doors were fast, and there was nothing whatever which could justify such a theory.

Dicot next considered the motive that might have prompted to the crime. Was Raoul a man to murder an old woman in revenge? Madame was comparatively well off. Her business was profitable; and her expenses were small. Dicot searched among her papers, and found an old, well-worn memorandum book in which Madame had made entries for years. Her hand was crabbed, and made difficult to decipher, but still the detective was a diligent student. The last entry in the book was December 16, the day before she was murdered. Every day in December had some entry, except the 12th and 13th. A leaf was missing—that was clear. Dicot could see where it and the one corresponding to it had been.

Dicot spent a few hours

SEARCHING THE SHOP.

Then he rooted among some rubbish and sweepings under the stairs. After much patience he discovered a few scraps of paper which pleased him for he picked them up smiled, and put them in his pocket. Presently he ceased his labors and brought forth the slips. He spread them on his desk, and proceeded to fit them together. They formed a perfect sheet, corresponding exactly to a page of madame's memorandum book. One side bore the date December 12, the other December 13, and on the 12th an entry appeared, in madame's scrawl, thus:

"Received of Father Riquadier 17,000 francs, loaned by me to his sister, the Baroness D'Angers."

Where was these 17,000 francs? There was no sign of them. Was this the motive for the crime?

Dicot was satisfied that Raoul was not the man, but he was also satisfied that the real assassin knew that unpleasantness existed between Raoul and madame and desired to fix suspicion on Raoul so as to mislead as to the motive and the perpetrator of the deed.

Dicot quitted the dwelling, and as he passed, a man was leaning against a lamp post smoking; the detective dropped a slip of paper. The man picked it up and read thus:

"Be on the watch. If you need help, Rigolet is at the first corner."

Half an hour later Palliot, the companion of Mme. Courraint, was requested by a messenger to favor the judge of instruction with her presence as soon as she left the house. Dicot returned to it. Marie's aunt and her niece were in charge of the shop. Dicot said:

"Ladies, I must examine the room still further."

They shuddered, and the younger one said:

"Ah, monsieur, how can you go near it by yourself? Why, I daren't pass the door even, unless some one is with me.'

Dicot went up stairs. He trod heavily over the heads of the women. But in a minute he slipped very quietly up stairs and made a rapid survey of Marie Paillot's apartment. Then he made a closer scrutiny. It was an attic room and the dormer window opened on the roof. In front was a parapet. Raoul's house had a corresponding window. Dicot had lighted a pipe and stood at the window puffing the smoke in a thoughtful mood. He leaned out, picked up a piece of mortar, pressed in the tobacco with it, and threw it away. It fell in the metal of the gutter with a lound sound. Instantly a head protruded from Raoul's window. It startled Dicot. It was dark, heavy-browed, with black hair and a flashing eye. Dicot was transfixed.

"Good day," he said, and the face disappeared.

"That is Raoul's nephew," Dicot said to himself. "He is not handsome."

Then the head disappeared again, smiled and said: "Pardon me; I did not recognize you."

They both stepped on the roof and spoke together for a few minutes, the nephew strongly advocating his uncle's innocence.

"Those toe marks are singular," said Dicot, looking right into Louis Mantin's face, as was his custom.

"I admit it," said the nephew of Raoul, with his dark eyes steadily set on Dicot's face.

"Suppose now," said Dicot, "I were to find your footprints close here by this window on the roof—"

Dicot and Louis Mantin dropped their eyes to the roof at the same moment. There was a slight start, then a pause, with surprise in one face, horror in the other.

There, right in front of Louis' window, in the debris from the roof, was the impression of a foot, exactly the same as in the yard, with the toes turned toward the window. Like a flash, Dicot fell upon Mantin, and bore him to the roof. In another instant he was handcuffed. Then Dicot stood panting, and Louis lay gnashing his teeth.

For a minute or two Dicot's breast heaved with excitement. Then he stretched up, put his head over the parapet, and whistled. The man at the lamp looked up and saw a hand waving over the parapet of Raoul's roof. Another man came round the nearest corner and joined the first. In a few seconds they reached Dicot's side, and were conveying Louis down stairs. Dicot stayed behind in Louis' room and searched. In a small oratory, back of a crucifix, was a missal. But the leaves had all been removed, and in their place were 17,000 francs in the notes of the Bank of France.

"I dursn't do such a thing again," Dicot said to himself; "but the whole thing flashed over me like a revelation.'

THE SEQUEL

is not long. Marie and Louis had long enjoyed unlawful intercourse, and had agreed that as soon as a favorable chance came they would go off together.

When madame received the money from Father Riquadier, Marie spoke of it to Louis, and the two concocted the murder of the old woman. To fix the suspicion on Raoul and screen themselves, the old boots flung into madame's yard were used by Louis. The yard was itself soaked by Marie, to enable them to carry out their scheme.

Marie sat opposite the old lady after she went to bed, and chatted with her while madame drank her cognac. When madame lay back on her pillow Marie pushed the chair toward her, and watched for her slumbering. In the meantime, Louis had entered by the roof, descended to the rear, put on Marie's shoes, closed and locked the door, and walked to the fence. There he donned his uncle's boots, and walked to the rear door, which he easily burst open, thence up stairs.

Louis crouched near the door and awaited the signal from Marie which should notify him that the time had come for him to do his share. The signal came. Stealthily approaching the bed, he flung himself upon the slumbering form and grasped the throat of the old woman with a murderous hand. Marie held down the hands as the death struggle began. When it was over Marie drew a leather case from under Madame's pillow and gave it to Louis. With eager hands he opened it and satisfied himself that the plunder was there. Then he returned to his own dwelling by the roof.

After he was gone, Marie remembered that Louis had borne away with him the boots which were to convict another. She followed her lover and returned with the boots. Just before dawn she flung them on the roof of the outhouse in Raoul's yard, where they were found by the officer.

Louis made a confession, and was sentenced for 10 years. Marie fared worse, being condemned to perpetual imprisonment.

Jesse Pomeroy's Latest Deviltry.

From a Boston Letter.

The interesting young ward of the Commonwealth, Master Jesse Pomeroy, comes to the front again with some more characteristic deviltry. A few weeks ago it was discovered that he had almost cut his way out of his iron lined cell with a file which he had begged, borrowed, or stolen from some one. Probably a member of the Humane Society sent it to him in a tract. The Warden told him then that the authorities had their eye on him, and that the guards had standing orders to shoot him at sight if found outside of his cell. Since then he has put on a reformed air. There was a pet cat in the prison, and Pomeroy begged to be let have it in cell for a companion. A more discreet Warden than Col. Chamberlain would have given the youth a pet of some other kind, a rattlesnake, a cobra, or something congenial in that way; but, as it happened, they gave him the cat. Something or other led the guard to inquire into the cat's welfare a day or two ago. On examining the prisoner's cell the animal was found in a pitiable state. The young devil to whose tender companionship it had been intrusted had made a rude knife out of a spoon that he had, and with this weapon he had partially flayed the cat alive. I am afraid that the knowledge of this act will awaken a prejudice against the prisoner, who, so long as he confined his atrocities to mere human subjects, was regarded as more unfortunate than sinful. The society for the beslobbering of everything is occupied at present in weeping over the wrongs of the poor, persecuted Poncas; but it may find time to look into the wrongs of that cat, considering it was not a child.

American Cotton in China.

Chicago Tribune.

American cottons are slowly driving English makes out of China. The reports from Chefoo, Chingiang, Newchwang, Wu-Hu, Hankkow and Kinkian are all to the same effect. At one place the sale of English drills had decreased from 14,673 pieces in 1878 to 4,177 pieces in 1879, while the sale of American drills had increased in the same time from 58,208 to 68,643 pieces. In another place the imports of English drills had fallen off 24,000 pieces and those of American drills gained 12,000 pieces. At Newchwang the difference in imports of sheetings was 60,000 pieces in favor of the American. The higher priced classes of American goods find a steadily improving market, the Chinese having discovered, to their cost, that the cheapest cottons are in fact the dearest. Many of the English makers have oversized their goods in order to increase the selling value, as the fabrics are sold by weight in China. This is adulteration of the worst kind.

THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pubr's.

TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY, JAN. 6, 1881.

OUR CLUB LIST.

We have made arrangements with the publishers enabling us to send the BLADE and either of the following publications for the prices annexed, (postage pre-paid):

WEEKLIES.	Single Copy.	With Blade.
Christian at Work	$3 00	$4 00
Chimney Corner	4 00	4 75
Harper's Bazar	4 00	4 75
Harper's Weekly	4 00	4 75
New York Ledger	3 00	4 00
Prarie Farmer	2 00	3 00
Rural New Yorker	2 00	3 30
Scientific American	3 00	4 35
Waverly Magazine	4 00	4 75
Western Rural	2 00	3 00
Chicago Advance	3 00	4 25
MONTHLIES.		
Wide Awake (Juvenile)	2 00	3 25
St. Nicholas (Juvenile)	3 00	4 00
American Agriculturist	1 50	2 75
Ladies' Floral Cabinet	1 30	2 30
Phrenological Journal	2 00	3 10
The Nursery (Juvenile)	1 50	2 75
American Bee Journal	2 00	2 75
Appleton's Journal	3 00	4 00
Andrews' Bazar	1 00	2 30
Arthurs' Home Magazine	2 25	3 25
Atlantic Monthly	4 00	4 75
Brainard's Musical World	1 50	2 75
Leslie's Popular Monthly	3 00	4 00
Leslie's Sunday Magazine	3 00	4 00
Harper's Monthly	4 00	4 75
Godey's Lady's Book	2 00	3 25
Petersons' Magazine	2 00	3 25
Scribner's Magazine	4 00	4 75

In making this proposition we stipulate that we must receive at the SAME TIME one subscriber to THE BLADE for each copy of any other publication ordered from the list. They need not both be sent to the same person, not even to the same Postoffice, and in renewing their subscriptions, old as well as new subscribers may avail themselves of the offer.

DOT SETTIN' HEN.

Mine Gracious, Dot Hen Vosn't Set Yet to Dis Dime Oud, I Pet You.

Poultry Monthly.

Meester Verris—I see dot mosd effer-poddy wrides someding for de shicken bapers nowtays, and I tought praps meppe I can do dot too, so I wride all apout vat dook blace mit me lasht Summer; you know—oder uf you dond know, den I dells you—dot Katrina (dot is mine vrow) und me va keep some shickens for a long dime ago, und vun tay she sait to me, "Sockery," (dot is mein name), "vy dond you put some of de aigs under dot olt hen shickens, I dinks she vants to sate." "Vell," I sait, "meppe I guess I vill," so I bicked out some uf de bestaigs and dook um oud do parn fere te olt hen make her nesht in de side uf de haymow, pout five six feet up; now you see I nefer was ferry pig up und town, but I vos pooty pig all de vay around in de mittle, so I koodn't reach up dill I vent oud and got a parrel do standon; vell, I klimet me on the parrel, und ven my hed rise up by de nesht dot olt hen she give me such a kick dot my nose runs all ofer my face mit plood, und ven I toge pack dot plasted olt parrel he preak, und I vend town kerslam; py chelly, I didn't tink I kood go insite a parrel before, put dere I vos, und I fit so dite dot I koodn't got me oud effer way; my fest (vest) vas bushed vay up unter my armholes. Ven I fount I vos dito shtuck, I holler "Katrina! Katrina!" und ven she koom and see me shtuck in de parrel up to my armholds, mit my face all ploed and aigs, py golly, she shust lait town on de hay und laft und laft, till I got so mat I sait, "vot you lay dere und laf like an olt vool, eh? Vy dond you koom bull me oud?" und she set up and sait, "Oh, vipe off your chin und buil your fest town;" den she lait back und laft like she vood shblit herself more as ever. Mat as I vas I tought to myself, Katrina, as she shpeak English booty goot, but I only sait, mit my greatest dignitude, "Katrina, vill you bull me oud dis parrel?" and she sees I got booty red, so she sait "of course I vill, Sockery," den she lait me und de parrel town on our side, und I dook holt de door sill, und Katrina she bull on de parrel, but de first bull she mate I yellet, "donne und blitzen shtop dat by golly; dere is nails in de parrels!" you see the nails bent town ven I vent in, but ven I koom oud dey schticks in me all de vay rount. Vell, to make a short shtory long, I told Katrina to go und dell naypor Hansman to bring a saw und saw me dis parrel off; vell, he koom und he like to shblit himself mit laf, too, but he roll me ofer und saw de parrel all de vay around off; und I git up mit half a parrel around me vaist; den Katrina she say: "Lockery, vait a little till I get a battern of dot new oferskirt you haf on," but I didn't sait a vort. I shust got a nife oud und vittle de hoops off und shling kot confontet olt parrel in de voot pile.

Pimeby ven I koom into de house Katrina she sait, so soft like, "Sockery, dond you goin to but some aigs under dot olt plue hen?" den I sait, in my deepest woice, "Katrina, uf you effer say dot to me again I'll gill from you, help me chiminy cracious," und I dell you, she didn't say any more. Vell, Mr. Verris, ven I step on a parrel now, I dond step on it. I git a pox. Werry drooly yours,

SOCKERY KADAHCUT.

English Comic Papers.

From Punch.

ANOTHER PERVERTER OF THE TRUTH. —Refreshist—"Goin' to fetsh a dropsh o' beer, old woman? Thatsh right." Wife —"Yes, but not for you; you said you were going to take the pledge this morning." Refreshist—"Yesh, I 'ave been round to the Good Templarsh Lodgesh this mornin' but they ain't got a wacancy till after Christmash."

From Judy.

PROMISING.—Bluff Old Gentleman—"Are you the porter I promised a glass of ale to the next time I came down the line?" Porter—"Well, sir, I feel as how it ought to be me, anyhow."

AT IT AGAIN.—"Pa, dear," cried his youthful son and heir, as he passed his plate for a third helping of pudding, "how is it that the Summer this year has gone so quickly?" "Pa" thought his hardest. Then he exclaimed triumphantly "I've got it; why, Peter, because it is a summary proceeding." "Not so bad for you," said the youthful son and heir, "but that's not the answer. This Summer has gone so quickly because, don't you see, there has been so often an evening mist." Peter's pa dried up.

Lofty Ambition.

San Jose Herald.

He came West but six short months ago, a young lawyer, full of noble aims and lofty aspirations, and this is what he wrote while on the overland train:

"Dear Parents—We are rapidly nearing the Golden State, and there, in that land of noble achievements, I will give full way to my illimitable talents. My fame will resound in clarion-notes all over the land."

He is now making two dollars a week and board, washing dishes in a second-class hotel on Market street.

Telephoning Santa Claus.

A Christmas scene at the telephone office in Manchester, N. H.: Mr. Slayton's little girl a tot four or five years old hallooed: "Connect Mr. Slayton's house with Santa Claus." "What?" said the central operator. "Is this Santa Claus?" came over the magic wire. "No; this is the central office," was sent back. "Hasn't Santa Clause got a telephone?" was the anxious inquiry from the little telephoner. "No; his isn't put in yet." "All right; good by," was the final response, coming in a very disappointed tone of voice, and the scene closed.

Profitable Patients.

The most wonderful and marvelous success in cases where persons are sick or wasting away from a condition of miserableness that no one knows what ails them, (profitable patients for doctors) is obtained by the use of Hop Bitters. They begin to cure from the first dose and keep it up until perfect health and strength is restored. Whoever is afflicted in this way need not suffer, when they can get Hop Bitters.—*Cincinnati Star.*

FASHION AT A BALL.

Wealthy New York as Seen in Full Evening Toilets.

A Beauty who was Arrayed Gorgeously to Advertise a Candy Store—Precocity in Low Neck and Short Sleeves—Novel Ideas Found in the Costumes—New Things from Paris—Chaste Good Night Kisses.

Correspondence Cincinnati Enquirer.

NEW YORK, Dec. 17.—The first great fashionable ball of the New York season was given by the Seventh Regiment last Wednesday night. It need not be said that the Seventh is our crack militia body, for everybody knows it. Its ranks are full of scented darlings, and the deah fellows have a new armory—the finest in the world, you know. The building covers a whole square, and is architecturally handsome outside, while inside it is made beautiful with polished woods and artistic decoration. Think, O dancers, of a smooth, hard floor capable of giving elbow-room to 400 sets for quadrilles at once! The assembly was remarkable for wealth, decency and good looks. I do not wish to be understood as saying that the ball was what society gossip-writers call "select." I simply mean that the average was uncommonly high. Gamblers and courtesans were present; and so they always are at the much-vaunted charity-ball, in spite of all efforts to exclude them; but the overwhelming majority was composed of our best people. It was as an exhibition of the newest fashions for evening dress, however, that the event was interesting to me. Nearly everything worn was fresh from the maker, and imported costumes were numerous. Embossed velvets and satins were plentiful, even in qualities that cost $25 to $50 a yard, though these grades were generally used in combination with plain satin, and not for entire dresses. The effect of so much regal magnificence was hard on ordinary silk robes. The fashion of historical costumes was represented by examples from the times of Louis XIII., Henry III., and other extravagant periods in French history. Short skirts outnumbered long ones, and in this matter there was no uniformity. A girl with her lowermost frill barely touching her instep was with her younger sister in a train. Very long trains, however, were rare. The

NEWEST MATERIAL DISPLAYED

was damask and brocart on a satin or half-satin ground, and this was seen in several costumes direct from Paris. Some of the designs were fantastical, and not likely to be long-lived—aces of spades, clubs, diamonds and hearts scattered over the satin ground. More classical and graceful patterns were of flowers and foliage thrown confusedly on the satin. The Princess dresses of these rich tissues were not quite so plain in style as formerly, but in a single piece in front, the back forming a corsage, with basque and lightly draped train. Another novel fabric seen in two or three costumes from Paris was plaid satin, bright and rich, and well calculated to combine with velvet. A pretty costume of this sort, worn by a young girl, had a skirt of pale-green satin, the front and sides gathered in waves, and between the points the plaid was visible, while two robings of green velvet formed a framing to the satin. The train was of plain satin, raised very high under a large bow of velvet, embroidered with gold, with wide ends like a butterfly's wings. I noted no diminution in the favor which has long been enjoyed by cuirass bodices laced at the back. They certainly show off a good figure to advantage, as well as a well-cut dress. The exposure of arms and bosoms was by no means excessive, and high corsages were common. The tendency seemed to be to cover the bosom and bare the arms; but in many cases, even where nature had been kind, both were entirely hidden. One sight presented was a pitiful one. A girl of surely not more than 13 years—a pretty creature with flaxen hair and light-blue eyes—was dressed in a pronounced *decolette* style. Nothing but two narrow straps clothed her arms, shoulders and bosom. Her form was of exquisite mold, and her skin, entirely unpowdered, was as pure and fair as a baby's; yet the sight was unpleasant, for she was apparently possessed of a maidenly modesty, which could not fail to be shocked and finally blunted by such an early exposure of her person. Her mother, who was with her, has a great deal to answer for, according to my belief. Another offense against good taste was

AN ADVERTISING GIRL,

who had been sent to the ball by a Broadway confectioner. There has been of late hot competition between the candy-merchants. They put their workmen into the show-windows, use electric lights, and adopt every means of attracting attention. Beautiful salesgirls have been a device, and several remarkable types of American loveliness are on exhibition in the stores. They are ostensibly employed to sell candy, but really are set up to be admired. They are virtuous girls, for all I know, and, as a rule, they repel any male advances. Indeed, they are not displayed with a view to draw men, but to please women. Most women are ardent admirers of beauty in their own sex, in spite of jealousy, and a candy store with lovely clerks is sure to be thronged by them. Well, one establishment has secured a surpassingly gorgeous brunet, with sparkling eyes, and lips sweeter than the poisoned sugar she sells. She is the talk of the shoppers. In order to gain for her a wider notoriety, her employer sent her to the ball. He had dressed her at an expense of not less than $500 for her costume, and an unconjectured amount for diamonds. These brilliants, consisting of a necklace and earrings, were unquestionably genuine, and their worth was fully $25,000. It was said that he had hired them for the night of a dealer. The dress, however, was new, and fitted her too perfectly not to have been made expressly for her. It was of white brocatelle and white satin, Princess-shaped. The front was of gathered satin, covered with lace and white-beaded embroidery, and the train was brocatelle, trimmed with plaited flounces, and edged with a choral satin balayeuse. The corsage was cut out square, and the sleeves came to the elbows. The necklace lay showily on her dark, rich flesh, and her raven-hair was brushed well back from her ears, so that the glistening pendants might hang in bold relief. She was the center of glances wherever she went, and when anybody asked who she was somebody was pretty sure to recognize her as Blank & Blank's clerk. She will be discussed in society for a week, and, no doubt, the advertisement will pay its cost. To guard against the risk of losing the diamonds, three private detectives, in immaculate evening dress, were constituted the girl's body-guard.

MANNERS AT THE BALL

are of some importance, since they presaged fashionable usage for the winter. The men wore no gloves, thus keeping up the custom which came into vogue last year. When waltzing, they considerately placed handkerchiefs between their hands and the costly coverings of the women's waists. The handsomely printed orders of dancing were seldom used for writing down engagements. The anxious swain must trust to memory and the girl's conscience, if he insists on securing her for dances ahead; but the fashion now is to take a partner only just before each dance begins. The demeanor most affected by belles this winter is that of the unsophisticated inquirer. She asks questions of her male companion on subjects that she knows more about than he does, and waits, wide-eyed and open-lipped, for his answers, with the most innocent air imaginable. This flatters him tremendously, and makes him think she is much too guileless for this wicked world. If she has a piece of the dare-devil concealed behind a particularly pure countenance, she blandly makes queries about forbidden things, feeling sure that he will mistake her audacity for sweet ignorance. This sort of thing was common at the ball. It will do very well for baby faced girls, but women past thirty shouldn't attempt it. The diffusion of knowledge is too general at that age. Nothing new was shown in the styles of dancing. The Racket-waltz was not much indulged in, and no novelty had taken its place. The waltzing was rather quieter than last season, but the hugging was fully as close, and it was not unusual for the woman to lay her head flat against the man's shoulder. A decidedly vulgar attitude was assumed in several cases—the man placing both his hands back of the woman's waist while she rested both arms atop of his. Besides being ungraceful, this was offensively suggestive, and is not likely to find favor.

THE VERY LATEST IDEAS

in dress may be given by describing the costumes in which they appeared at this ball. A white satin costume had a perfectly plain, flowing train, while the front was laid in wide kilt plaits. The brocaded apron-front of an ivory-satin dress was garnished with plaitings of Valenciennes lace. An odd combination of bright garnet with peach-blossoms was shown in a short, heavily fringed dress. A costume of black-satin brocade, showing rose-figures, was combined with black velvet and rose-satin, the trimming being point-lace. A Louis XIII. toilet of gray-satin had a bodice of checked damasse, worked with steel and jet-beads; and the bodice had double paniers crossing in front, while from under a point at the back sprang puffs of the satin. A lovely costume of violet cloth and damasso of the same color had two long points falling over the skirt—one of cloth and the other of velvet, lengthening at the back into a short train with revers. A dress of light brown velvet was worn over an underdress of pale-blue satin, caught in puffs by tiny tassels of pearl-beads. A dress of heliotrope satin was associated with silver-brocade in moss-rose design. The entire front of a white satin dress was formed of puffs, caught by small beaded tassels, and the back was laid in kilt plaits, without a train. The long round train of an ivory satin brocaded dress was kilt-plaited from the waist. The Pompadour corsage of a handsome blue satin dress was finished with pearl-embroidered lace, and the elbow-sleeves were slashed near the shoulders, showing the skin. A bright green costume of velvet had a double-apron of the same material; also, a plaited train. Hair was, as a rule, brushed up from the neck, but was not generally massed on top of the head, though there were several towering exceptions. The best of hairdressing was such as to show the head's outlines distinctly. Pearls were the most common ornaments, and, since the most expert judges cannot distinguish real from imitation pearls without handling them, the genuineness of the jewelry had to be guessed at. Flowers were worn, but usually in sparing quantities, such as a small bunch of buds at the bosom or on the shoulder. The fabrics this season are so rich in themselves that ornamentation is not desirable.

CANONCHET.

What the Place is, and the Embarrassment of a Visit to it.

New York Star.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Dec. 24.—In all New England there is not a country seat that can compare with Canonchet, the home of ex Gov. Sprague, and under the rays of yesterday morning's sun it looked anything but the abode of a man who has lost the fortune of a Crœsus, been robbed of wife and children by a false friend, and made to endure enough humiliation and disgrace to turn the brains of a thousand men. Canonchet is about a mile above Narragansett Pier, R. I., and from a commanding position looks out over the broad Atlantic from the point where Long Island Sound loses its individuality in the ocean. What few imperfections may exist about the house and grounds were hidden from sight by the snow, which in many instances had fallen so swiftly on the heavy foliage of the evergreens as to convert them into white hillocks of rare beauty. The first thing to attract the attention of the *Star* reporter on turning out of the highway into the main entrance, which leads up to the house, was the following notice;

> All persons, before entering upon these premises, will give their full names, and state the precise nature of their business. Otherwise they enter at their peril. By the direction of
>
> WILLIAM SPRAGUE,
> J. B. GREENE,
> Custodians of Canonchet.

The notice was incased in a neat glass frame, and hung on the gate, which stood partially open.

The house is a good quarter of a mile from the entrance, and there being no sentry on hand the reporter entered. One wagon or buggy had gone over the road since the fall of the snowy mantle, and forcing one's way through the heavy drifts was anything but amusement. No signs of life could be observed at the modern castle. All looked gloomy and deserted, in spite of the fact that the December sun shone so strongly, and the wind coming in off the ocean was alike laden with salt crispiness and murmurs of bursting breakers on the shell-studded beach. The chimneys and towers were free from smoke, and the whole looked more a picture on canvas than a dwelling place. When about one-half of the grounds had been crossed, the presence of the intruder was detected. A large dog appeared from a group of shrubbery and bounded forward, baying at every leap. Attracted by the baying of the dog, a man came out of the house, and likewise hurried down toward the new comer, calling off the mastiff. He approached with evident distrust, and it was only after some minutes' questioning that Dr. Greene, custodian of the estate for Gov. Sprague—for such was the gentleman—extended his hand to the reporter and bade him welcome to Canonchet.

Gen. Colton at Naples.

Joaquin Miller in Californian for January.

A few years ago a steamer drew into the Bay of Naples with a lot of passengers, among whom were a small party of Americans. The night had been rough, and the ship was behind time. It was 10 o'clock already, and no breakfast. The stingy Captain had resolved to economize.

A stout, quiet man, with a stout hickory stick, went to the Captain and begged for a little coffee, at least for his ladies. The Captain turned his back, fluttered his coat-tails in the face of the stout, quiet man, and walked up his deck. The stout, quiet man followed, and still respectfully begged for something for the ladies, who were faint with hunger. Then the Captain turned and threatened to put him in irons, at the same time calling his officers around him.

The stout man with the stout stick very quietly proceeded to thrash the Captain. He thrashed him till he could not stand; and then thrashed every every officer that dared to show his face, as well as half the crew. Then he went down and made the cook get breakfast.

This was an old Californian, "Dave Colton," as we used to call him up at Yreka.

Of course, an act like that was punishable with death almost. "Piracy on the high seas," and all that sort of offense was charged; and I know not how much gold it cost to heal the wounded head and dignity of the Captain of the ship. But this Californian neither knew the law nor cared for the law. He had a little party of ladies with him, and he would not see them go hungry. He would have that coffee if it cost him his head.

Dear Dave Colton! I hear he is dead now. We first got acquainted one night in Yreka while shooting at each other.

Anxious to Rise.

La Fayette Daily Journal.

There's plenty of room up stairs, as Daniel Webster said to the young lawyer anxious to rise, but despondent of his chance to do so; but no one need injure himself either in climbing the stairs of fame or those of his own house or business place. The following is to the point: Mr. John A. Hutchinson, Supt. Downer's Kerosene Oil Works, Boston, Mass., writes: Mr. Patton, one of our foremen, in walking up stairs last week sprained his leg badly. I gave him a bottle of St. Jacob's Oil to try. He used it and an almost instantaneous cure was effected.

MYERS.

A Man Whose Magnanimity is Only Equaled by His Stern Sense of Justice.

Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The world has long been waiting for him, and he has appeared at last. His name is Myers, and he hails from Indiana.

Myers, for some inscrutable reason, never to be revealed probably until the sea gives up its dead and the heavens roll together like a scroll, has been elected to Congress. Indeed, he must have been a member for nearly two years, though we never heard of him before until now. Perhaps Myers would have lived and died veiled in obscurity had it not been for that inspiration of desperation which sometimes overtakes a man in the last agonies of worthlessness, and, descending upon him, holds out the promise of notoriety if not immortality.

Myers gets $5,000 a year for "lettin' on," as they say down in his neighborhood, that he's a statesman.

If Myers gets $5,000 from this great country, he cannot understand how any man can be worth more. "When you can pick up Myerses," says this statesman, "for $5,000 a year, where the d— is the use of paying your Grants and your Garfields two or three times that?" And it is hard to answer Myers, at least to Myers's satisfaction.

"Of course," continues this patriot, "I may be worth more; I shall not insist that I am not, but granting for the sake of argument, that $5,000 is enough for me, then what fortunes you are squandering on Presidents and Vice-Presidents and Chief-Justices!"

Myers, too, is a practical man. He measures everything by dollars and cents. When it is proposed to make Gen. Grant Captain-General of the army for life, Myers does not object, but he sits down quietly and says: "Wait a minute! Let's see how much we have paid him already. If we owe Grant anything, I shall be the last man to refuse to pay him." Then Myers begins to make out the account, and we fancy it runs something like this:

U. S. Grant—	Dr.
To salary as President, eight years	$300,000
To salary as an officer in the United States Army, 17 years	100,000
Total	$400,000
U. S. Grant—	Cr.
By services in Mexico and in the Army as a subaltern	$20,000
For services at Fort Donelson (say)	10,000
For services at Shiloh	5,000
For services at Corinth	5,000
For services at Vicksburg	15,000
For services at Chattanooga and thereabouts	10,000
For services in the Wilderness	10,000
For services at Appomattox	10,000
For miscellaneous work, ending in the final collapse of the Confederacy	15,000
For services eight years as President at the old salary of $25,000 a year	200,000
Total	$300,000

This shows that Gen. Grant has drawn $100,000 more than his services were worth; but, desiring to be liberal, Mr. Myers will allow him for the last four years of his Presidency what Hayes gets and which Garfield will get, which will add to the above sum $100,000, making a total of $400,000, and just squaring the account.

Everything being even, and Gen. Grant having been paid for all he has done up to this time, Mr. Myers, as a duly constituted guardian of the Treasury, wishes to politely, but firmly, decline to pay any more until more work is done. He has asked for a statement of all the money overpaid Gen. Grant for the purpose of seeing whether he has in any manner overrun his account. He has allowed him liberally for his work, and if, when the account is made out, a little is found owing him he will not object to settling up. "Hereafter, though," says Myers, "let us give out these jobs to cheaper men, and not pay so extravagantly for work that thousands of men in Indiana would undertake for half the amount."

This is worth looking at, and, in case of foreign or domestic trouble in the future, it is a comfort to know that Myers lives among us, ready at any time to save the country triumphantly for half the sum we have been called upon to pay. Give Myers a slate and pencil, and let him figure this great thing down to a dollar. We are anxious to know just what he thinks this sort of labor is worth.

A Sad Family History.

Davenport Democrat.

The awful consequences of marriage within the limits of close consanguinity are pretty well demonstrated in the lives of a family of eight people—father, mother and six children—whose home is in LeClaire township in this County. Yet even the parents themselves are not to blame for it, as will be observed on reading the history of the family. It appears that the father and mother were born of the same parents in a distant State, lost their parents when small children, were adopted by kind people when without homes, and the girl's foster parents removed to the West. So, after these children had reached their majority they met in the west, each bearing the name of his or her foster father, and each utterly ignorant of any relationship, for neither remembered the new name of the other. So there was courtship and marriage, and not until several children were born unto them, did the couple discover they were brother and sister. How the discovery was made is not known, but it is believed that an aunt of the unfortunate wife's who visited them, told them of it. But not one of the children escaped a physical affliction or infirmity. One of the children is deaf and dumb, another deaf, another blind, another deformed, and one half-witted, while another is insane. One died when a child. After the discovery, the wife was but a housekeeper for the family, and soon became an invalid—poor, bed-ridden being, until death relieved her of her unhappy existence.

Grant and Sherman.

Hartford Courant (Gen. Jo Hawley's Paper.

Gen. Sherman has written a letter to a friend in New York which shows that Sherman is not pleased with the project to make Grant again the head of the army. This is not a pleasing exhibition on the part of Gen. Sherman, who has apparently forgotten that the grade of "General" was created for Grant *alone*,—not for Sherman,—and that the latter succeeded to it because Grant was called higher. He had also apparently forgotten another thing, which the country has not forgotten,—namely that when Sherman got into temporary disgrace because of the remarkable terms he proposed to make with Gen. Johnston, Grant was ordered by the President to proceed to Raleigh, N. C., and himself arranged new terms similar to those of Appamattox. It was an opportunity which few men would have lost to take to himself the credit of arranging Johnston's surrender. We may go further and say that only a great man would have kept himself in the background. This is precisely what Grant did. The country at large hardly knew that he had gone to North Carolina. He visited Sherman's headquarters, gave the requisite instructions, and kept himself out of sight, allowing Sherman the full credit, to which he was entitled, of receiving the surrender of the army which he had cornered. There ought to be nothing but friendship between these two great soldiers.

George Eliot's Genius.

Hartford Courant (Charles Dudley Warren?)

It is the distinction of this woman, among all of whom we have any record, to have combined profound intellectual and moral faculties, the insight of the poet, and depth of the philosopher, the passion of her sex, the power of imagination, the learning of the rare scholar, the virility of a man's brain, with the power of artistic expression, that separates her from all others of her sex who have undertaken to amuse and instruct the world. She had, in great measure, the Shakspearean qualities of imagination and large humor, and she shared the creative energy of the greatest authors. Her special limitation, it has always seemed to us, was want of simplicity. She was at times encumbered by her learning. She tried to import into her fiction all the tremendous doubts and fears of this scientific age, and the vehicle was not always able to carry so great a load.

—WHAT I know about that standard remedy—Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup:—I know that a 25 cent bottle cured me of a bad cough in 12 hours.

HOTELS AND WAITERS.

The Kind They Have in England.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich in January Atlantic.

In London there is a kind of hotel of which we have no counterpart in the United States. This hotel is usually located in some semi-aristocratic side street, and wears no badge of its servitude beyond a large, well-kept brass door-plate, bearing the legend "Jones's Hotel," or "Brown's Hotel," as the case may be; but be it Brown or Jones, he has been dead at least 50 years, and the establishment is conducted by Robinson. There is no coffee-room or public dining-room, or even office, in this hotel; the commercial traveler is an unknown quantity there; your meals are served in your apartments; the furniture is solid and comfortable, the attendance admirable, the *cuisine* unexceptionable, and the bill abominable. But for ease, quietness, and a sort of 1812 odor of respectability, this hotel has nothing to compare with it in the wide world. It is here that the intermittent homesickness you contracted on the Continent will be lifted out of your bosom; it is here will be unfolded to you alluring vistas of the substantial comforts that surround the private lives of prosperous Britons; it is here, above all, that you will be brought in contact with Smith.

It was on our arrival in London, one April afternoon, that the door of what looked like a private mansion, in D—— street, was thrown open to us by a boy broken out all over with buttons. Behind this boy stood Smith. I call him simply Smith for two reasons: in the first place because it is convenient to do so, and in the second place because that is what he called himself. I wish it were as facile a matter to expain how this seemingly unobstrusive person instantly took possession of us, bullied us with his usefulness, and knocked us down with his urbanity. From the moment he stepped forward to relieve us of our hand-luggage, we were his,—and remained his until that other moments, some weeks later, when he handed us our parcels again, and stood statuesque on the door-step, with one finger lifted to his forhead in decorous salute, as we drove away. Ah, what soft despotism was that which was exercised for no other end than to anticipate our requirements,—to invent new wants for us only to satisfy them! If I anywhere speak lightly of Smith; if I take exception to his preternatural gravity (of which I would not have him moult a feather), if I allude invidiously to his life-long struggle with certain rebellious letters of the alphabet, it is out of sheer envy and regret that we have nothing like him in America. We have Niagara, and the Yosemite, and Edison's Electric Light (or shall have it, when we get it), but we have no trained serving-men like Smith. He is the result of older and vastly more complex social conditions than ours. His training began in the feudal ages. An atmosphere charged with machicolated battlements and cathedral spires was necessary to his perfect development,—that, and generation after generation of Lords and Princes and wealthy country gentlemen for him to practice on. He is not possible in New England. The very cut of his features is unknown among us. It has been remarked that each trade and profession has its physiognomy, its own proper face. If you look closely you will detect a family likeness running through the portraits of Garrick and Kean and Booth and Irving. There's the self-same saber-like flash in the eye of Marlborough and Bonaparte,—the same resolute labial expression. Every lackey in London might be the son or brother of any other lackey. Smith's father and his father's father, and so on back to the gray dawn of England, were serving men, and each in turn has been stamped with the immutable trade-mark of his class. Waiters (like poets) are born, not made; and they have not had time to be born in America.

Wealth and Meanness.

Joaquin Miller in Californian for January.

I tell you that, in nine cases out of ten, great acquired wealth lifts up in monumental testimony the meanness of its possessor.

I knew two neighbors, old Californians, who had about equal fortunes. They were both old settlers, both rich, and both much respected. In that fearful year, 1852, when the dying and destitute immigrants literally crawled on hands and knees over the Sierra, trying to reach the settlements, one of these men drove all his cattle up to the mountains, butchered them, and fed the starving. He had his Mexicans pack all the mules with flour, which at that time cost almost its weight in gold, and push on night day over the mountains to meet the strangers there and feed them, so that they might have strength to reach his house, where they could have shelter and rest.

The other man, cold and cautious, saw his opportunity and embraced it. He sat at home and sold all his wheat and mules and meat, and with the vast opportunities for turning money to account in that new country soon became almost a prince in fortune.

But his generous neighbor died a beggar in Idaho, where he had gone to try to make another fortune. He literally had not money enough to buy a shroud; and as he died among strangers, by the roadside, he was buried without even so much as a pine board coffin.

I saw his grave there only last year. Some one had set up a rough granite stone at the head. And that is all. No name—not even a letter or date. Nothing. But that bowlder was fashioned by the hand of Almighty God, and in the little seams and dots and mossy scars that cover it He can read the rubric that chronicles the secret virtues of this lone dead man on the snowy mountains of Idaho.

The children of the "Prince" are in Paris. Upheld by his colossal wealth their lives seem to embrace the universal world. He is my friend. He buys all my books, and reads every line I write. When he comes to this sketch he will understand it. And he ought to understand, too, that all the respect, admiration, and love which the new land once gave these two men gathers around and is buried beneath that moss grown granite stone; and that I know, even with all his show of splendor, that his heart is as cold and as empty as that dead man's hand.

Cost of Living in Washington.

The price of a good dwelling-house in Washington is $60 to $100 a month. Bricks to build houses cost $5 to $9 a thousand, made by the Washington machines, 50 cents more than hand-made. Baltimore pressed bricks cost $15 to $20 a thousand. The price of houses has shrunk with the currency about 25 per cent. A house which cost $20,000 six or seven years ago will not sell now $15,000. Gold basis did it. The price of ground in Washington is about $1.65 a square foot, instead of $2, as formerly in the good quarter of the West end. Fashion regulates where the city shall go, and Capitol Hill property, though well improved, goes mourning. The favorite building region for the Northern regime is on the new avenues, called Massachusetts, Connecticut and Vermont, opened by Shepard, half a mile in front of the White House, toward Kalorama and Rock Creek Heights, and there, no doubt, where John Sherman has property, the President's house will some day go, and the present White House be only for an office and reception.

Sense.

Memphis Avalanche, (Dem.)

To admit the correctness of the theory that a man must be born in the South before he can become a Southerner is to admit that there is a political entity styled "the South," with institutions, laws, and customs distinct from the institutions, laws, and customs of other portions of the Union.

"My Tormented Back,"

Is the exclamation of more than one poor hard-working man and woman; do you know why it aches? It is because your kidneys are over-tasked and need strengthening, and your system needs to be cleansed of bad humors. You need Kidney-Wort.—*Democrat.*

JAY GOULD.

Incidents in the Life of the Great Financier.

N. Y. Cor. Grand Rapids Times.

I have written to the *Times* upon several previous occasions bits of news concerning Jay Gould, the most famous man in his way in the world. But he is never less than an interesting study to me, and I would like to watch the man for weeks instead of minutes. He is at once the most and least known man in America to-day. I know two or three men who are with Jay Gould almost daily, and they tell me he is more of an enigma to them than to strangers. Many speculators share in the secrets upon which Gould builds the colossal operations that have made his name and power, but he never lets anybody into any scheme in its entirety. Reticence is his chief safeguard; without it the ruling power in Wall street and railroad circles would long ago have been in other hands. Jay Gould is generally regarded as a man hard as iron and as cold. In reality there is no man in the country who is so easily practiced upon or who is so robbed by certain classes. Born and reared in poverty, he has raised himself to a financial condition second to that of no man in the world. Thinking that readers of the *Times*, who day after day see allusions to this man and his schemes; who for years have read and heard of him, may like to know about his personality, I have become indebted to a brother journalist for much of the following paper. The father of Jay Gould was a farmer, who operated a small place in Roxbury, O. Y. The section in which this farm was located is noted as being productive of bankruptcy. The elder Gould was poor. His son's early education was neglected. The facilities for ing which suisarrounded him were of the most primitive type, and his work on the farm precluded him from taking full advantage even of these. As a boy he longed for professional work. Leaving the farm he found employment in the County Surveyor's office. Jay Gould was sent out to survey Rensselaer and Saratoga Counties, and did his work well. His map of Albany may still be seen in several of the older offices of that City. He made $1,000 clear in this scheme, and with it bought a tannery in Goldsboro, Pa. Here he accumulated money rapidly, and was soon enabled to buy up a majority of the stock of the Rensselaer and Saratoga railroad, which was on the market at a low figure. Here it was that he showed his first ability as a railway manager, and not many months elapsed before he had brought his company into a flourishing condition. At the outbreak of the war he went into Wall street, where, by skilled manipulation of stocks and the absolute secrecy of conducting operations, he soon won a foremost place. The same methods he pursued at first are his now. They make him the most dangerous of antagonists, for Gould never emerges from the background until he has carried his points and won the game. Early in his career he fixed his eye on Erie. In 1868 Fisk and a number of friends controlled most of the road. A few thousand shares were outstanding. Of Jay Gould they had never heard. Tracing up the stock which was needed to give them absolute power, they found it in Gould's hands. From small to immense offers were made him for the shares, but he would not sell. The only way to get the stock, he said, was to let him into the combination. This they were obliged to do, and the following July he was made President of the Erie Railroad. It would fill the *Times* to tell of Jay Gould's management of this great enterprise. Most of its history is already known.

Some 20 years ago Mr. Gould married a Miss Miller, whose father was of the firm of Dater & Co., wholesale grocers. They have six children. In the winter they live in the elegant house on the northwest corner of Fifth avenue and Forty seventh street, and in the summer the Gould family go to the country residence at Tarrytown, whose $200 000 conservatory burned last week. Jay Gould is eminently a man of habit. At the close of business he rides directly home, takes dinner with the family and passes the evening in the study. In this room are his telegraph operator and private secretary. Private wires enable him to communicate with his brokers and aids at all hours of the day and night. No man works harder than he. Reading and looking at his magnificent pictures are his only recreations. Wine and tobacco are forbidden guests. He is a generous, open-hearted, big-minded, unostentatious man. To his family Mr. Gould is devotedly attached. He rarely travels, either for business or pleasure, unless accompanied by some of his children. They have everything and anything they want, and do just as they please. Yesterday Mr. Gould was dressed in a Prince Albert coat of wine-colored material, gray trousers of striped cloth, a cheap and uncouth pair of shoes and black necktie. At all times he is the plainest of men.

I have said that he was easily imposed upon. Witness a notable instance. In 1874 he picked up a bankrupt operator named Belden, who had been and was a broker. For a while Belden was Gould's cat's paw, then a partner. Gould, Belden & Co. became famous. Belden found a chance to make money rapidly. He had a housekeeper, one Mrs. Williams, who is now Mrs. Belden. Every night Belden would get Gould's orders for next day's purchases. Then he would give Mrs. Williams points. That worthy matron had a friend called Gordon, and unto this man would she impart information. With commendable enterprise Gordon would be found on Wall street early in the morning, and with the aid of friends always bought such stock as Gould wanted. Two or three hours later Belden would appear and buy Gordon's holdings for Gould. After a while one of the "pals" got mixed up in a cheap robbery case, and through detectives Jay Gould discovered losses of millions. Mr. and Mrs. Belden now live in an elegant house up the Hudson somewhere, and a friend told me they attended church with great regularity. They do no business with Mr. Gould, however.

Gould is 45 years of age, but he carries his years so well that I should think him younger. There is a slight tinge of gray upon his intensely black beard, and his high, full forehead and sharp, dark eyes attract notice. His friends tell me that within a year or two he has changed his methods of doing business. Where he used to manipulate stocks altogether, they say he is now exclusively engaged in the establishment and management of great telegraph and railroad enterprises. But it won't do to apparently rely wholly upon the apparent stillness of the man who holds the stock market by the throat, and who can choke shekels out of it whenever he appears to be in the mood.

How Irish Peasants Live.

Dublin Letter.

The dens, misnamed cots, in which the peasantry of Galway and Mayo counties live are merely stone shelters; owing to the intense ignorance of the people they are not provided with any facilities for drainage, and are often incomparably filthy. The floors are of hard mud; it is rare to find more than one room in a hut, and only one story. Beds and bedding are luxuries which the poor tenants do not possess; old heaps of hay and straw are the couches on which the lovely brown-eyed, large-browed maidens of Connaught repose. The smoke from a peat-fire in a common peasant's cabin spreads through the room, and you narrowly escape stangulation on your first visit. I have had this experience in Herzegovina, and consequently minded the smoke but little. How family decency is maintained in these dens is a mystery, and how the people manage to keep clean—for they look clean—is a puzzle. The pigs run in and out of the doors—and such wretched pigs! A North Carolina wild hog would be an aristocrat beside them! In dozens of these cabins sick people are to be found —sick people dependent either on the charity of their neighbors or on friends in America who send them small sums.

—Thousands of women have been entirely cured of the most stubborn cases of female weakness by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets.

Popular Science.

EDITOR'S CABINET.

THE corrosion of iron in boilers is due, for the most part, according to M. Lodin, to the absorption by the iron of the oxygen in the water, and but slightly by the absorption of oxygen set free by the decomposition of water.

It appears to be settled now through the researches of Gustav Hausen, that it is by their antennæ that insects are able to distingush odors. When the antennæ were coated with paraffine or removed altogether, flies, for instance, took no notice of tainted meat. But it does not follow, however, that the antennæ have no other use.

IF a person of fair complexion exposes himself to the electric light for some time in examining the action of lamps, the hands and cheeks will show all the symptoms of "sunburn," even in Midwinter, and he will develop freckles on his countenance as quickly as when he goes about unprotected by a sun-umbrella in Midsummer.

DR. MACLAREN, of Edinburgh, Scotland, states that the types of insanity have changed with modern times. For instance, acute delirious mania is now comparatively rare, but mental enfeeblement attended with paralysis is becoming more and more common, and is the result of the overwork and worry of the struggle for existence at the present day.

A correspondent of the *Scientific American* at York, Pa., "suggests the use of burning petroleum for repelling hostile fleets from harbors like those of Philadelphia, Baltimore, and New York. A hundred thousand barrels of oil poured upon an outflowing tide would cover a large area of water, and when set on fire would sweep a fleet with a torrent of destruction that nothing could resist." Another plan is virtually a modification of the fire-ship. He proposes "to link together long lines of rafts of oil barrels and send them against the fleet by small, swift steam launches that could be steered by electricity from the shore." The barrels could be exploded and the oil fired by the same agency at the proper moment." The editor does not give an absolute support to the views of his correspondent, but cautiously says that the floating fire expedient "in certain emergencies might be resorted to with terrible effect," and, he might have added, to friends as well as foes, in any of the harbors named.

Pampas Grass.

The cultivation of pampas grass, now so much used for decorative purposes, has become quite a profitable industry in Southern California. Three-quarters of an acre planted in pampas grass yielded, at 2½ cents per head, $500. Another grower sold all he could raise at 7½ cents per head. Last year 10,000 heads or plumes of this grass were sold from that region.

The Possibilities of American Wheat.

Speaking of our gigantic crops of wheat, the *American Miller* remarks that few people, even in our own country, realize how inexhaustible our resources are for wheat growing. The total area of lands available for wheat culture in the United States is not less than 470,000,000 acres. Our entire wheat crop of the past year, phenomenal though it was, would not supply seed enough to sow so vast an area of wheat land.

Engraving by Electricity.

One of the advantages pertaining to the new method of engraving by electricity—an electric spark pen having been invented for the purpose in Paris—is that the artist does all parts of his work, and with no more trouble than if working with an ordinary pencil, and can even operate in a dark room, without any other light than the glace from the induction spark. If a sheet of thin paper be attached to a plate of copper or zinc, it is said that an engraving may be made with extraordinary facility by this device.

Why Birds Go North.

Mr. Seebohm, a recent traveler in Siberia, says that "birds go to the Arctic regions to breed, not by thousands, but by millions." And he tells us that the cause of this migration is the search after food, which is there provided for them with lavish prodigiality. "Seed or fruit eating birds find an immediate and abundant supply of cranberries, crowberries, and other ground fruit, which have remained frozen during the long winter, and are accessible the moment the snow has melted; while insect eating birds have only to open their mouths to fill them with mosquitos."

An Ice Cave in Montana.

Two explorers named Lambert and Caruthers discovered, last Summer, a large cave on the Dry Fork of Arrow Creek, in the Belt Mountains, in which was half an acre of solid ice of unknown depth. At the time of the discovery about August 1, the ice was covered with 10 inches of water, which prevented a thorough exploration of the cave. The Fort Benton *Press* says that the ice gives every indication of being in great body, and it is believed, from its appearance, and the fact that in the hottest season only a few inches of it was melted, that it is perpetual. The cave is described as being a great resort for game, as all were killed close to its entrance.

Hot Ice.

The idea of "hot ice" would seem to be somewhat paradoxical. Yet it may be realized, and ice, or frozen water, may be kept in a vessel—glass, if you please—so that it may both be seen and handled, and yet be so hot that it will burn the hands that hold it. The principal under which it possible that this curious experiment may be shown is as follows: In ordere to convert a solid into a liquid, the pressure must be above a certain point else no amount of heat will *melt* the substance. Hence, if we can keep a cake of ice at a certain point of pressure, no heat can liquify it; the degree of heat which it will withstand depending upon the degree of pressure which is maintained. This interesting experimental has recently been performed by Mr. Thomas Carnelly, during his experimental investigations in regard to the boiling point of water, and other substance, under pressure.—*Science Department of Californian for January.*

Where our Forests are Going.

To make shoe pegs enough for American use consumes annually 100,000 cords of timber, and to make our lucifer matches, 300,000 cubic feet of the best pine are required every year. Lasts and boot trees take 500,000 cords of birch, beech, and maple, and the handles of tools 500,000 more. The baking of our brick consumes 2,000,000 cords of wood, or what would cover with forest about 50,000 acres of land. Telegraph poles already up represent 800,000 trees, and their annual repair consumes about 300,000 more. The ties of our railroad consume annually 40 years' growth of 75,000 acres, and to fence all our railroads would cost $45,000,000, with a yearly expenditure of $15,000,000 for repairs. These are some of the ways in which American forests are going. There are others, our packing boxes, for instance, cost in 1874, $12,000,000, while the timber used each year in making wagons and agricultural implements is valued at more than $100,000,000.—*Fishkill Standard.*

Musical Instruments.

A very interesting lecture was recently delivered before the Anthropological Institute, London, by Mr. J. F. Bowbotham, on the different stages in the development of the art of music in prehistoric times. Although, he said, the varieties of musical instruments may be counted by hundreds, yet they are all reducible under three distinct types: 1. The drum type. 2. The pipe type. 3. The lyre type. These three types are representative of three distinct stages of development through which prehistoric music had passed, and in the order just stated. The first period in the development of music was the drum stage, in which drums and drums alone were used by man. The second was the pipe stage, in which pipes as well as drums were used. The third was the lyre stage, in which stringed instruments were added to the stock. These three stages answer respectively to rythm, melody and harmony. In the musical history of mankind the lyre stage is never found to precede the pipe stage, nor the pipe stage to precede the drum stage.

A New Electro-Motor.

On November 17, a new electro motor, weighing only two and a half pounds, attached to a sewing machine, and a battery of six cells, was exhibited and explained before the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, by Mr. William Woodnut Griscom. The editor of the *Journal of the Institute* says that the machine did both light and heavy work, and the speed was under complete control. The sulphochromic battery, which contained one plate of zinc four inches long and two inches wide in each cell was sensibly constant and showed no signs of polarization. He estimates the force generated at 1,000 foot pounds. Without engravings a long description would be necessary to give the general reader a good idea of what this compact electro motor consists. The principle embodied in it, however, it thus stated by Mr. Griscom himself: "If a bar of soft iron is pivoted at one end so as to move in a horizontal plane, and a semi-circular magnet is placed concentrically with the circle which the bar can describe, it is found that a given force is exerted upon the bar at a much greater distance from the poles, when the latter is within the semi-circle than when it is without. I believe that no field magnets of this principle have ever before been made." The battery requires no attention until the reservoir is exhausted by actual work, and is ready for work at any moment.

The Dead-Point in Mind Tension.

It is a common subject of marvel that criminals, in the presence of immediate execution, are so often perfectly self possessed, and exhibit such singular composure. They will sleep through the night before execution, and rise as for an ordinary day's duties. Those who form exceptions to this rule, who are more or less prostrated by the agonizing prospects of violent death, no doubt suffer much more than those who control their feelings. The former usually retain every faculty and sense, and seek for information, and adopt measures to minimize their sufferings at the critical moment. As a general thing, their pulse is even less disturbed than is that of the officials who are compelled to carry out the dread penalty of the law. Why is this? The *Lancet* answers as follows: "The mind has reached what may be designated a 'dead-point' in its tension. The excitement is over, the agony of anticipation, the trembling doubt between hope and fear of escape, has exhausted the irritability of the mind, and there is, as it were, a pause, an interval of passive endurance between the end of the struggle for life, and the bitterness of remorse, and agony of disappointment, which may begin at death. In this interval, the mind is released from the tension of its effort for self preservation, and almost rebounds with the sense of relief that comes with certainty, even though the assurance be that of impending death. . . . The mental state of a criminal, during the hours previous to execution, presents features of intense interest to the phychologist, ond rightly comprehended, it is to be feared they would throw new light on the supposed preparation these unfortunate persons evince for a fate which, being inevitable, they at the final moment are able to meet with a composure in which hypocrisy or self-deception finds the amplest scope."—*Science Department of January Californian.*

The Novel and Useful Invention of a Boston Scientist.

Boston Herald.

A Boston gentleman has invented a simple device, which, if its present promises are realized, ought to work a revolution in methods of heating. It is nothing less than an invention to use friction as a practical means of producing heat. At the time of the Ashtabula horror, when so many persons were burned to death by the wrecked cars catching fire from the stoves, Mr. Webster Wells, then Professor of Mathematics at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, began to consider the problem of heating the cars without fire. He has now solved it. His invention consists of a strong iron cylinder, at one end of which, inside, is a fixed plate of hardened iron, against which, firmly attached to a revolving shaft, another plate presses, either closely or lightly, as required. The cylinder is filled with water, and this, heated by the friction of the two plates, circulates through pipes, warming the room through which they run just as steam-pipes do. The water is kept constantly circulating in these pipes, returning to the cylinder to be heated again. The water in the cylinder, which is brought to a high degree of heat in a remarkably short time, keeps the plates lubricated, preventing their wearing away at a rapid rate. When worn away the cost of renewing them is trifling, and the machine has no complicated work about it, so that it is easily kept in repair. The power required to run the machine is so slight that the waste, or surplus, power of the engines in use for running elevators and other machinery in hundreds of buildings throughout a city is enough for all ordinary purposes. The machine can be utilized in any place where power is used. The ordinary sized machine has 36 square inches of friction surface in its plates, sufficient, it is said, to heat 10,000 cubic feet of space. This requires but half a horse power. A machine with 225 square inches of friction requires but four horse-power, and would heat a room 60x200 feet, or containing 126,000 cubic feet. In railroad cars the machine is operated by power taken direct from the wheels, doing away all danger from fire in case of a smash-up. When the cars are standstill the machine can be operated by power from the locomotive, by a contrivance somewhat like that which operates the Westinghouse brake. In mills it is calculated that a great saving can be made, both in fuel and in the rates of insurance, especially in those run by water-power. The agent of a mill where water-power is used estimates that in 20 years, by the use of this device, a saving of at least $125,000 in fuel alone could be effected. Prof. Wells is now in Europe, looking out for his patents there. The machine has now been in operation in Boston for seven months.

Italian Immigrants.

Garibaldi says in a published letter that the emigrants from Italy to this country are, as a class, undesirable, both physically and morally. The cause of this he finds in the fact that the picked men of Italy are in the army, the civil service, and the religious orders. Like most sweeping statements, this doubtless has many limitations. Many Italian immigrants are industrious citizens; but it is unfortunately true that the Italian colony in New York City breeds an extraordinary share of wretchedness and crime.

—IT is not a cure all. But for Diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder or Urinary Organs Day's Kidney Pad is the first cure yet discovered.

Cetewayo.

Cetewayo is certainly not starved by his British captors, as appears from the following memorandum of the rations issued to him daily; For Cetewayo and women, 15 lbs. beef (fresh), 9 pounds bread, 6 pounds sweet potatos (or other kinds, 1 pound coffee, 2 pounds sugar, 3 ounces salt, 2 candles (per week), 20 pounds coal or 100 pounds wood (the wood for preference), 1 bar soap (per week); for four men attendants, four ordinary native rations, viz.: 4 pounds meal, 6 pounds fresh meat, 2 ounces salt.

"The Doctor Said

I would never leave my bed. That was three months ago, and now I weigh 180 pounds. I cannot write half of what I want to say, but Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure did it all."

H. O. ROURK, Rahway, N. J.

Answers to Correspondents.

We are obliged to remind our readers that there are certain classes of questions which we cannot undertake to answer, viz.:

1. Those not accompanied by the name of the writer. The name is not required for publication, but only as an evidence of good faith. All letters not complying with this rule find their way at once to the waste basket.

2. Mathematical problems and questions in grammatical construction. We are willing to give all our readers an opportunity to ask and answer the former, but we have not the type necessary for publishing algebraic problems and solutions.

3. Questions which in the judgment of the editor are not appropriate or proper in the columns of the BLADE. Hundreds of questions occur in this department every week, and the editor must be allowed to exercise his discretion in making selections calculated to promote the general interest.

4. Inquiries as to the standing or reliability of individuals, firms or corporations, doing a general business. The BLADE's endorsement is too valuable to be bestowed indiscriminately, and it is not always possible for us to devote the time necessary to ascertain the standing of an individual or a firm located in a distant part of the country.

Correspondents whose inquiries are not answered within a reasonable time would do well to repeat them. If they still fail to receive an answer they are asked to believe that the questions remain unanswered for good and sufficient reasons.

We must request that subscribers will keep all communications for the business and editorial departments of the BLADE entirely separate and distinct, always upon separate leaves. Questions for this department should never be written on the same leaf with letters containing subscriptions or orders for books. Letters intended for this department of the paper should be marked "Correspondents' Department."

The statement that the BLADE goes to every State and Territory in the Nation is capable of actual demonstration. As a proof of this remarkable feature, we may state that our books show that during the past week we have received subscriptions from the following States and Territories:

Pennsylvania,	Massachusetts,
West Virginia,	Kansas,
Illinois,	Missouri,
Wisconsin,	Minnesota,
Arkansas,	Washington Ter.,
Iowa,	Michigan,
Utah,	Georgia,
California,	Wyoming Terr'y,
Colorado,	Indiana,
Ohio,	Nebraska,
North Carolina,	Vermont,
New Hampshire,	New York,
Virginia,	New Jersey,
Tennessee,	Montana,
Maine,	Oregon,
Louisiana,	Texas,
Dakota,	Idaho Territory,
Maryland,	Kentucky,
Connecticut,	Alabama,
Florida,	Nevada,
Indian Territory,	South Carolina,
Arizona,	New Mexico,

Delaware.

E. T. R., Lawrenceville, Ills.: The address of Mrs. Valeria G. Stone, is Boston, Mass.

S. M. K.: It is reported that Jay Gould owns some stock in both the New York Tribune and the World.

BURNIE BAGGS, Wyoming: We do not know the address of the parties interested in the Missouri Colony scheme.

J. D. S., Lawrence, Mich., for information regarding arrangements between author and publisher, write directly to any publisher.

D. A. S., Upton, Mich.: As Pennsylvania was the seventh in geographical order of the original 13 States, it came to be called the "Keystone State."

ISAIAH BELL, Defiance, O., wants the address of Capt. Henry A. Donaldson and Darius W. Payne, a First Lieutenant in the 125th Regt. O. V. I., during the late war.

N. B. MUNSON, Cory, Pa.: As there have been 142 different varieties of postage stamps issued by the United States, it is impossible to give a list of the profiles that adorn them.

A. L. W., Mauch Chunk, Pa., writes: "Will any comrades of Charles H. Tefft, of Co. L, 5th N. Y. Art., who died at Harper's Ferry, in March, 1865, confer a favor by addressing Mrs. B. S. Reading, Mauch Chunk, Carbon Co., Pa?"

ALBERT VANVECHT, Cedar Vale, Chautauqua Co., Ks., an Andersonville prisoner, wants the address of his comrades, Geo. W. McFarland and Philip Deford, of Co. D, 15th Iowa Infantry; also the present address of Capt. J. S. Porter, or any of Co. D, of said Regiment.

WILL C., Glenwood, Mo., asks: "What is a florin and a ducat worth?"—An old Austrian florin is worth 51 1-10 cents, a new ditto, 48 6-10 cents; a South German florin, 41 7-10 cents; a Swedish ducat, $2.23 7-10; an Austrian ducat, $2.28, and a Naples ducat, 84 cents.

J. F. BARBER, Westfield, Ill., asks: "Is a man a citizen of the United States who was born in the United States of parents who were foreigners, but who has never obtained naturalization papers?"—A man born in this country is, as a rule, a citizen of the United States.

M. C. H., Trenton, Tenn., asks: "1. What is the market value of fur obtained from our Northern and Western States and Territories? 2. Is there any fac-similies of U. S. Treasury notes and National Bank bills for the detection of counterfeits?"—1. It depends upon the quality of the articles offered. 2. There are hand-books published giving list of counterfeits and methods of detecting them.

J. H., Piqua, O., asks: "What locality in North Carolina is the scene of events described in "A Fool's Errand?" Who is Comfort Servosse, and who Judge Denton?"—Judge Tourgee, the author of the book, lived near Goldsboro, and the scene is understood to have been in that locality. Comfort Servosse is understood to represent the author of the work, and Judge Denton to stand for Judge Settle.

CAR, Plaquemine, Iberville Parish, La., asks: "1. How many classes of postoffices are there? 2. What is the salary of the Postmaster for each class, and by whom appointed? 3. Where does the bondsmen have to reside?"—1. and 2. Postmasters whose salaries exceed $1,000, are appointed by the President for four years. Those whose salaries do not exceed $1,000 are appointed by the Postmaster-General. 3. In the place where the office is located.

G. W. B., Nokomis, asks: "What is the population of Piqua, O.? 2. Is it a town of much importance? 3. How many acres does it cover? 4. Can you give the numbers of the land it is on?"—1. About 6,100 by the last census. 2. Yes; it is the best point on the Dayton & Michigan Railway, between Dayton and Toledo, and being at the junction of the Dayton & Michigan and Pittsburg, Cincinnati & St. Louis (Pan Handle) Railroad. 3. About 1,500 acres. 4. No.

R. B. B., Peoria, Ill.:—1. Gen. Scott was the last Whig candidate for the Presidency. The first Republican candidate was John C. Fremont. 2. The distance from New York to Chicago is 898 miles. 3. The moon always looks larger when it is first rising, because the arch of the sky, (in which the moon is seen), is further distant at the horizon than it is overhead. 4. The verb "doubt" is followed by either "that" or "but." "But that" and "but what" are improper. 5. Louis XIV was called "Old Bona Fide."

W. H. B., Cornland, Ill., asks: "Does the Government allow anything for unused stamped checks, or postal cards which have not gone through the mail?"—All postal cards spoiled and never used, are redeemed at the postoffice at the rate of four cents in stamps or stamped envelopes for every five cards. All check stamps are redeemed less 5 per cent. of their face value, at the Internal Revenue Office in Washington, the good faith of the applicant being duly established.

G. F. R., Walla Walla, Wash. Ty., asks: "1. Who first invented postage stamps? When first used and by whom, in what year invented? 2. What countries use them?"—1. The system of prepaying postage by means of small adhesive labels, to be sold to the public and received by the postoffice in evidence of payment when attached to letters or papers, was first advocated by Rowland Hill, in 1837, and was adopted by the British Postoffice in 1840. The stamps were first used May 6, of that year, and were introduced in 1847 into the United States. 2. All civilized nations have them.

C. J. G. asks: "1. Do you think that I could learn telegraphy by getting a set of instruments? 2. How many words to the minute is required of an operator on railroads? 3. What is the wages per month paid generally for railroad operators? 4. Who is the proper person to apply to for a situation on the railroad as operator?"—1. No—had better attend some practical telegraph school. 2. The average number of words for ordinary business will not exceed 15, though a man is not desirable that cannot do better, should occasion require. 3. $30 to $40 per month and upwards. 4. The Superintendent of Telegraph.

HARRY, South Milford, Ind., asks: "What is the number of lives which were lost in the great Chicago fire? 2. Is the Missouri River from the Rocky Mountains to the Gulf the parent stream? and if so, is it not entitled to the claim of the longest river on the globe?"—1. The official report of the great Chicago fire gave the following statistics: Acres burned, 2,100; buildings destroyed, 17,450; persons rendered homeless, 98,500; killed, about 200. 2. The Missouri is the longest tributary of the Mississippi, and the latter reckoned to its source through the channel is the longest river in the world. The Nile probably comes next in actual length. The Amazon is the largest river in the world, or in reality is a system, or the main bed of a system, of rivers altogether without a rival in magnitude.

GEO. S. WELLS, Council Bluffs, Iowa, asks: "1. What are the names of the members of Pres. Hayes' Cabinet? 2. Has the tailor's goose any plural? How would you write for six?"—Secretary of State, Wm. M. Evarts, New York; Secretary of Treasury, John Sherman, of Ohio; Secretary of the Interior, Carl Schurz, of Missouri; Secretary of War and of the Navy, (pro tem.) A. S. Ramsey, of Minnesota; Postmaster General, Horace Maynard, of Tennessee; Attorney General, Charles Devens, Massachusetts. 2. The story is told of a certain tailor who was similarly at a loss in making an order. He wrote, "please send me six tailor's geese," but that didn't look just right to him, so he wrote, "send me six tailor's gooses," but that form pleased him still less, so in despair he wrote, "send me a tailor's goose, d—— it, send me six."

CHAS. W. BANTA, Waveland, Ind., asks: "What is the cause of a compass pointing nearly north and south, and why in this longitude does the compass point a little southeast?"—The variation in the compass is attributable to local causes which are almost beyond the skill of man to control. On certain lines upon the earth's surface, called lines of no variation, the needle points towards the pole. Such a line at the present time passes near Wilmington, N. C., Charlotteville, Va., and Pittsburgh, Pa. On the eastern side of this line of no variation, the declination of the needle is toward the west, and on the western side is toward the east. The subject of these movements for this continent is treated in the reports of the proceedings of the American Association for the advancement of science, at their 9th and 10th meetings.

W. H. M., Ohio Postoffice, Kan., writes: I desire some information regarding Washington Territory. Will some reader of the BLADE answer the following questions through the BLADE: 1. What is the average yield of grain per acre? 2. What is the average price per bushel, or 100 pounds? 3. Is there any government land that is good to make a farm, etc.? 4. What portion is farm lands and what good timber? 5. What is the price of stock of all kinds? 6. What is the present population of Washington Territory? 7. What part of Washington Territory do the Indians stay in? Do they often make war on the whites, etc.? 8. What are the wages paid per day for labor, and the different kinds of labor? 9. Is fruit and fish plenty, and easily raised? 10. How low does the thermometer get in Winter, and give such other information as one would like to have and know who intends to move there? I find that there are scores that would like to have the above answered as well as myself.

G. S., Saybrook, Ill., asks: "What is meant by the term 'Corn laws of England?'"—The corn laws were for the regulation of the trade in grain, and are of very ancient origin. Immediately after the Norman conquest exportation was prohibited, and this principle was adhered to until 1436, when a law was enacted allowing it whenever the price of wheat should not exceed 6 shillings and 8 pence a quarter, and of barley 3 shillings and 4 pence. In the year 1463 the importation was prohibited unless the domestic price should exceed the rates named in the law of 1436. There were many changes made from that time forward, and after the accession of Charles II. the protection of the agricultural and landed interests became the policy. The laws were continued, with various modifications, until Sir Robert Peel became a convert to free trade, and in 1846 his free-trade measure was passed, with the aid of Cobden, Bright and others, reducing seriously at once the corn duties. This went into force February 1, 1849.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER, Glenwood, Ia., asks for the length of time the Presidents of the various Republics hold office."—The President of the French Republic is elected by a majority of votes by the Senate and Chamber of Deputies united in National assembly. He is nominated for seven years and is eligible for re-election. The President and Vice-President of the Federal Council of Switzerland are the first magistrates of the Republic and are elected by the Federal Assembly for the time of one year and are not re-eligible till after the expiration of another year. The President of the Argentine Confederation is elected for six years; that of the Republic of Bolivia for four years; that of Chili for five years; of the United States of Colombia, two years; Costa Rica, four years; Ecuador, four years; Guatamela, four years; Haiti, four years; Honduras, four years; Mexico, four years; Nicaragua, four years; Paraguay, six years; Peru, four years; San Domingo, four years; San Salvador, four years; Uruguay, four years; Venezuela, two years; Liberia, two years.

BLADE READER, Spartansburg, Va., writes: "Can you give me some idea as to how celluloid is made and what its principal uses are?"—Celluloid is an American discovery, and is the result of a close combination of camphor with a kind of pyr-oxyline—non-explosive paper or nitrated cotton—analogous to that used in the preparation of collodion. The close texture or base of this article is obtained under the combined action of heat and pressure. It is a hard, tenacious, elastic and almost transparent substance, of a yellowish white, which becomes plastic and malleable at 120 degrees Fahrenheit. By uniting various coloring matters with celluloid, almost perfect imitations of bone, tortoise-shell, coral, amber, lapis, jet, and many varieties of stone, etc., may be obtained. Indeed, there seems to be no end to the multifarious uses which this new article has and is being manipulated into. It is capable of sustaining the finest polish or finish, and has a decided advantage in weight and flexibility to the natural basal it is made to imitate. Its latest adaptation is to stereotypy, a soft plate of celluloid being pressed into the matrix previously taken from the type.

A SUBSCRIBER, Hurricane, Ill.: Oliver Cromwell was born at Huntington, April 25, 1599. He attended Sidney College, Cambridge, in 1616, and then upon the death of his father, went to Lincoln's Inn and dissipated the property left him. He married in 1620, and settled down. Was elected to Parliament in 1628. He was made Colonel in the army in January, 1643, and commanded a cavalry regiment of 1,000 men, said to be the finest body of troops in the world. He took an active part in the Civil war. At the famous battle of Naseby, June 14, 1645, he decided the fate of the House of Stuart, and from that time on was a great leader. In the negotiations which ensued between the King and the victorious Parliament, Cromwell was at first disposed to restoring Charles under certain conditions, but, finding that the royal captive was not to be trusted, he resolved to join in bringing him to the block. He was one of the 40 persons who, after the death of Charles, formed the Council of State. In 1649 he was made Lord Protector of Ireland, subdued the rebellion there, and in 1653, having returned to England, and by force dissolved the Long Parliament, he assumed the supreme authority, under the title of Lord Protector, and held his place amidst incessant squabbles, plots and cabals for five years, dying of a nervous fever, September 3, 1658. He lived without parade or ostentation; was temperate, indefatigably industrious and exact in his official duties; yet, under the guise of piety and virtue, he practised the most subtle Macheavelism, and maintained his power as he had acquired it, by cunning and boldness.

NOMENCLATURE, Paris, Ill., writes: "I desire to know the meaning of the names of the States of the Union, that is, how they came to be known as they are."—Alabama is an Indian word, meaning "Here we rest." It was the exclamation of an Indian chief, and alluded to its well-stocked hunting-grounds. The Carolinas (North and South) were named in compliment to Carolus II (Charles II), who granted the whole country to eight needy courtiers. Delaware is the name of an Indian tribe. Florida was discovered by the Spaniards on Palm Sunday, and thence called (Pasqua) Florida. Georgia was named in honor of George II, in whose reign the first settlement there was named. Indiana was so named from the number of Indians who dwelt there (1801). Louisiana was so made by M. de la Sala (1682) in honor of

For the Blade.

ACROSTIC.

BY MRS. M. J. GALPIN.

Jesus kind and full of grace,
Anoint this son of human race,
Make him a tower of strength for thee
Elect him for Eternity.
Save him by Thy loving power,

Accept him from this day and hour.

Grant that all grace and love shall be
Amid life's toil still true to thee
Rejoicing in each blessed day
From earth to heaven be on the way;
In trouble, sickness, fear, or death,
Enfold him till the parting breath;
Lay Thou the garland on his brow,
Distrust him not, he'll keep his vow.

Waterville, Kans.

A MULE KICKS A BEE-HIVE.

Once When the Animal did not Obtain the Victory.

Locke Melone in Californian.

I was visiting a gentleman who lived in the vicinity of Los Angeles. The morning was beautiful. The plash of little cascades about the grounds, the buzz of bees, and the gentle moving of the foliage of the pepper trees in the scarcely perceptible ocean-breeze, made up a picture which I thought was complete. It was not. A mule wandered on the scene. The scene, I thought, could have got along without him. He took a different view.

Of course mules were not allowed on the grounds. That is what he knew. That was his reason for being there.

I recognized him. Had met him. His lower lip hung down. He looked disgusted. It seemed he didn't like being a mule.

A day or two before, while I was trying to pick up a little child who had got too near this mule's heels, he kicked me two or three times before I could tell from which way I was hit. I might have avoided some of the kicking, but, in my confusion, I began to kick at the mule. I didn't kick with him long. He outnumbered me.

He browsed along on the choice shrubbery. I forgot the beauty of the morning. Remembered a black and blue spot on my leg. It looked like the print of a mule's hoof. There was another on my right ham. Where my suspenders crossed were two more, as I have been informed. They were side by side—twin blue spots, and seemed to be about the same age.

I thought of revenge. I didn't want to kick with him any more. No. But I thought if I had him tied down good and fast, so he could not move his heels, how like sweet incense it would be to first saw his ears and tail smooth off, then put out his eyes with a red-hot poker, then skin him alive, then run him through a threshing machine.

While I was thus thinking, and getting madder and madder, the mule, which had wandered up close to a large bee-hive, got stung. His eyes lighted up, as if that was just what he was looking for. He turned on that bee-hive and took aim. He fired. In 10 seconds the only piece of bee-hive I could see was about the size a man feels when he has told a joke that falls on the company like a piece of sad news. This piece was in the air. It was being kicked at.

The bees swarmed. They swarmed a good deal. They lit on that mule earnestly. After he had kicked the last piece of bee-hive so high that he could not reach it any more, he stopped for an instant. He seemed trying to ascertain whether the 10,000 bees which were stinging him meant it. They did.

The mule turned loose. I never saw anything to equal it. He was enveloped in a dense fog of earnestness and bees, and filled with enthusiasm and stings. The more he kicked, the higher he rose from the ground. I may have been mistaken, for I was somewhat excited and very much delighted, but that mule seemed to rise as high as the tops of the pepper trees. The pepper trees were 20 [illegible] self like a frog swimming. Sometimes, when he was in mid-air, he would look like he was flying, and I would think for a moment he was about to become an angel. Only for a moment. There are probably no mule angels.

When he had got up to the tops of the pepper trees, I was called to breakfast. I told them I didn't want any breakfast.

The mule continued to be busy.

When a mule kicks himself clear of the earth, his heels seldom reach higher than his back; that is, a mule's fore-legs can reach forward, and his hind legs backward, until the mule becomes straightened out into a line of mule parallel with the earth, and 15 or 20 feet therefrom. This mule's hind legs, however, were not only raised into a line with his back, but they would come over until the bottom of the hoofs almost touched his ears.

The mule proceeded as if he desired to hurry through.

I had no idea how many bees a hive would hold until I saw that bee hive emptied on that mule. They covered him so completely that I could not see any of him but the glare of his eyes. I could see from the expression of his eyes that he didn't like the way things were going.

The mule still went on in an absorbed kind of a way.

Not only was every bee of the disturbed hive on duty, but I think the news had been conveyed to neighboring hives that war had been declared. I could see bees flitting to and fro. The mule was covered so deep with bees that he looked like an exaggerated mule. The hum of the bees and their moving on each other, combined into a seething hiss.

A sweet calm and gentle peacefulness pervaded me.

When he had kicked for an hour, he began to fall short of the tops of the pepper trees. He was settling down closer to the earth. Numbers were telling on him. He looked distressed. He had always been used to kicking against something, but found now he was striking the air. It was very exhausting.

He finally got so he did not rise clear of the ground, but continued to kick with both feet for half an hour, next with first one foot and then the other for another half an hour, then with his right foot only every few minutes, the intervals growing longer and longer, until he finally was still. His head dropped, his ears hung lower and lower. The bees kept on. He looked as if he thought it was a mean, sneaking advantage had been taken of him.

I retired from the scene. Early the next morning I returned. The sun came slowly up from behind the eastern hills. The light foliage of the pepper trees trembled with his morning caress. His golden kiss fell upon the opening roses. Bees could be seen flying hither, another thither. The mule lay near the scene of yesterday's struggle. Peace had come to him. He was dead. Too much kicking against nothing.

Mrs. Sprague's Appearance.

Chicago Tribune.

Mrs. Sprague is not as beautiful a woman as she once was. She now shows traces of years, and her eyes, which are the chief remaining beauty, many would regard as painted, although her friends insist that there is not a trace of art about them. She cannot now be far from 35 years of age, although she looks much younger. She is of medium height, perhaps five feet six, and her features still show beautiful outlines. Her hair, which is still abundant, is dark auburn in color, and nature has yet spared her gray hairs.

two, some three, and others as many as five lines of dwellings, rising line above line, and back toward the mountain, tier above tier. The houses on the top of the cliff in the abandoned city are rectangular in form, but the caves are circular, being 10 to 15 feet in diameter, with arched roofs. Within the excavations are numerous small rooms. Before each line of dwellings there appears to have been pavements sometimes four or five feet in width, in the broadcast of which Col. Stephenson found imprints of feet. Many pictures and hieroglyphics adorn the face of the rock.

Chicago Tribune.

—THOMAS O. THOMPSON, Esq., the Mayor's Secretary, who, some few days ago, slipped on a banana peel and sprained his knee, writes that St. Jacob's Oil "acted like a charm."

RECENT LITERATURE.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

The January number is an unusually strong one. It opens with Conway's second paper on the English lakes, which takes us to the homes of Harriet Martineau, Doctor Arnold and Ruskin, and to Hawkeshead, where Woodworth went to school—with a number of artistic pictures by Abby and Parsons. Another paper of especially literary interest is F. H. Underwood's article on the poet Lowell—biographical and critical, and introducing much new material as a personal character—with two fine portraits of Lowell, and illustrations of his home and favorite haunts.

In fact the whole issue is full of good things. The opening chapters of Hardy's new novel "A Laodicean" are very attractive, while "Anna" keeps its freshness and interest.

APPLETON'S JOURNAL.

The January issue begins a new volume, and the publishers announce their intention of adhering to their purpose of providing intelligent readers with literature of a permanent and sterling character on all topics which affect public welfare and general culture. A feature will be brilliant novelettes from French, British and home writers; and considerable attention will be given to comprehensive and analytical reviews of important new books. A sub-editorial department has been added, under the title of "Notes for Readers," in which will be preserved many minor things in literature of interest to readers.

The contents of the January number consists of a review, with an abundance of entertaining extracts of Trevelyan's "Early History of Charles James Fox;" the beginning of a new novelette by Erckmann-Chatrian; reviews of Amicis's "Holland and its people," of "Endymion," and of Lady Jackson's "Court and Salons of Old Paris." There is an article on the School of Philosophy at Concord; and a paper of great interest and value entitled "Social Life Among the Early Greeks." A collection of "Vers de Société" includes some charming trifles of this character. Then we have Prof. Seeley's "Political Somnambulism," and other papers, with the editorial departments.

LIPPENCOTT'S MAGAZINE.

The opening article, an account of a Roman Art School, associated with the names of Fortuny and other famous artists, is from the vivacious pen of Mrs. Margaret Bertha Wright, and is illustrated from drawings by a clever young French artist, M. Matthieu. "An Old New England Seaport," by Charles Burr Todd, recalls the checkered history of New London, Conn., whose grass-grown streets, decayed warehouses, and rotting hulks were once filled with the bustle of traffic and adventure. The illustrations have what is nowadays the rare merit of being faithful transcripts of the scenes and objects they profess to represent.

The artist's pencil has also been employed to heighten the attractiveness of a novelette, to run through three numbers. This story, entitled "Lilith," from the name of the heroine, is certain to make a strong impression. Among the short stories, "The Called Meeting," by Jennie Woodville, is one of the most admirable and amusing sketches of negro character ever published.

The "Monthly Gossip" is greatly extended and divided into sections, one being devoted to "Public Topics;" another, under the title of "Place aux Dames," to feminine interests; a third to art matters; while the fourth is "Anecdotical and Miscellaneous."

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

The numbers of the *Living Age* for the weeks ending December 11th and 18th, contain the following, among other interesting and valuable articles: "Nature and Law," by Dr. William B. Carpenter, *Modern Review*; "Marie Antoinette and Robespierre," translated for the *Living Age*; "Political Somnambulism," *Macmillan*; "Jomini, Moreau and Vandamme," *Fortnightly*; "Insect Conservatism," *Spectator*; "A Successful African Expedition," *Nature*; together with installments of two serials, and the usual amount of choice poetry, etc.

The new volume begins January 1st, and to new subscribers remitting before then, for 1881, the intervening numbers are sent gratis. For 52 numbers of 64 large pages each (or more than 3,300 pages a year) the subscription price ($8) is low; while for $10.50 the publishers offer to send any one of the American $4 monthlies or weeklies with the *Living Age* for a year, both postpaid. Littell & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

OUR LITTLE ONES.

The Holiday number of this bright little magazine for children, is rendered very attractive by the beautiful illustrations abounding upon every page. Every article has its appropriate picture. The stories are bright and sparkling, and the clear print will cause the little one's eyes to rest lovingly upon its pages. The Russell Publishing Company are doing a splendid work for the juveniles in bringing before them this beautiful magazine. It is issued monthly in Boston at the low price of $1.50 per annum.

FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

The January number is crowded with delightful reading matter, replete with interest, entertainment and instruction. The opening article, by Nugent Robinson, entitled, "Shakspere's London," is elaborate in its details, and has 13 fine illustrations. Among the many articles of especial merit we may instance, "Peacock Shooting in India;" "Some Memories of Columbus," with 17 illustrations; "A Gossip about Curling;" "Woman's Hair, as Glory and as Property," etc., etc. In the department of fiction we find the continuation of "The Amber Witch," a story of intense interest; "The Story of a Pilgrim Bottle," by Helen W. Pierson, and several other stories by popular writers. There are sketches of great merit by W. J. Florence, etc., and poems by Austin Dobson, Pauline, Krilot, etc., etc. The miscellany is unusually copious, embracing a large variety of subjects, and presenting an almost exhaustless fund of amusement and information. The number contains 128 quarto pages of standard literature, and over 100 fine engravings. A single copy is only 25 cents, and $3 will secure copies for a year, $1.50 for six months, and $1 for four months, sent post free. Address Frank Leslie's Publishing House, 53, 55 and 57 Park Place, New York.

Tattooing Soldiers.

Of late the question of tattooing (not branding) has been revived in the British army to act as a check against desertion, and prevent the re-enlistment of bad characters. Some time ago, when the desertions were at the rate of 5,000 a year, one artilleryman had enlisted and sold his kit 11 times in two years before he was detected.) Sir James E. Alexander submitted to the Horse Guards a small instrument, with a spring, to tattoo instantaneously and with hardly any pain a man above the left wrist. Indian ink rubbed on the punctures left the impression of a neat small Queen's crown, in blue, the size of a sixpence, and indelible.

Great Horse Medicine.

No horse need die of colic if Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment is on hand when first taken. A simple dose revives an overheated horse and puts new life into him. It quickly cures galls, sprains, old sores, scratches, sore throats, etc. The Derby Condition Powders are used by the best horsemen in the country. They are no cheap articles, but the best ingredients that can be purchased, and perfectly innocent.

They cure distemper, loss of appetite, worms, bots, coughs, hide-bound, give a fine coat and cleanse the urine; 25 cents per box. The Family Liniment is 25 and 50 cents per bottle; the Horse, 90 cents. Sold by the druggists and saddlers. Depot, No. 42 Murray street.

One thousand certificates from prominent horsemen can be seen at the depot.

CANVASSERS make from $25 to $50 per week selling goods for E. G. Rideout & Co., 10 Barclay street, New York. Send for catalog and terms.

DENVER.

The City of the Mountains.

N. S. Shaler in January Atlantic.

The City of Denver ends the plain travel. After the long journey through a region where the waves of civilization seem to die away among the alkali plains and antelopes, it is a strange sensation to find one's self once again in a full-grown and prosperous town, with Paris fashions in homes and people, and the look of thrift that usually comes only with time. It needs the iron wall on the west to persuade one that he is on the very front of civilization, and that what he sees about him has been scarce a score of years in its making. Except that the town is *squared*, and not close knit, it might belong to Ohio, or even in New England. There are shops that would do credit to Broadway, and houses that would fit in our oldest towns. In the people there is no more of the frontier than one may find in all the towns west of the Alleghanies. The laboring miner has been called to the mountains, and except that he comes here to spend his gains, or to show his "prospects" to men of capital, Denver is out of his range. Probably no other American city has such a noble site. The eastern slope of the Platte rises evenly and gradually from its sandy bed, until in a mile it gains a height of two or three hundred feet. From an house-top and all the streets one gets majestic views out over the vast eastern plain or over the mountains. A canal brought on to the ridges of the plain from the Platte canon supplies ditches, through which, in Summer, water finds its way along the street, and by little sluice gates into the gardens that surround every house. For the time the irrigation of this long-parched soil has brought about much sickness, so that the Town seems to be temporarily unwholesome; but this condition must soon pass, and leave the City with almost ideal conditions of salubrity. Free from parching heats and withering cold, nearly snowless with the sweet, dry air of the mountains, and the oasis-like fertility that irrigation will in time give to its surroundings, may hope for a noble future.

A Remarkable Clock.

Mr. Darius L. Goff, of Pawtucket, R. I., has a remarkable clock. It is an old-style tall clock, and occupies a position in the front hall of Mr. Goff's residence, where it regulates the entire household.

The clock never requires winding, the front door of the house, as it is opened and shut during the day, performing that work. Within the dial is an ingenious mechanism by which the light in the front hall is turned up as darkness approaches, and again is lowered as the orthodox bed-time draws nigh. As morning dawns, and it is time that the servants bestirred themselves, the faithful clock rings a bell in the back hall, summoning them to their daily labors. An hour later, a bell in the front hall warns the family that it is time to rise, and a half-hour still later, another peal of the bell summons them to breakfast. Besides these arrangements, the clock is connected with another in Mr. Goff's sleeping-room, whereby the two are struck simultaneously. There is in the office also a themometer, so arranged that a bell is rung when the temperature of the room is above or below a certain point. All these ingenious attachments, in which the aid of electricity is invoked, are the invention and work of Mr. Goff himself.

A NEW STRIKE.—The working classes of our community have struck against the many high-priced cough medicines and have endorsed Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup as the best and cheapest remedy in the world. Price 25 cents a bottle.

Some One Always Wins.

A correspondent invites attention to the fact that it has been everywhere remarked by the readers of the leading journals in all parts of the country that the drawings of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, which occur without ever an interruption in their regularity on the second Tuesday of each month at New Orleans, La., and any assertions made over the name of M. A. Dauphin, New Orleans, La., or same person at No. 319 Broadway, New York City, are invariably justified, by the subsequent action of the Company, so that $30,000 for $2 seems to be a certain happiness in store for some happy mortal somewhere.

Frogs for the New York Market.

From the New Haven Palladium.

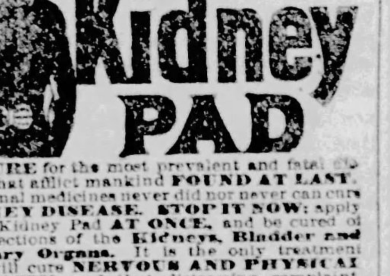
A Norwich firm makes frequent shipments of live frogs to various parts of the country, but principally to New York and Buffalo. The frogs are caught in the ponds of the surrounding towns, and prove a source of considerable revenue to the juveniles, who receive from 75 cents to $1.25 per dozen. They are shipped alive after being properly fattened for the market. They are fed before shipment on fish.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, etc., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.

KIDNEY PAD.

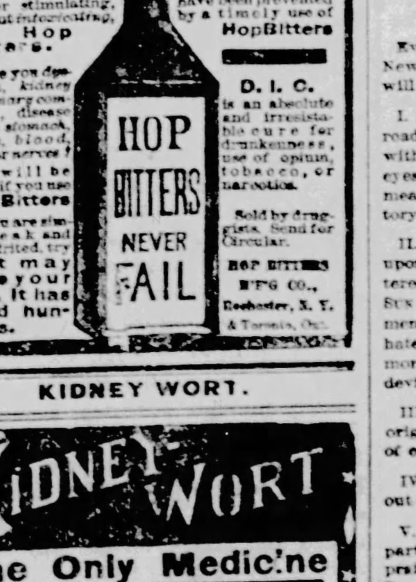


DAY'S Kidney PAD

A CURE for the most prevalent and fatal diseases that afflict mankind FOUND AT LAST. Internal medicines never did nor never can cure KIDNEY DISEASE. STOP IT NOW: apply Day's Kidney Pad AT ONCE, and be cured of all affections of the Kidneys, Bladder and Urinary Organs. It is the only treatment that will cure NERVOUS AND PHYSICAL DEBILITY, and that distressing complaint, "BACK ACHE." It will annually save many times its cost in medicines and plasters, which at best give but temporary relief. Sold by Druggists or sent by mail on receipt of price, $2. Our book, "How a Life Was Saved," giving a history of this new discovery and a large record of most remarkable cures, sent free. Write for it.

DAY KIDNEY PAD CO., Toledo, O.

HOP BITTERS.



If you are a man of business, weakened by the strain of your duties avoid stimulants and use Hop Bitters.

If you are a man of letters toiling over midnight work, to restore brain nerve and waste, use Hop B.

If you are young and suffering from any indiscretion or dissipation; if you are married or single, old or young, suffering from poor health or languishing on a bed of sickness, rely on Hop Bitters.

Whoever you are, whenever you feel that your system needs cleansing, toning or stimulating, without intoxicating, take Hop Bitters.

Thousands die annually from some form of Kidney disease that might have been prevented by a timely use of HopBitters

Have you dyspepsia, kidney or urinary complaint, disease of the stomach, bowels, blood, liver or nerves? You will be cured if you use Hop Bitters

If you are simply weak and low spirited, try it! It may save your life. It has saved hundreds.

HOP BITTERS NEVER FAIL

D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco, or narcotics.

Sold by druggists. Send for Circular.

HOP BITTERS MFG CO., Rochester, N. Y. & Toronto, Ont.

KIDNEY WORT.

KIDNEY-WORT

The Only Medicine That Acts at the Same Time on The Liver, the Bowels and the Kidneys.

These great organs are the natural cleansers of the system. If they work well, health will be perfect; if they become clogged, dreadful diseases are sure to follow with

TERRIBLE SUFFERING.

Biliousness, Headache, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Constipation and Piles, or Kidney Complaints, Gravel, Diabetes, or Rheumatic Pains and Aches, are developed because the blood is poisoned with the humors that should have been expelled naturally.

KIDNEY-WORT will restore the healthy action and all these destroying evils will be banished; neglect them and you will live but to suffer.

Thousands have been cured. Try it and you will add one more to the number. Take it and health will once more gladden your heart.

Why suffer longer from the torment of an Aching back! Why bear such distress from Constipation and Piles!

KIDNEY-WORT will cure you. Try a package at once and be satisfied.

It is a dry vegetable compound and One Package makes six quarts of Medicine.

Your Druggist has it, or will get it for you. Insist upon having it. Price, $1.00.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors, 10 (Will send post paid.) Burlington, Vt.

WARNER'S SAFE KIDNEY & LIVER CURE

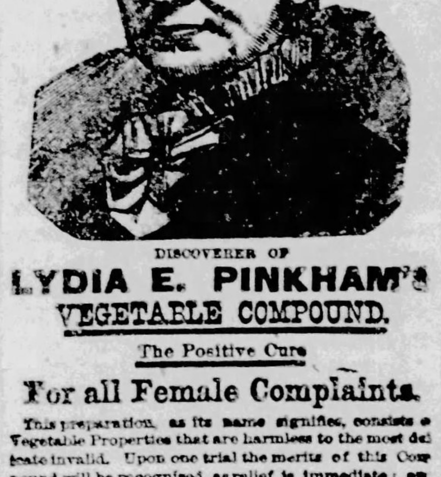
Is made from a Simple Tropical Leaf of Rare Value, and is a POSITIVE REMEDY for all the diseases that cause pains in the lower part of the body—for Torpid Liver, Headache, Jaundice, Dizziness, Gravel, Malaria. And all difficulties of the Kidneys, Liver and Urinary Organs. For FEMALE DISEASES, Monthly Menstruations and during Pregnancy, it has no equal. It restores the organs that make the blood, and hence is the best Blood Purifier. It is the only known remedy that cures Bright's Disease. For Diabetes, use Warner's Safe Diabetes Cure.

For sale by Druggists and all Dealers at $1.25 per bottle. Largest bottle in the market. Try it.

H. H. WARNER & CO., Rochester, N. Y.

VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM OF LYNN, MASS.



DISCOVERER OF LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

The Positive Cure For all Female Complaints.

This preparation, as its name signifies, consists of Vegetable Properties that are harmless to the most delicate invalid. Upon one trial the merits of this Compound will be recognized, as relief is immediate; and when its use is continued, in ninety-nine cases in a hundred, a permanent cure is effected, as thousands will testify. On account of its proven merits, it is to-day recommended and prescribed by the best physicians in the country.

It will cure entirely the worst form of falling of the uterus, Leucorrhoea, irregular and painful Menstruation, all Ovarian Troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Floodings, all Displacements and the consequent spinal weakness, and is especially adapted to the Change of Life. It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

In fact it has proved to be the greatest and best remedy that has ever been discovered. It permeates every portion of the system, and gives new life and vigor. It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach.

It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times, and under all circumstances, act in harmony with the law that governs the female system.

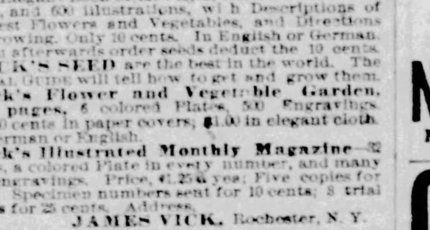
For Kidney Complaints of either sex this compound is unsurpassed.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1.00. Six bottles for $5.00. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of Lozenges, on receipt of price, $1.00, per box, for either. Mrs. PINKHAM freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. Mention this paper.

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure Constipation, Biliousness and Torpidity of the Liver. 25 cents per box.

For sale by all Druggists.

PUBLICATIONS.



VICK'S ILLUSTRATED FLORAL GUIDE. 1881.

Is an Elegant Book of 120 Pages, one Colored Flower Plate, and 600 Illustrations, with Descriptions of the best Flowers and Vegetables, and Directions for growing. Only 10 cents. In English or German. If you afterwards order seeds deduct the 10 cents.

VICK'S SEED are the best in the world. The FLORAL GUIDE will tell how to get and grow them.

Vick's Flower and Vegetable Garden, 175 pages, 6 colored Plates, 500 Engravings. For 50 cents in paper covers; $1.00 in elegant cloth. In German or English.

Vick's Illustrated Monthly Magazine—32 Pages, a colored Plate in every number, and many fine engravings. Price, $1.25 a year; Five copies for $5.00. Specimen numbers sent for 10 cents; 3 trial copies for 25 cents. Address,

JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

The Sun for 1881.

Everybody reads THE SUN. In the editions of this Newspaper throughout the year to come everybody will find:

I. All the world's news, so presented that the reader will get the greatest amount of information with the least unprofitable expenditure of time and eyesight. THE SUN long ago discovered the golden mean between redundant fullness and unsatisfactory brevity.

II. Much of that sort of news which depends less upon its recognized importance than upon its interest to mankind. From morning to morning THE SUN prints a continued story of the lives of real men and women, and of their deeds, plans, loves, hates, and troubles. This story is more varied and more interesting than any romance that was ever devised.

III. Good writing in every column, and freshness, originality, accuracy and decorum in the treatment of every subject.

IV. Honest comment. THE SUN's habit is to speak out fearlessly about men and things.

V. Equal candor in dealing with each political party, and equal readiness to commend what is praiseworthy or to rebuke what is blamable in Democrat or Republican.

VI. Absolute independence of partisan organization, but unwavering loyalty to true democratic principles. THE SUN believes that the Government which the Constitution gives us is a good one to keep. Its notion of duty is to resist to its utmost power the efforts of men in the Republican party to set up another form of government in place of that which exists. The year 1881 and the years immediately following will probably decide this supremely important contest. THE SUN believes that the victory will be with the People as against the Rings for monopoly, the Rings for plunder, and the Rings for imperial power.

Our terms are as follows:

For the DAILY SUN, a four-page sheet of twenty-eight columns, the price by mail, post paid, is 55 cents a month, or $6.50 a year; or, including the Sunday paper, an eight page sheet of fifty-six columns, the price is 65 cents a month, or $7.70 a year, postage paid.

The Sunday edition of THE SUN is also furnished separately at $1.20 a year, postage paid.

The price of THE WEEKLY SUN, eight pages, fifty six columns, is $1 a year, postage paid. For clubs of ten sending $10 we will send an extra copy free. Address

I. W. ENGLAND, PUBLISHER OF THE SUN, NEW YORK CITY.

MUSIC.

MUSICAL CHRISTMAS GIFTS!

Most acceptable gifts to players or singers will be the following elegantly bound books:

☞ Any one mailed, post-free, for the price here mentioned.

ROBERT FRANZ'S SONG ALBUM.
GEMS OF ENGLISH SONG.
HOME CIRCLE. Three volumes.
WORLD OF SONG.
PIANO AT HOME. Four-hand collection.
SHOWER OF PEARLS. Vocal Duets.
CREME DE LA CREME. 2 vols.
OPERATIC PEARLS.
GEMS OF STRAUSS.
GEMS OF THE DANCE.
CLUSTER OF GEMS.
SUNSHINE OF SONG.
Each of the above in cloth, $2 50; Fine Gilt, $3.00.
STUDENT'S LIFE IN SONG. $1.50.
CURIOSITIES OF MUSIC. $1.00.
BEETHOVEN. A Romance by Rau. $1.50.
RHYMES AND TUNES. Christmas Offering. $1.50.
SULLIVAN'S VOCAL ALBUM. $1.50.
FAIRY FINGERS. For Piano. $1.50.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston. C. H. DITSON & CO., New York.

AGENTS WANTED.

$777 A YEAR and expenses to agents. Outfit free. Address P. O. Vickery, Augusta, Me.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Me.

IT PAYS to sell our Rubber Printing Stamps. Samples free. J. M. Mitten & Co., Cleveland, O.

GET RICH selling our Rubber Stamps and Music. Samples free. COOK & BISSELL, Cleveland, O.

$66 a week in your own Town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Me.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Me.

$350 A MONTH—AGENTS WANTED—75 best selling articles in the world; 1 sample free. Address Jay Bronson, Detroit, Mich.

$10 per day for 10 years, selling our Oil Portraits and Home Views. A new and profitable work for agents. Address Roe & Co., Reading, Pa.

$7 A DAY. AGENTS WANTED! Male or Female. Business permanent. Turkish Rug Patterns, stamped on Burlap, in colors. Made of Rags or Yarn. Address with stamp. E. S. FROST & CO., Biddeford, Me.

AGENTS WANTED. $5 PER DAY made selling our PLATFORM FAMILY SCALE. Weighs up to 25 lbs. Retail price, $1.50. Exclusive territory free. Terms and rapid sales surprise agents. DOMESTIC SCALE CO., Cincinnati, O.

$3.00—AGENT'S OUTFIT BY MAIL, postpaid for ONE DOLLAR. Contains 1 Banner, 1 Crown Jewel Stationery Package, 1 Pearl-handled 4-blade Knife, 1 Lloyd Penholder, 1 pair elegant Tambourine Sleeve-Buttons, 10 songs, 1 Microscope, 1 Swiss Bird-Call, 1 Perfume Shell, 1 Bride's Match Safe, 1 Coin Holder. Illustrated catalogue, Agents' goods FREE. J. BRIDE & CO., 297 Broadway, N.Y.

AGENTS WANTED To Sell the Favorite CAKE AND BAKING PAN. WILL SELL ON SIGHT TO EVERY HOUSEKEEPER. The success of our agents proves it to be the best selling article in the market. One agent made $120 in 2 weeks, another $63 in 10 days, another $41 in 4 days. Boxing and Freight Free to Agents. Send for circulars to nearest address. SHEPARD & CO., Cincinnati, O., or St. Louis, Mo.

INVESTMENTS.

28th

Popular Monthly Drawing of the COMMONWEALTH DISTRIBUTION CO., AT MACAULEY'S THEATER, In the City of Louisville, on MONDAY, JANUARY 31, 1881.

These drawings occur monthly (Sundays excepted) under provisions of an act of the General Assembly of Kentucky, incorporating the Newport Printing and Newspaper Co., approved April 9, 1878.

☞ This is a special act, and has never been repealed.

The United States Circuit Court on March 31 rendered the following decisions:

1st—That the Commonwealth Distribution Company is legal.

2d—Its drawings are fair.

The Company has now on hand a large Reserve Fund. Read the list of prizes for the

JANUARY DRAWING:

1 Prize	$30,000	100 Prizes,	$100 each,	$10,000
1 Prize	10,000	200 Prizes,	50 each,	10,000
1 Prize	5,000	600 Prizes,	20 each,	12,000
		1000 Prizes,	10 each	10,000

10 Prizes,	$1,000 each,		$10,000
20 Prizes,	500 each,		10,000
9 Prizes,	$300 each,	Approximation Prizes	$2,700
9 Prizes,	200 each,	" "	1,800
9 Prizes,	100 each,	" "	900
1,960 Prizes			$112,400

Whole Tickets, $2. Half Tickets, $1. 27 Tickets, $50. 55 Tickets, $100.

Remit money or bank draft in letter or send by express. Don't Send by Registered Letter or Postoffice Order. Orders of $5 and upwards, by express, can be sent at our expense. Address all orders to R. M. BOARDMAN, Courier-Journal Building, Louisville, Ky., or T. J. COMMERFORD, 212 Broadway, New York.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FIVE HUNDRED Virginia Farms and Mills for sale or exchange. Write for free catalogue. R. B. CHAFFIN & CO., Richmond, Va.

BEAUTIFUL ILLUMINATED BOOK-MARK and illustrated catalogue for 6 cents; 2 for 10 cents. Hurt & Prentice, 46 Beekman st., New York.

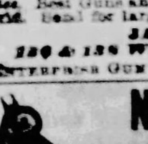
ANY BOOK published in the United States sent post paid on receipt of advertised price. Correspondence solicited. T. J. BROWN, EAGER & CO., BOOKSELLERS, TOLEDO, O.

JUDGE FOR YOURSELF. If you wish to see the picture of your future husband or wife, together with name and date of marriage, give your age, color of eyes and hair, and send 35c money, or 40c stamps, to W. Fox, Box 34, Fultonville, N. Y.

LOVE COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE. Wonderful secrets, revelations and discoveries for married or single, securing health, wealth and happiness to all. This handsome book of 128 pages mailed for only 10 cts., by The Union Publishing Co., Newark, N. J.

THE NURSERY FOR CHILDREN. This well known Magazine will enter on its 15th year in 1881. $1.50 a year, in advance. Send for Sample No. and Premium List. New Subscribers get extra Nos. by subscribing now. NURSERY PUBLISHING COMPANY, 36 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass.

GUNS Lowest prices ever known on Breech-Loaders, Rifles, and Revolvers. OUR $15 SHOT-GUN at greatly reduced price. Send stamp for our New Illustrated Catalogue (B). P. POWELL & SON, 238 Main Street, CINCINNATI, O.



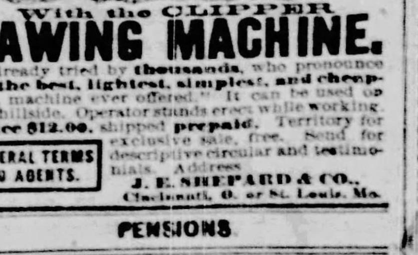
MAKE MONEY, ALL OF YOU! Caxtonette Press, $8.00. Caxton Press, $13.00. COLUMBIAN PRESSES from $25 to $80; will do first-class work. All are SELF-INKING. Presses from $3. CURTIS & MITCHELL, Boston, Ms. Send stamp for catalogue. Estab. 1847.

$23 BREECH-LOADING DOUBLE GUNS Genuine Twist Barrels. $14 MUZZLE-LOADING DOUBLE GUNS Genuine Twist Barrels. $10 Kentucky Rifles. Best Guns and Rifles for the money in the world. Send for large Illustrated Catalogue to JAMES BOWN & SONS, 136 & 138 Wood St., Pittsburgh, Pa. ENTERPRISE GUN WORKS. Established 1848.

NEW BIRD WARBLER And Canary Whistle. Fifty thousand sold in ten days. A child can use it. Sample, 10c, 3 for 25c. Circulars of other goods free. New England Novelty Co., 24 Portland st., Boston, Mass.

SAWING MACHINES.

ONE MAN CAN DO THE WORK of TWO



With the CLIPPER SAWING MACHINE. Already tried by thousands, who pronounce it "the best, lightest, simplest, and cheapest, machine ever offered." It can be used on the hillside. Operator stands erect while working. Price $12.00, shipped prepaid. Territory for exclusive sale, free. Send for descriptive circular and testimonials. Address J. E. SHEPARD & CO., Cincinnati, O. or St. Louis, Mo. LIBERAL TERMS TO AGENTS.

PENSIONS

PENSIONS. EVERY SOLDIER disabled in line of duty by wound, disease or injury, is entitled to pension. PENSIONS INCREASED.—Many are drawing less than entitled to. Thousands of Heirs entitled to Pension and Bounty. REJECTED CASES reopened. ABANDONED CASES finished. Copies of Lost Discharges obtained. Claims of every description prosecuted. Patents procured. Address, with stamp, H. S. BERLIN & CO., Att'ys, Box 593, Washington, D. C.

ORGANS $30 to $1,000; 2 to 32 Stops. Pianos $125 up. Paper free. Address Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, N.J.

MEDICAL.

ERRORS OF YOUTH. Receipt Free for the speedy cure of Seminal Weakness, Lost Manhood and all disease brought on by youthful indiscretions. Address DAVIDSON & CO., 78 Nassau st., N. Y.

MUSTACHE AND WHISKERS. [illegible]

Manhood Restored. A victim of early imprudence, causing nervous debility, premature decay, etc., having tried in vain every known remedy, has discovered a simple means of self cure, which he will send free to his fellow-sufferers. Address J. H. REEVES, 43 Chatham street, N. Y.

MARRIAGE SECRETS An Illustrated Book of nearly 300 pages; reveals secrets which the married and those contemplating marriage should know. How to cure Seminal Weakness, etc. Hundreds of Recipes. Sent sealed for 50 cents (money or postage stamps). Address DR. C. A. BOHANNAN, 624 N. Fifth Street, St. Louis, Mo. Established in 1857.

DR. SLEE'S ANTI-SYPHILIS PILLS. Dr. Slee cures Syphilis, Gonorrhoea, Gleet, Stricture, Hernia, Nervous Debility, and Atrophy, or Washing of the Testicles. Cut this out and send with 18 cents postage stamps, and we will send free by mail, in sealed envelope, a sample of our Magic Blood or Anti-Syphilis Pills and a valuable Medical Book, 16mo., 40 pages. These Pills are a positive cure for Sores on the Body, Spots or Pimples on the Face and Neck, caused by diseased blood; 100 pills in every box $1 by mail. DR. A. SLEE & CO., Manufacturers, 325 and 327 Superior street, Cleveland, Ohio.

OPIUM HABIT Cured Painlessly. The Medicine sold for a small margin above the cost of compounding. All cases treated by special prescription. For full particulars address the Discoverer, DR. S. B. COLLINS, or MRS. S. B. COLLINS, LAPORTE, Ind.

PRESCRIPTION FREE For the speedy Cure of Nervous Weakness, Lost Vitality, Premature Debility, Nervousness, Despondency, Confusion of Ideas, Defective Memory and all disorders brought on by over-work and Excesses. Any druggist has the ingredients. Sent in plain Sealed Envelope. Address DR. W. S. JAQUES, 130 West Sixth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

I WARRANT ONE BOTTLE a perfect cure for all the worst forms of PILES, two to four in the worst cases of LEPROSY, SCROFULA, PSORIASIS, CANCER, ECZEMA, SALT RHEUM, RHEUMATISM, KIDNEYS, DYSPEPSIA, CATARRH and all diseases of the SKIN and BLOOD. Entirely vegetable. Internal and external use. I authorize and THANK all dealers to return the money and charge it back to me in all cases of failure. None for over 20 years. Sent by express to all parts of the U. S. Price, $1 per bottle. Sold everywhere. Send for NEW PAMPHLET free. H. D. FOWLE, Chemist, Boston.

I Cure Fits! When I say cure, I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again; I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a Treatise and a Trial Bottle of my infallible remedy. It costs you nothing, and I will cure you. Give Express and Postoffice. Address DR. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York.

Book for the Million. A new and complete GUIDE TO WEDLOCK, containing Chapters on A Competent Womanhood, Selection of wife, Evidences of Virginity, Temperaments, Sterility, Advice to Bridegroom ... DR. BUTTS' DISPENSARY, No. 12 N. 8th St., St. Louis, Mo.

CARDS.

25 Christmas Chromo Cards, 10c, or 50 fancy cards, 10c. Electro Card Co., Northford, Ct.

50 Fine Cards, 25 Chromos, 25 Snowflake, Lace, etc. cards, 10c. Wise & Co., New Haven, Conn.

25 Christmas Chromo Cards 10c. or 50 Fancy Cds, 10c. Outfit 10c. Deforest Card Co. Northford, Ct.

20 Gold and Silver Chromo Cards, with name, 10c. postpaid. G. I. REED & CO., Nassau, N.Y.

40 Elegant Cards, All Chromo, Motto & Glass, Name in Gold and Jet, 10c. West & Co, Westville, Ct.

30 Fancy Cards, Chromo Snowflake, etc. no 2 alike, with name, 10c. J. Minkler & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

50 Gold, Silver, Landscape, Chromo, etc., Cards in case, name on, 10c. E. H. Pardee, Fair Haven, Ct.

50 Gold and Floral Chromo Cards, no 2 alike, 10c. Agents big outfit, 10c. Card Factory, Shelton, Conn.

30 Chromo, Scroll, Rose and Friendship cards 10c. Agents' sample book, 25c. Vaun & Co., Fair Haven, Ct.

6 Love letters, 24 Illustrated Escort Cards, 6 popular songs (assorted) 10c. F. E. West & Co., Westville, Ct.

52 Mottoes and 100 Illustrated Escort and Transparent Cards, all for 15c. F. Wadsworth, Westville, Ct.

50 All Lithographed Chromo Cards, no 2 alike, 10c. Agents big outfit, 10c. GLOBE CARD CO., Northford, Ct.

50 Large Gold Bordered, assorted Cards, Birds, Flowers, etc.; no 2 alike, name, 10c. G. W. Witbeck, Nassau, N. Y.

50 Chromo, Scroll and Landscape Cards, with name, 10c. Agents' outfit, 10c. Tuttle Bros., North Haven, Ct.

70 Gold Chromo, Motto, Lace, Escort, etc., Cards, good stock, name on, 10c. Phoenix Card Factory, Northford, Ct.

50 Chromo, Shells, Comic, Roses, Scrolls, etc. Cards in case, name on, 10c. Potter & Co., Montowese, Conn.

53 Gilt-edge, Chromo, Snowflake, Glass, Lace, etc. Cards, Name on, 10c. Franklin Printing Co., Fair Haven, Conn.

50 New Style Cards, Gilt and Floral Chromo, Motto, Scroll, etc., with name, 10c. Linsly & Co., Northford, Conn.

50 Finest Chromo, Gilt and Colored, Scroll Cards ever sold, only 10c. Agents samples, 10c. G. A. Spring, Northford, Conn.

52 Perfumed Snowflake and Chromo Cards, with name, 10c; 40, all Chromos, 10c. Star Card Co., Clintonville, Conn.

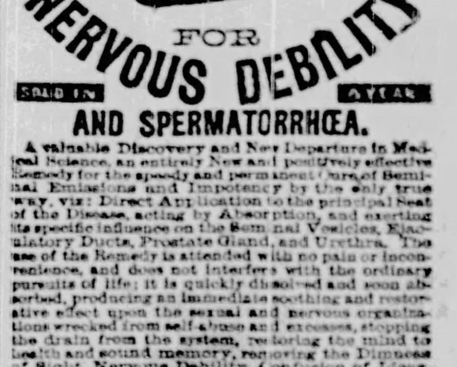
50 Bow, Motto, Chromo, Horse Shoe, Scrolls, etc., Cards, with name, in case, 10c. F. W. Austin, Fair Haven, Conn.

50 All gold, silver, shell motto and floral chromo cards, in beautiful colors, with name, 10 cents. Agents' sample book 25c. Star Printing Co., Northford, Conn.

50 Elegant New Style Cards, Gilt Fringe, Chromo Fan, Ivy Wreath, Gilt Vase of Roses, etc., no 2 alike, name on 10c., by return mail. Caxton Printing Co., Northford, Conn.

70 Gilt Chromo, Motto, Christmas, New Year and Floral Visiting Cards in beautiful colors, name on, 10c (14 packs $1.) Agents wanted; samples 10c. Card Factory, Northford, Ct.

HARRIS' PASTILLE.



THE PASTILLE Prof. Harris' Radical Cure FOR NERVOUS DEBILITY AND SPERMATORRHOEA.

A valuable Discovery and New Departure in Medical Science, an entirely New and positively effective Remedy for the speedy and permanent Cure of Seminal Emissions and Impotency by the only true way, viz: Direct Application to the principal Seat of the Disease, acting by Absorption, and exerting its specific influence on the Seminal Vesicles, Ejaculatory Ducts, Prostate Gland, and Urethra. The use of the Remedy is attended with no pain or inconvenience, and does not interfere with the ordinary pursuits of life; it is quickly dissolved and soon absorbed, producing an immediate soothing and restorative effect upon the sexual and nervous organizations wrecked from self-abuse and excesses, stopping the drain from the system, restoring the mind to health and sound memory, removing the Dimness of Sight, Nervous Debility, Confusion of Ideas, Aversion to Society, etc., etc., and the appearance of premature old age usually accompanying this trouble, and restoring perfect Sexual Vigor, where it has been dormant for years. This mode of treatment has stood the test in very severe cases, and is now a pronounced success. Drugs are too much prescribed in these troubles, and, as many can bear witness to, with but little if any permanent good. There is no Nonsense about this Preparation. Practical observation enables us to positively guarantee that it will give satisfaction. During the eight years that it has been in general use, we have thousands of testimonials as to its value, and it is now conceded by the Medical Profession to be the most rational means yet discovered of reaching and curing this very prevalent trouble, that is well known to be the cause of untold misery to so many, and upon whom quacks prey with their useless nostrums and big fees. The Remedy is put up in neat boxes of three sizes. No. 1, (enough to last a month,) $3; No. 2, (sufficient to effect a permanent cure, unless in severe cases,) $5; No. 3, (lasting over three months, will stop emissions and restore vigor in the worst cases,) $7. Sent by mail, sealed, in plain wrappers. Full DIRECTIONS for using will accompany EACH BOX.

Send for Sealed Descriptive Pamphlet giving Anatomical Illustrations and Testimony, which will convince the most skeptical that they can be restored to perfect manhood, and fitted for the duties of life, same as if never affected. Sold ONLY by

HARRIS REMEDY CO. MFG. CHEMISTS. Market and 8th Sts. ST. LOUIS, MO.

FREE 8 Samples and Catalogue of best selling articles on earth. World Mfg Co. 122 Nassau St., N. Y.

189930A

THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pub'rs.

D. R. LOCKE, Editor.
JOHN McELROY, Associate Editor.

TOLEDO, O., THURSDAY, JAN. 6, 1881

☞ ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

THE TOLEDO BLADE.

TERMS—Postage Paid!

Single copy, one year, $2.00, and at the same rate for a shorter time. Clubs of five, per year, $1.75 each. Clubs of 10 and over, $1.65 each.

SPECIMEN COPIES sent free to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the address of a dozen or so of your friends, or as many different Postoffices, to whom we will send copies free and postage paid. Send for our Special Instructions to Agents.

Address, THE BLADE, TOLEDO, OHIO.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

FIRST PAGE:
Column 1-2-3-4—A Round Half-Million.
" 5—Lazarus—Poetry.
" 5-6—The File of Infantrymen.
" 6-7-8—Madame Courriant—Miscellany.

SECOND PAGE:
Column 1—Blade Club List—Miscellany.
" 2-3—Fashion at a Ball—Canonchet—Gen. Colton at Naples.
" 4—Myers—A Sad Family History—Grant and Sherman—George Eliot's Genius.
" 5—Hotels and Waiters—Wealth and Meanness—Cost of Living in Washington—Sense.
" 6—Jay Gould—How Irish Peasants Live.
" 7-8—Popular Science.

THIRD PAGE:
Column 1-2-3—Answers to Correspondents.
" 1-3—Delayed Subscriptions—Miscellany.
" 4—Recent Literature.
" 5—Miscellany—Advertisements.
" 6-7-8—Advertisements.

FOURTH PAGE:
Column 1—Editorial Paragraphs.
" 2—Keep Faith With Them—Paragraphs.
" 3—A Blasted Ambition—The Last of Sitting Bull.
" 4-5—Toledo as a Railroad Center—Paragraphs.
" 6—Nasby.
" 7—Current Events.
" 8—Blade Book List.

FIFTH PAGE:
Column 1—Letter from Buckeye.
" 1-2—New York Letter.
" 3-4-5—Miscellany.
" 6-7-8—Advertisements.

SIXTH PAGE:
Column 1-2-3-4-5—The Household.
" 6-7—The Young Folks.
" 8—Miscellany—Advertisements.

SEVENTH PAGE:
Column 1-2—The Farm.
" 3-4-5-6—Telegraphic News.
" 7-8—Miscellany.

EIGHTH PAGE:
Column 1—Telegraphic Condensations.
" 2-3-4—Latest Telegraphic News.
" 5-6—Review of the Week's Business.
" 7—Telegraphic Markets.
" 8—Advertisements.

Circulation this Week, 80,000

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

NASBY IN EUROPE.

Early in April next Mr. D. R. LOCKE, (Rev. PETROLEUM V. NASBY) sails for Europe, to make a tour six months in duration in those countries. He will communicate his impressions in his own peculiarly humorous way of what he sees there in a series of letters to the BLADE, which will appear from week to week during his absence. It can be confidently promised that these will prove an attraction that cannot help producing a sensation equaling any effort of our reverend contributor in the past. To have Europe, its institutions, armies, politics, rulers, manners and customs, modes of life, and kinds of drinks viewed through NASBY'S eyes, and tested by that philosopher's standards of measurement, can not help being by far the most fascinating reading that any one will or can offer to the reading public this year. As heretofore, Mr. NASBY will only write for the BLADE.

A NEW STORY.

A Border Tale of Tecumseh's Times.

We shall commence about the last week of this month, or the first week in February, a powerful original Indian Border Story, written for the BLADE by CHARLES MCKNIGHT, of Philadelphia, a most successful author, whose "Simon Girty," "Pontiac," and other Indian stories have been very widely read and admired.

The scene is laid in Northwestern Ohio, during the stormy times at the end of the last century, when the Indians were making their last great stand to roll back the tide of white invasion of their beloved hunting grounds, and the Maumee Valley was the scene of desperate conflicts between the Americans under Mad ANTHONY WAYNE, Gen. HARRISON and others, and the British and Indians under TECUMSEH and other noted leaders. The title of the story will be:

"WHITE PIGEON;"
or,
MAD ANTHONY WAYNE'S SCOUTS,
A Border Tale of Tecumseh's Time.

It cannot help being a recital of most thrilling interest. See that your subscription does not lapse, so that you will be spared from missing any numbers.

THE Army now contains one officer to 30 men.

SCHUYLER COLFAX has begun denying that he wants to be Senator from Indiana. This is SCHUYLER'S old trick again.

SEN. BROWN, of Georgia, offers his services to coöperate with the Government in suppressing the Moonshiners in his State.

THE Democrats would be very grateful for some decent excuse for dropping the investigation of the Agricultural Department, which they began a while ago with blast of trumpets.

A MILWAUKEE policeman has fallen heir to $60,000. Now how does it come that Fortune—who is blind—can find a policeman, while people in possession of their sight never can.

CONGRESS only did 52 hours work in its three week's session, but even that was enough to unseat SPRINGER'S reason, and make SPARK'S nerves as criss-cross as bundles of sucker-bones.

THE Cincinnati *Gazette* says that 150 men slept in the City station house in a single night because they had neither money nor shelter, while advertisements were out for 300 laborers on a single railroad, and only 100 could be obtained.

NEVADA is a young State, and can be bought up by any wealthy man who desires to go to the Senate, but it will not allow any fooling with its game laws. It cost a hunting party $4,000 to find this out, the other day.

WE have just issued a revised catalog of books for sale by the BLADE. In the new catalog we have cut out all the exhausted books, and added new ones. We have also reduced the price so low that every family may purchase a whole library. Drop us a postal for the new catalog.

KEEP FAITH WITH THEM.

When people say that the Indians can never be civilized, that the money spent in establishing schools is thrown away, and that there is no use of setting apart lands for their exclusive occupancy with the idea of their establishing civilized homes thereon, either such persons have not informed themselves as to what has been accomplished or wilfully blind their eyes to facts which, recognized, would give the lie to their assertions. That Pres HAYES has faith in the Indians' future, and does not intend that they shall be hindered in their efforts to improve is evident from his answer to the agent sent on by the Oklahoma raiders who are so persistent in their attempts to enter into the Territory which was solemnly guaranteed to those tribes now occupying it to be theirs' and their descendants' forever. It would be the basest betrayal of trust, the most dishonorable National policy for Congress—which will soon be called upon to deal with the matter—to modify or abrogate this treaty without the free and full consent of the Cherokees and their friends.

The BLADE some time since gave an account of the Indian school at Carlisle and the earnestly expressed, emphatic opinion of the Principal and his wife that the children of the red men were capable, quick-witted and receptive, and that their experience demonstrated clearly that in the education of the youth of these people lay the solution of the difficult problem which has puzzled the Government so long. The very enthusiasm of the Indians themselves about the matter, and their great and growing desire to send their children hither show that this opinion is a correct one. The number of schools established in their own reservations is constantly increasing, and they are becoming greatly more efficient. Within the last few years, apathy in regard to the subject has given place to enthusiasm and in the next 10 years, their progress will be surprising, if allowed to carry out their ambitious designs in this direction.

It is not strange that they object to the entrance of whites upon their lands. The effect would be ruin to them. In the inevitable competition that would result, the Indians must go to the wall. They have little idea, as yet, of individual accumulation and possession, and do not realize the necessity of making provision for the future. That foresight is always of slow growth, and when two races are brought side by side, the one in its full possession—the other in its infancy so far as this is concerned, the latter is the superior. The leaders among these people realize this, and hence their invincible determination to resist any encroachment from white settlers upon their lands. To further education, they are now asking a law which will give them a fund sufficient to establish one school for every 30 children, and these schools all to be taught by women. The latter clause is probably the result of their observation that the influence of the white women teachers among them is far greater than that of men. These people are quick of perception and shrewd of judgment, two things which will go far in aiding them in the civilizing process.

THE first volume of the Records of the War, which officials of the War Department have been preparing for years, is now ready. It presents the history of the early movements for Secession and the operations in Charleston harbor up to the time of the fall of Fort Smith. It is claimed that it throws much new and most interesting light upon this epoch. The fact that stands out clearly defined is that the Southern people had made no preparations for war, and, while some of the political leaders seem to have regarded it as a possibility, and to have made what they regarded as in some degree a preparation for war, still many of the leaders were wholly surprised at the magnitude of the military movements they were instantly called upon to make, and, as States, the people generally throughout the seceding States were, in high courage, totally unprepared for war. Col. ROBERT N. SCOTT, the editor, promises that the orders, letters, dispatches and other official papers now to see the light for the first time, will change many wrong impressions. Injustice of long standing from which some have suffered will be corrected, and some laurels improperly won will fall.

BUT little confidence is exprest in the present movement in New York to reorganize the Democratic party without either Tammany or Irving Hall at the fore. The men who are at the head of it are *dilletanti* politicians, who would handle politics with kid gloves, and these are evidently not the persons to manipulate the rude elements that make up the party in that State. Nor are they to be relied on as a permanent force. Just now they have a fancy to appear in the guise of political reformers. After a while, perhaps just at the moment when there is most need of their doing hard work, they will all likely have a passion for doing something else, and let the campaign run itself. There is nobody at the head of the present movement who is credited with any political sagacity, or talent for leadership. The most of them are like Mr. HEWITT—men of wealth, and a certain position in society, who have been taken up by JOHN KELLY, or some other leader, and made a figure-head of until they have become possest of the hallucination that they are great managing politicians: whereas they are in reality no more that than the figure on the prow of the ship is the pilot and motive power.

THOSE who wish the book advertised elsewhere, "The Struggles of Nasby," must send immediately. There are but a few hundred copies left, and they are going out rapidly. It is a beautiful book of over 600 pages, illustrated by NAST, with an introduction by CHAS. SUMNER. It is a complete collection of the Nasby Letters from the beginning to the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment, and has never been sold for less than $3. We send it to any address for $1.25, or with the BLADE one year for $2.50. Send for it at once.

OLIVER is a name that continues to distress the CAMERONS. Now it is borne by a young man who promises to be Senator from Pennsylvania, to succeed WALLACE. Mr. HARRY OLIVER is not the choice of the Wyandot chief, by a jugfull.

COLORADO is a Paradise for stout people and a Hades for thin. It is said that from one-eighth to one-fifth of the weight of ordinary people vanishes the first season in that country

A BLASTED AMBITION.

One of the saddest features of the Sprague matrimonial misery is only occasionally hinted at—never fully revealed. It is the crushing disappointment of Mrs. SPRAGUE, when the conviction was at last forced upon her that her husband was an utter failure, not only in business matters, for she could have endured that, but in all manly traits and capacities. The torture can only be imagined that this proud, high-spirited woman, whose ambition reacht the stars, must have endured when she found beyond a doubt that this man whom she had yoked herself for life in the expectation of making him a helpmeet to the attainment of her wide-reaching aims, was a feeble-natured dolt, whose unaided natural force would not make of him anything beyond a respectable barber or a $10-a week dry-goods clerk.

She had much reason for making the mistake in regard to his abilities that she did. All the Nation made the same. It was in those glamorous early days of the War, when devotion to the Union was regarded as the highest of manly attributes, and it was measured more by its quantity than quality. When so many were either coldly indifferent, or actively traitorous, the best passport to favor was adhesion to the Nation, and this, like charity, covered a multitude of sins and deficiencies.

SPRAGUE was then the richest young man in America. It is true that his wealth had come to him by inheritance, but, as young men in his position frequently do, he had carefully disseminated the idea that he had assisted greatly in building up his fortune. Then this money made him Governor of Rhode Island, and though of Democratic proclivities he was one of the first to announce his adherence to the Nation after the firing on Fort Sumpter, when, by an inspiration of genius that never visited him again, he announced that he would take the field at the head of the Rhode Island troops. This he did, and conducted himself very creditably, so that he secured his election as Senator without any trouble.

This was his zenith. Then he began to be found out; he was being measured by men of real capacity, and his stature shrank pitifully from day to day. His growing habit of debauchery told fearfully on what little intellect he had. His wife's efforts to animate him to better things seem to have been at first accepted as they should have been, and afterwards resented in that pitiful, mean, snarling way that men of SPRAGUE'S caliber spurn efforts to lift them out of the slough of vicious indulgence. Once she nerved him up to take his station among his colleagues in the Senate, by delivering a speech which had been carefully prepared for him. He made a pitiful failure, but he had still regard enough for his wife's opinion to ask in the first moments of his humiliation:

"How does Mrs. SPRAGUE take it?"

Now he says: "My family affairs were somewhat unsatisfactory, so far as the depreciation of my efforts in public and private were concerned."

There is a world of anguish to his wife covered by that sentence. For 18 years she has writhed under the thwarting of every hope that she cherished by this fellow's failure to rise to the level of even common manhood. For a woman of her aspiring nature this is the most terrible punishment that could be visited upon her. Burning at the stake would be luxury to this life-long yoking to a dull inferior, to whom she could communicate none of the lofty fire that burned in her own nature, and whom she saw sinking lower and lower every year in the slough of contempt.

KATE CHASE may have erred in marrying WM. SPRAGUE for selfish motives, but no woman was ever punished more fearfully for that sin than she has been.

THE LAST OF SITTING BULL.

At last there seems to be a promise of a treaty with the roving tribes of Indians which have given so much trouble, and kept the troops upon the frontier in almost constant motion. There is nothing like severe bodily suffering to bring either the savage or civilized man into a state of submission. The impossibility of obtaining food in these Northern regions has quelled even the fierce spirit of SITTING BULL, which has hitherto seemed indomiable, and he has announced himself ready to make peace. The probabilities are, if this can be done satisfactorily and then *faith kept* as with any other nation, that a long step has been taken towards the civilization of this people and the prosperous opening up of large portions of the great Western country which has been thus far avoided because of the danger from the red men.

Even in the pleasure of the probable end of all these terrible Indian wars, one cannot but think of SITTING BULL reduced thus to yielding up his boasted power, compelled by starvation to do what military force could not enforce, without a slight touch of sympathy. To be obliged to acknowledge that he can no longer cope with the whites is no doubt a bitter blow to his pride. To surrender is to yield up all that life has given to him and his ambitions, and that he cannot make any conditions, except the one only that Government shall arrange for his support, is worse than all. When the memory of the horrible murders of helpless women and children that he and his warriors have committed has faded somewhat from the memory through the softening influences of time, SITTING BULL and the brave stand that he has make against his people's annihilation as a Nation, will be made the theme of many a song and story.

That the Indians, when they have once gained an idea of property holding, are not diffident in making demands for compensation when called upon to part with it, is evident from the recent negotiations entered into to obtain the right of way for the construction of two lines of railway through the Sioux Reservation. They asked *only* $7,000,000 for the necessary land, and maintained that it was a proper price. This is becoming civilized with a vengeance. It shows, however, that they do not mean to be overreached by the cunning whites.

DICKENS' AND WAVERLY NOVELS.

We have left in stock just two sets of the household edition of Dickens. Beautiful large type, and finely illustrated. The most satisfactory edition for general use of any yet published. We will send by express to the first orders, on receipt of $15.00. We have also Dickens in 10 volumes at $10.00 a set. We have a few sets of Waverly in 13 volumes, which we will send by express on receipt of $10.00. These prices are only about half regular price. Order soon, as they will not last long.

TOLEDO AS A RAILROAD CENTER

In all ages and countries the development of locations into great Cities has been determined by their possession of superior facilities for communication with rich agricultural regions.

This greater ease of communication with the largest source of food supply has always been the controlling cause of one City's outstripping another and all others in the race for material greatness.

When all travel was by caravans, or by land vehicles then those Cities grew which had the best and most highways leading to them.

When all the world began traveling by sea then those Cities which were on coasts nearest to the centers of agricultural production became, each in its turn the metropolis of the civilized world.

Now railroads have become the principal medium of communication between producers of different kinds, and consequently a City's present and prospective greatness can be accurately measured or foretold by the number and mileage of her railroads, and the extent of rich country which they render tributary to her.

Accepting this gage of measurement for Toledo—which no one can deny is the only fair and just one—there is no escape from the conclusion that she is favored in this respect above all other Cities west of the Allegany Mountains, with the possible exception of Chicago. Let us enumerate:

1. The great Wabash system. For years this wonderful trade artery has been pouring into Toledo's granaries the produce of a section of country greater than any of the principal geographical divisions of Europe. It is like some great river upon which floats the wealth of a score of nations. The beautiful blue Danube, which is the artery of Southeastern Europe, and for the control of which a hundred wars have been fought, does not drain a country approaching in productiveness to that which yearly sends its harvests to market over the Wabash. That portion of Constantinople's commercial importance which she derives from being practically at the mouth of the Danube, is no greater than is due Toledo for being at the *debouchure* of the Wabash.

Further, the Wabash's business is bound to increase rapidly, with each coming year, because the country along it is only in its infancy, while that of the Danube reached its zenith decades ago.

But it may be said, that Toledo will not always be able to control the business of the Wabash to the extent it now does. Admitting that we may not always be able to bring hither corn and wheat from Kansas, and cattle from Missouri and the Indian Territory; admitting that the Mississippi River will be the limit of our operations, we will still obtain more from the increased development of the cis-Mississippi region than we will lose by the excision of the trans-Mississippi trade. Where we are now getting one car load of produce from the farms of Indiana and Illinois, we will be getting ten before the end of the decade. This will not be because of the increased production along the line of the road so much as because currents of trade are like currents of water—they have a strong tendency toward aggregation; the larger attracts and swallows up the smaller. The Wabash is now the main trade channel through the country it traverses, and the subsidiary channels will have as strong a tendency to join their flow with it, as smaller rivers have to seek an outlet in the Mississippi. It is inevitable that every year will see not only a large amount but a larger proportion of the whole amount of the productions of Indiana and Illinois seeking a market in Toledo.

2. Next, but important principally as a local feeder, is the Lake Shore system. This gives us one great trunk line to the East and one to the West, and its six branches radiating from the City, give us control of the local trade of about one-half of the country lying within 100 miles of the Lucas County Court House. This is the radius that we claim to occupy now, and of course its boundary will be extended from year to year in accordance with the rule we mentioned in connection with the Wabash. At present these lines furnish ready communication between the City and some 50 wealthy and populous Counties in Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, which lie so near the City that their trade naturally belongs to it. Whenever our merchants and manufacturers get ready to occupy still more of this country the number of there Counties will be trebled very readily.

3—The Flint & Pere Marquette Road, which penetrates the interior of Michigan, and opens up to us that magnificent agricultural region, through its entire length, as well as the great lumbering regions to the north, is a factor of great importance.

4—The Canada Southern has as yet developt little of its future great importance as a local feeder. Now it is one of the auxiliary trunk lines to the East, and is mainly used as a through route. While its usefulness to the City in this capacity is very great, it is trifling to what it will be when the develpment of the rich farming lands along the route will stud it with prosperous Towns, all trading and drawing their supplies from Toledo.

5. The Toledo & Ann Arbor makes a direct connection with all the network of non-Vanderbilt roads that fill up the interior of Michigan, and tapping them all, has started a current from their immense volume of trade toward this City.

6. The Ohio Central, which is now finishing, traverses the interior of Ohio, passing through the rich Counties of Wood, Hancock, Seneca, Crawford, Marion, Morrow, Delaware, Licking, Fairfield and Perry, touching the important Towns of Fostoria, Bucyrus, Mt. Gilead, and others on the way, until it reaches the center of the inexhaustible coal fields of Perry County. Aside from its commercial importance in opening up this rich region to our trade it has a still higher value as a coal feeder, which will place the best quality of fuel within easy reach of the City at prices that cannot be surpast anywhere.

7. The Columbus & Toledo also penetrates the central part of the State, and reaches the heart of the rich coal deposits in the Hocking Valley by so short a route and easy grades that it can lay coal down in this City, as cheaply as it can be obtained by the most favored City in the country. These two roads are alone sufficient to assure Toledo's manufacturing future.

8. The Pennsylvania Road not only gives us the local trade of about 1,000 miles of a line penetrating a rich country, and a competition in coal and iron carrying, but also another trunk line to the East, equal in every respect to the Canada Southern and Lake Shore lines.

9. The Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton, through its leased line, the Dayton & Michigan, furnishes us our main Southern artery, giving a direct line to Cincinnati and the South for our lumber and other products, and for Southern products in return, that is not surpast anywhere in general excellence as a highway.

10. The Toledo, Delphos & Burlington Narrow Gage, which is now entering upon its career of usefulness, will, without doubt, soon develop into a feeder second only in importance to the Wabash. It has, in a minor degree, all the advantages of that road—that is, it traverses a wonderfully fertile country with a very direct line, and when finished will offer to every producer along its 400 miles of length the shortest haul and the best market that he can find anywhere. This insures the success of the road, and of its business with Toledo.

This rapid summary of Toledo's factors of greatness maintain the proposition that we started out with; to-wit, that she is more favored in this way than any other City in the West, unless it be Chicago. Now two propositions follow inevitably as the result of this condition:

a. These 15 great roads leading into the City would not have been built, or if built would not have been making the rich returns they are yielding unless there were some extraordinary merits in the location to induce this.

b.—These favorable conditions having been demonstrated to exist by the unquestionable success of the railroads, the corollary can not be denied of the existence of the prime elements of greatness, which these means will convert into an actuality. In other words, the number and success of the railroads shows that we have laid all the foundations for commercial greatness. The raising of the superstructure thereon cannot now help going on with certainty and rapidity.

BRAZILIAN ANTI-SLAVERY MOVEMENT.

The liberal party in Brazil has taken hold of the slavery question, with energy, determined to arouse public sentiment to the demanding of the emancipation of the slaves. To forward this purpose an anti-slavery Society has been organized headed by some of the leading statesmen of the country and including in its list the most intelligent among the journalists and professional people as well as many of the deputies. Their declared object is to be advanced in every possible way. A Congress of abolitionists will be called for August, 1881, and an abolition paper started immediately.

Slavery has existed in Brazil for 300 years, and during all that time has been considered an important element of prosperity. All through the present century, however, opposition to its continuance has been speedily growing, but so powerful was the landed aristocracy whose wealth was largely made up of slave property that little or no headway apparently was made. There was no organized movement that amounted to anything, and consequently it was a matter of intense surprise when the Government, while engaged in a foreign war, began a reform by establishing September 28, 1871, a law that no one can from that date be born a slave upon Brazilian soil. This was a step forward but only a step and by no means satisfied the liberal and enlightened Brazilians. It still leaves one million and a half of human beings in bondage until death, and subjects the little ones born previous to the passage of the law in a systematized and brutalizing captivity for 21 years. The refusal of the Chamber of Deputies to change this law last Summer was the cause of this energetic uprising upon the part of the Abolitinists.

The manifesto recently put forth by the newly organized society says:

> There are indeed in the immense territory of the Empire only sad and lamentable witnesses to the evil and fatal action of forced labor. Household slavery introduces immorality into all the relations of the family; it impedes the education of the children; it brutalizes the mistress; it familiarizes the man with the tyranny of the master which he exercises from childhood; it divorces him from labor, which becomes to him thereafter a servile occupation; it mingles the grossest superstitions with religion; it reduces morality to a convention of caste; it introduces inferior elements into the character which are antagonistic to all that makes a man courageous, true and noble; it imprints on all who do not rise against it all the characteristics that distinguish a people educated in the midst of slavery from one educated in the midst of liberty. Field slavery, besides all this, covers the cultivated soil with a network of fiefs in which the master is the tyrant of a small nation of men, who dare not look him in the face; who are limited to the fulfillment of certain invariable obligations without liberty to give their faculties any other application; who are subject to an arbitrary regime of oppressive tortures; who are without any of the rights of men, not even that of founding a family, not even for mothers that of suckling their children; who are veritable agricultural or domestic animals nourished in vice and reared in degradation.

This movement must have the sympathy of the civilized world, but particularly of the United States, which has too recently thrown off this nightmare—this powerful promoter of degradation—this enemy to all progress, not to feel intensely anxious that Brazil shall make herself equally free. And no doubt she will do so, for it is the best and most intelligent class of her people which is energetically astir in the cause of right and justice, and it cannot fail of ultimate success.

CANADA became frightened at the prospect of two Pacific lines of railroads across the United States, and the consequence of this fright was the Canadian Pacific Railway scheme. It was thought that unless Canada had such a line all of the trade west of Lake Superior would be drawn to the United States and the end would be the annexation of that territory to the latter. To prevent this, the Canadian Government has agreed to give the two sections of the line already partly constructed at a cost of $35,000,000 to the new company, and $25,000,000 more. It also gives a large portion of the best lands in the unsettled territory; perpetually exempts all the property of the company from taxation—in short, the terms are the most liberal ever accorded to any syndicate for the construction of a railroad. Will it pay?

THE territory for the sale of "Old Dr Carlin's Recipes," is being taken every day. This collection of useful knowledge has been sold by the million in England, and it is destined to have a large sale in this country. It has been edited to adapt it to American uses, by the most practical professionals in the country, and is really a book which should be in every house. It will make a good business for any one competent to handle it. For full particulars address Locke Publishing Co., Toledo, Ohio. A postal-card will answer all purposes.

JAY GOULD.

Incidents in the Life of the Great Financier.

N. Y. Cor. Grand Rapids Times.

I have written to the *Times* upon several previous occasions bits of news concerning Jay Gould, the most famous man in his way in the world. But he is never less than an interesting study to me, and I would like to watch the man for weeks instead of minutes. He is at once the most and least known man in America to-day. I know two or three men who are with Jay Gould almost daily, and they tell me he is more of an enigma to them than to strangers. Many speculators share in the secrets upon which Gould builds the colossal operations that have made his name and power, but he never lets anybody into any scheme in its entirety. Reticence is his chief safeguard; without it the ruling power in Wall street and railroad circles would long ago have been in other hands. Jay Gould is generally regarded as a man hard as iron and as cold. In reality there is no man in the country who is so easily practiced upon or who is so robbed by certain classes. Born and reared in poverty, he has raised himself to a financial condition second to that of no man in the world. Thinking that readers of the *Times*, who day after day see allusions to this man and his schemes; who for years have read and heard of him, may like to know about his personality, I have become indebted to a brother journalist for much of the following paper. The father of Jay Gould was a farmer, who operated a small place in Roxbury, O. Y. The section in which this farm was located is noted as being productive of bankruptcy. The elder Gould was poor. His son's early education was neglected. The facilities for ing which surrounded him were of the most primitive type, and his work on the farm precluded him from taking full advantage even of these. As a boy he longed for professional work. Leaving the farm he found employment in the County Surveyor's office. Jay Gould was sent out to survey Rensselaer and Saratoga Counties, and did his work well. His map of Albany may still be seen in several of the older offices of that City. He made $1,000 clear in this scheme, and with it bought a tannery in Goldsboro, Pa. Here he accumulated money rapidly, and was soon enabled to buy up a majority of the stock of the Rensselaer and Saratoga railroad, which was on the market at a low figure. Here it was that he showed his first ability as a railway manager, and not many months elapsed before he had brought his company into a flourishing condition. At the outbreak of the war he went into Wall street, where, by skilled manipulation of stocks and the absolute secrecy of conducting operations, he soon won a foremost place. The same methods he pursued at first are his now. They make him the most dangerous of antagonists, for Gould never emerges from the background until he has carried his points and won the game. Early in his career he fixed his eye on Erie. In 1868 Fisk and a number of friends controlled most of the road. A few thousand shares were outstanding. Of Jay Gould they had never heard. Tracing up the stock which was needed to give them absolute power, they found it in Gould's hands. From small to immense offers were made him for the shares, but he would not sell. The only way to get the stock, he said, was to let him into the combination. This they were obliged to do, and the following July he was made President of the Erie Railroad. It would fill the *Times* to tell of Jay Gould's management of this great enterprise. Most of its history is already known.

Some 20 years ago Mr. Gould married a Miss Miller, whose father was of the firm of Dater & Co., wholesale grocers. They have six children. In the winter they live in the elegant house on the northwest corner of Fifth avenue and Forty-seventh street, and in the summer the Gould family go to the country residence at Tarrytown, whose $200,000 conservatory burned last week. Jay Gould is eminently a man of habit. At the close of business he rides directly home, takes dinner with the family and passes the evening in the study. In this room are his telegraph operator and private secretary. Private wires enable him to communicate with his brokers and aids at all hours of the day and night. No man works harder than he. Reading and looking at his magnificent pictures are his only recreations. Wine and tobacco are forbidden guests. He is a generous, open-hearted, big-minded, unostentatious man. To his family Mr. Gould is devotedly attached. He rarely travels, either for business or pleasure, unless accompanied by some of his children. They have everything and anything they want, and do just as they please. Yesterday Mr. Gould was dressed in a Prince Albert coat of wine-colored material, gray trousers of striped cloth, a cheap and uncouth pair of shoes and black necktie. At all times he is the plainest of men.

I have said that he was easily imposed upon. Witness a notable instance. In 1874 he picked up a bankrupt operator named Belden, who had been and was a broker. For a while Belden was Gould's cat's paw, then a partner. Gould, Belden & Co. became famous. Belden found a chance to make money rapidly. He had a housekeeper, one Mrs. Williams, who is now Mrs. Belden. Every night Belden would get Gould's orders for next day's purchases. Then he would give Mrs. Williams points. That worthy matron had a friend called Gordon, and unto this man would she impart information. With commendable enterprise Gordon would be found on Wall street early in the morning, and with the aid of friends always bought such stock as Gould wanted. Two or three hours later Belden would appear and buy Gordon's holdings for Gould. After a while one of the "pals" got mixed up in a cheap robbery case, and through detectives Jay Gould discovered losses of millions. Mr. and Mrs. Belden now live in an elegant house up the Hudson somewhere, and a friend told me they attended church with great regularity. They do no business with Mr. Gould, however.

Gould is 45 years of age, but he carries his years so well that I should think him younger. There is a slight tinge of gray upon his intensely black beard, and his high, full forehead and sharp, dark eyes attract notice. His friends tell me that within a year or two he has changed his methods of doing business. Where he used to manipulate stocks altogether, they say he is now exclusively engaged in the establishment and management of great telegraph and railroad enterprises. But it won't do to apparently rely wholly upon the apparent stillness of the man who holds the stock market by the throat, and who can choke shekels out of it whenever he appears to be in the mood.

How Irish Peasants Live.

Dublin Letter.

The dens, misnamed cots, in which the pessantry of Galway and Mayo counties live are merely stone shelters; owing to the intense ignorance of the people they are not provided with any facilities for drainage, and are often incomparably filthy. The floors are of hard mud; it is rare to find more than one room in a hut, and only one story. Beds and bedding are luxuries which the poor tenants do not possess; old heaps of hay and straw are the couches on which lovely brown-eyed, large-browed maids of Connaught repose. The smoke from peat-fire in a common peasant's cabin spreads through the room, and you narrowly escape stangulation on your first

A NEW YORK reporter had the temerity to approach Sen. CONKLING with the question: "Are you ready, Senator, to meet the allegations which, it is said, ex-Sen. SPRAGUE will bring against you in the coming suit for divorce?" The man "with the finest torso in the Nation," drew himself up into an attitude suggestive of an overwhelming iceberg, cast a glance at his daring interlocutor that should have petrified him, and turning on his finely-molded heel strode away envelopt in a dignity so freezing that it made the prevailing arctic wave seem positively balmy by comparison.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The storm last week was the most severe one that has been experienced for years and extended all over the country.——The stage curtain in Horticultural Hall took fire, Tuesday night, and created a panic, but fortunately no one was injured.——The Roman Archæological Commission have sent an urgent protest to the Syndic against the granting of a concession for a tramway along the old Appian Way.——A clever toy of this season's invention in London is the musical top. It is spun in the ordinary way, and, while spinning, plays musical airs accurately and melodiously.——Robert Ferguson retailed carpets in Philadelphia at less than manufacturers' prices, and could well afford to, for they were stolen from a wholesale firm, with whose clerk he had a private partnership.——Slosson offers to pay the expenses of Vigneaux if the latter will come to this country to play him a game of billiards, but the Frenchman don't seem to be so inclined.——Henry Fremeiger, a St. Louis Postoffice clerk, labored under the delusion that he was going to lose his situation, so he anticipated matters by blowing out his brains with a revolver.——The project of an elevated railroad in Boston is hindered by the great cost of a right of way. The City will not give up a street without a provision for full compensation to property owners. The same view of the question is taken in St. Louis.——Cooper Institute refutes the Biblical injunction not to build a house upon sand. It is said to rest entirely on a sand foundation, and during the 25 years that it has been built has shown no signs of settling, although it reaches a height of over 100 feet above the sidewalk.——San Francisco has lost an interesting hermit. He was a wealthy and educated German, named George Jacob Hoeffel. Soured by the faithlessness of his wife, he retired from the world several years ago, and lived thereafter in a hut near the Golden Gate. He ended his days in squalor and loneliness.——Insurance companies in Massachusetts are having their reserves taxed, and they are making a great ado about it; some of them withdrawing from the State.——John Bruens, employed by the Memphis Brewing Company, was coating the inside of a cask with brewer's pitch, when the cask exploded, killing Bruens and slightly injuring two others.——Miss Mary Grover, the St. Louis young lady who placed her illegitimate child in a vacant lot to freeze to death, has been arrested on a charge of murder.——The Chicago Board of Trade intends building a new Chamber of Commerce, one that will make St. Louis turn green with envy.——During the past year the fishery losses at the port of Gloucester, Mass., have amounted to $12,000.——The widow of the late Mark Hopkins has an income of a million a year, and her residence, one of the finest on Nob Hill, San Francisco, is crowded with works of art. She is noted, however, for her closeness in bargaining, and Giuseppe Garibaldi, the decorator, has just sued her for a disputed bill of $12,000.——For many years sundry Western Cities have laid out their principal streets 100 and 150 feet wide. The effect is good, but such streets have been found very expensive to grade, pave and keep in repair. The Common Council of Omaha has been considering a proposition to lay out future streets narrower.——Mrs. Esmer Foster, of Cincinnati, ran away with an insurance agent a number of years ago, and after various abuses was made to enter on a life of shame. On Friday Hall called upon her and killed her. Hall was arrested.——An astonishing beast spread terror in Healdsburg, Cal., by running through the streets, for he was not recognized as Prof. Gamble's handsome snow-white pony, with his mane and tail sheared off, and his sides striped like a rainbow zebra. The Professor had offended students of the Litton Springs Academy.——Mr. Frederic Arthur Law, having presumed to contract a marriage with an English ward in Chancery without proper application to the Vice Chancellor, and on fraudulent representations, has been committed to prison. The Court observed that the young lady was entitled to a considerable fortune, and intimated that that was Mr. Law's inducement to marry.——Joseph Bowers, a tramp, went to sleep in a barn in Detroit, and before morning he was seriously wounded by a young bear who was chained in the barn.——John Empey had no desire to live after the death of his wife, at St. George, Utah, but he did not wish to cheat his creditors by committing suicide before his debts were paid. Therefore he made a careful calculation, by which, with hard work, he could settle every claim in three weeks. At the end of that time, owing nobody a dollar, he put his dead wife's portrait to his lips and a pistol to his heart.——It is stated that 5,000 Enfield rifles have been sent into Ireland during the past three weeks from the works at Birmingham.——Nineteen brethren of the Methodist Church at Bellemont, Pa., have been convicted of rioting. The Rev. R. S. Appel had been re-engaged by one faction as pastor, and dismissed by the other. Taking the benefit of the doubt, he resolved to continue preaching. His opponents barricaded the doors, and created such a riot that the Sheriff was compelled to disperse them. Nineteen of them were prosecuted.——The baggage of the Scott-Siddens troupe was attached at Columbus the other night on account of a quarrel between some of the members of the company.——Sen. Bruce's friends are making efforts to have him given a place in Garfield's Cabinet.——At the recent dog show held in Birmingham, Eng., a panic was caused among exhibitors by a suspicion that several dogs on exhibition had died from the effects of poison. One dog named Guy, a fine spaniel, valued at £100, died, and an analysis made by the borough analyst resulted in the discovery that the animal had been poisoned with strychnine. The owner claims £50 from the Committee of Management.——Bartley Campbell, the playwright, has sued the *Dramatic News* for libel in saying that he stole the two plays on which his fame chiefly rests, "The Galley Slave" and "My Partner."——Herr Markart is at present engaged on an immense picture which is likely to create a great sensation next Spring. It represents the interior of an Italian bath house, ornamented in the richest style of the Renaissance. In the bath a number of beautiful women and children disport themselves delightfully, while others sit or lie about in various stages of undress. Near the centre one fair dame lies extended on soft cushions without any pretence of covering, while a number of charming little naked children play around her.

TO BLADE AGENTS.

We have plenty of illustrated BLADE posters left, which we will mail to agents on application. They are a valuable help to those forming clubs. We want them posted in conspicuous places in every town. We will also furnish active agents who desire it, a package of bills with their name and address printed thereon, for distribution. Agents are doing great work with the BLADE this year. Many clubs of 50 and upwards are coming daily, and we believe the majority of postoffices will double their list over last year. Send us the names of your neighbors, and we will mail them specimens.

THOSE out of employment and desiring a safe, profitable and pleasant business, should address Lock Publishing Co., Toledo, Ohio.

BOOKS! BOOKS!

We shall offer from time to time, in this column a list of books taken promiscuously from our catalogue of books on hand which we offer with or without the BLADE, at prices lower than books were ever offered before by any dealer in this country. These books are all new and standard, selected especially for the wants of the readers of the BLADE, and we make the prices so low that the poorest family in the land need not be without a good supply of reading for the coming Winter evenings. Any neighborhood would find it to their advantage to make up a club of $5 or $10, which will purchase a supply that will be profitable to their whole community. This list will be changed every week, and it will be well for book readers to preserve their files for reference. Orders for the holidays should be sent at once, while our stock is complete. Call the attention of your neighbors to this list. We send every book ordered, by mail, post-paid. Notice the EXTRAORDINARY low prices.

RELIGIOUS WORKS.

PRAYERS FOR THE SICK CHAMBER; 213 pages. A carefully edited collection of prayers suited to all conditions and circumstances of those who are suffering from illness. Publisher's price, 75c. our price, 30c.; book and BLADE one year, $1.60.

FIVE PROBLEMS OF STATE AND RELIGION, by Will C. Wood, A. M.; 379 pages, tinted paper. A discussion on the basis of natural religion, of "The State and the Sabbath," "The State and Temples," "The State and the Church," "The State Schools and Religion." "The State Institutions and Religion." Publisher's price, $2.00; our price, $1.00; book and BLADE one year, $2.25.

THE LAYMAN'S BREVIARY, by Charles T. Brooks; 462 pages tinted paper, full gilt edges, steel portrait of author. A volume of poetical meditations for every day in the year. A most beautiful gift book for a friend. Publisher's price, $2.25; our price $1.25; book and BLADE one year, $2.25.

CHRISTIAN ASPECTS OF FAITH AND DUTY, discourses by John James Taylor, late principal of Manchester College, London; 345 pages, tinted paper. Publisher's price, $2.00; our price, $1.00; book and BLADE one year, $2.50.

FREEDOM AND FELLOWSHIP IN RELIGION, edited by a committee of the Free Religious Association 424 pages tinted paper. A collection of papers on "The Nature of Religion," Freedom in Religion, Christianity and its definitions, Religion as a Social Force, etc., etc. by such writers as John Weiss, Francis E. Abbott, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Ednah D. Cheney and others equally well known. Publisher's price $2.00; our price, $1.00; book and BLADE one year, $2.25.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF SPIRITUALISM, by D. D. Home. 483 pages. This book is an exhaustive treatise on spiritualism by one of the most noted and able of its advocates. The subject is divided into three parts, ancient spiritualism, spiritualism in the Jewish and Christian eras, and modern spiritualism. Publisher's price, $2.00; our price, $1.00; book and BLADE one year, $2.25.

SECRETS OF THE CONVENT AND CONFESSIONAL, by Mrs. Julia McNair Wright; 622 pages, numerous illustrations. Publisher's price, $3.00; our price, $2.00; with BLADE one year, $3.00. A thrillingly interesting story, showing the influence and workings of the Papacy upon society and Republican institutions.

BUNYAN'S PILGRIMS PROGRESS, by John Bunyan; 491 pages, illustrated. This edition of the "Pilgrim's Progress" we particularly commend to those who have feeble or defective sight. The type is remarkably large and clear, and it can be read with great ease by any light. Publisher's price, $1.75; our price, $1.25; book and BLADE one year, $2.50.

AMUSEMENT A FORCE IN CHRISTIAN TRAINING, by Rev. Marion R. Vincent; 140 pages. Four discourses on the importance of recreation as an element of Christian development. Publisher's price, 75c; our price, 30c; book and BLADE one year, $1.60.

EVENINGS WITH JESUS, by Rev. William Jay; 510 pages. A series of devotional readings for the closet and the family, including devotional exercises and meditations extending through the whole year, or passages for every day in the year. Publisher's price, $2.00; our price, $1.00; book and BLADE one year, $2.25.

HYMNAL OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH, in the United States; 491 pages, vermilion edges. A standard hymnal for the use of the Protestant Episcopal Church, with index of first lines. Publisher's price, $1.25; our price, 50c; book and BLADE one year, $1.75.

NOTES ON THE BOOK OF JOB, by Albert Barnes two volumes, 311 and 484 pages. A critical, illustrative and practical commentary on Job, with a new translation. Regular price, both volumes, $3.50; our price, $2.00; book and BLADE one year, $3.25.

THE COMPANIONS OF ST. PAUL, by John S. Howson, D.D.; 290 pages, tinted paper. An able volume on scripture characters, including chapters on St. Barnabas, Lydia, St. Luke, Apollas, Titus, and others. Publisher's price, $1.75; our price, $1.00; book and BLADE one year, $2.25.

THE HELPING HAND, by Adelaide Alexander; 317 pages, full gilt edges, numerous illustrations. An excellent and profitable guide to the New Testament, explaining and illustrating the scriptural narrative with contemporary history. Publisher's price, $1.75; our price, $1.00; book and BLADE one year, $2.25.

DENTAL ECONOMY, by Dr. Charles S. Rowell; 58 pages, cloth. A complete manual of dental economy and practical instruction on the physiology and treatment of the teeth. An invaluable book for parents and those having the care of the young. Publisher's price, 75c; our price, 40c; book and BLADE one year, $1.60.

PATHOLOGY AND THERAPEUTICS OF DENTISTRY, by J. Phelps Hibler, D.D., to which is added a number of miscellaneous essays on dental subjects; 228 pages. Publisher's price, $1.00; our price, 75c; book and BLADE one year, $2.00.

SMITH'S INDUSTRIAL ART EDUCATION, by Prof. Walter Smith, State Director of Art Education for Massachusetts; 43 pages, large octavo, paper covers. Sent to any address on receipt of a three cent stamp. An instructive address on economical aspects of art education.

MODERN DIABOLISM, commonly called Modern Spiritualism, with new theories of light, heat, electricity and sound; by M. J. Williamson; 401 pages. A wonderful account of Spiritualism, by one who claims to be a Spiritual Medium. Publisher's price, $1.50; our price, 75c; book and BLADE one year, $2.00.

OBJECTS FOR THE MICROSCOPE, by L. Lane Clarke; 248 pages, full gilt edges, crimson and gilt binding. A popular description of the most beautiful and instructive subjects for mounting and exhibition, with other matter, forming a complete $1.75; our price $1.00; book and BLADE one year $2.00.

GEOLOGICAL SKETCHES, by Louis Agassiz; 229 pages, tinted paper. This is one of the distinguished author's greatest books; the portions devoted to the "Glacial Period," the "Ice Period in America," and the "Physical History of the Valley of the Amazon," are as fascinating as a novel and replete with the most entertaining facts. What Prof. Agassiz has written on the geology of this country is everywhere acknowledged as undisputed authority. Publisher's price, $1.75; our price, 75c; book and BLADE one year, $2.00.

NATURE AND LIFE, by Ferdinand Papillon; 368 pages. A valuable series of essays relating to life and other natural forces. Publisher's price, $2.00; our price, 75c; book and BLADE one year, $2.00.

YEAR BOOK OF NATURE AND POPULAR SCIENCE, by John C. Draper, M. D., 315 pages. A valuable record of progress in mathematical and physical sciences, Chemistry, Geology, Sociology, Biology, and Mechanical Science. A book replete with the most interesting scientific facts and discoveries. Publisher's price, $2.00; our price $1.00; book and BLADE one year, $2.00.

NATURAL HISTORY OF MAN, a course of elementary lectures, by A. D. Quatrefages; 152 pages, illustrated with numerous engravings. A most admirable popular introduction to the study of the races of mankind. Publisher's price, $1.00; our price, 50c; book and BLADE one year, $1.75.

ON VARIOUS FORCES OF NATURE, by Michael Faraday, D.C.L.; edited by William Crookes, F.C.S.; 200 pages. A most instructive lecture on Gravitation, Cohesion, Chemical Affinity, Heat Electricity, etc. A book out of a thousand for young people. Publisher's price, $1.50; our price, $1.00; book and BLADE one year, $2.00.

OUTLINE OF THE EVOLUTION PHILOSOPHY by Dr. M. E. Cozalles, translated by O. B. Frothingham; 167 pages. A very able and scholarly review of Herbert Spencer's system of philosophy. Publisher's price, $1.00; our price, 50c; book and BLADE one year, $1.75.

THE CHEMICAL HISTORY OF A CANDLE, by Michael Faraday, D.C.L., F.R.S.; 226 pages, illustrated. A series of six lectures on combustion, hydrogen, oxygen, atmospheric carbonic acid, carbon, etc., to which is added a lecture on platinum. A remarkably instructive book. Publisher's price, $1.50; our price, $1.00; book and BLADE one year, $2.00.

PRIMEVAL MAN, by the Duke of Argyle; 200 pages, illustrated. A powerful argument against the Darwinian theory, tending to confute the theory of development as held by the Darwinian School. Publisher's price, $1.50; our price, $1.00; book and BLADE one year, $2.00.

ST PAUL IN ROME, by Rev. C. M. Butler, D.D.; 296 pages. A series of lectures delivered in the legation of the United States in Rome treating of the life of St. Paul, the apostle, while in that city. Publisher's price, $1.50; our price, 75c; book and BLADE one year, $2.00.

THE LIFE THAT NOW IS, a series of sermons preached by Rev. Robert Collyer; 351 pages, with steel portrait of author. Publisher's price, $1.75; our price, $1.00; book and BLADE one year, $2.50.

NATURE AND LIFE, a series of sermons on general topics, by Robert Collyer; 313 pages. Publisher's price $1.50; our price, 75c; book and BLADE one year, $2.00.

BOSTON LECTURES on Christianity and Scepticism, by Revs. George F. Magoun, Harvey D. Kitchell, William F. Warren, James F. Fairchild, Timothy Dwight, and others; 291 pages. Publisher's price, $1.50; our price, $1.00; book and BLADE one year, $2.00.

LECTURES DELIVERED IN AMERICA in 1874, by Charles Kingsley, F. L. S., etc.; 150 pages, tinted paper. Five of Canon Kingsley's best lectures are contained between the covers of this handsomely printed volume. At least four of these have a permanent value in literature, and as samples of sterling English and vigorous, scholarly thought, none of them are to be surpassed. Publisher's price, $1.25; our price, 75c; book and BLADE one year, $2.00.

SERMONS ON THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS FOR 1877, by the "Monday Club;" 448 pages. A collection of forty-eight sermons by eleven leading Eastern clergymen. Publisher's price $1.50; our price, 50c; book and BLADE one year, $1.75.

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM BUCKEYE.

Washington—the Old and the New.

Correspondence of the Toledo Blade.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24, 1880.

Eighty years ago, when Pres. Adams removed from Philadelphia to Washington and took possession of the great house in which Pres. Hayes now resides, it was only finished in part, and Mrs. Adams used the famous East room as a convenient place for drying clothes. What is now the City, then contained a population of about 2,500, scattered at long distances and living mostly in extemporaneous shanties. Pennsylvania avenue was cut through a forest and a swamp, and was scarcely passable on account of the mud. A letter of that day says: "In going to assemblies one had to drive three or four miles and very often at the risk of an overturn or of being stuck in the mud." Mrs. Adams, in writing to her daughter on the 21st of November, 1800, says she arrived the Sunday before, after a toilsome and dismal ride through the woods from Baltimore. "Here and there," she says, in speaking of her journey, "is a small cot without a glass window, interspersed among the forests, through which you travel miles without seeing a human being." The house, in Washington, she says, "is on a grand and superb scale requiring about 30 servants" (for house and stables) but without a bell in it and requiring immense fires to keep it comfortable. She is a little disposed to complain of the crude condition of every thing, but says: "If they will put me up some bells and let me have wood enough to keep the fires I design to be pleased; but surrounded with forests, can you believe that wood is not to be had, because people cannot be found to cut and cart it." Further on she adds: "We have not the least fence, yard or other convenience, without, and the principle stairs are not up; but six chambers are made comfortable." In another letter, written a week later (the 27th) she says:

"The vessel which has my clothes and other matters has not arrived. The ladies are impatient for a drawing room; but I have no looking glasses but dwarfs, nor a twentieth part of lamps enough to light it. You can scarce believe that here in this wilderness City I should find my time so occupied as it is. But my visitors come, some of them, three and four miles, and, to return one of them, is the work of a day. Mrs. Otis, my nearest neighbor, is at lodgings almost half a mile from me, and Mrs. Senator Otis two miles."

President Adams, like Washington, lived in great state, and his levees and ceremonies were modeled after the courts of European kings, for which however, there was but limited scope in a City of shanties planted in a forest with the tumble-down village of Georgetown as its chief resource. But he came here only about three months before the expiration of his term, and, when Jefferson was promoted from the Vice Presidency to the Presidency he put his foot on all the shams of court atiquet, refused to hold any levees, did away with all extra ceremony at his table, and when he was inaugurated rode to the capitol on horseback, dismounted and hitched his own horse, and when the ceremony was completed returned to the White House in the same simple fashion.

Since then the population of *two thousand* has become *a hundred and fifty thousand*, and the old slave aristocracy which was the only class that touched the Presidential mansion, has been sloughed off and a new generation, new blood and new ideas have taken possession of the forest capitol. For many years it was famous the world over as the "City of magnificent distances;" but now these distances have been filled in by long rows of brick buildings, the mud has departed from our streets, the forests have given place to elegant dwellings. The broad road-ways are paved with concrete and shaded for miles and miles by young maples and elms and no City in the world is so truly beautiful.

Mrs. Adams complains that the building are few and not completed; that they are scattered at long distances and there can be few comforts for the then approaching Congress. The change in this regard is greater even, than the other changes. Besides our great hotels and endless boarding houses, many public officers, Senators and members, have bought or built houses for themselves and live as elegantly and entertain as generously as the foremost citizen occupying the Presidential mansion. More and more gentlemen of leisure, literary men and scholars like Bancroft, distinguished army officers, Judges of the Supreme Court and retired merchants have found the attractions of Washington so great that they have come here to make it their permanent residence.

Sens. Bayard and Edmunds own houses side by side on Massachusetts avenue, near the Thomas circle, and are understood to be warm friends. Just across Massachusetts avenue, on another part of the same circle, lives Sen. Morrill, of Vermont, and a little way to the east lives ex-Minister Schenck. They all have delightful places, worth $15,000 to $30,000 each. On Fifteenth street, between the Thomas circle and the Treasury is the house of Sen. Blaine, worth, perhaps, $30,000. During the session it is a house through which beats the pulsations of the capital. It is instinct with life, and across its door sills pass the beauty and fashion, the thought and learning of the Nation.

The house of Sec. Sherman is on K street, fronting a beautiful park and flanked by elegant buildings containing the flower of our population. Sen. Windom, of Minnesota, has a very elegant residence on Vermont avenue, in the same neighborhood. Sen. Cameron, as yet, lives in a rented house, but his new building will soon be ready for occupation, and will be a lovely house when it takes in its furniture and occupants. Sen. Pendleton also rents a house located on I street. He lives liberally and keeps his latch string out. Sen. Thurman has a modest house on Fourteenth street, north of the Treasury, and lives quietly with his books, welcoming his intimate friends but not indulging in much parade. Fernando Wood lives by the side of Mr. Blaine, and, like him, sees much company. Mr. Conkling has his home at Wormley's, just north of the Treasury, and, of course, does not keep house.

Sen. Jones, the "placer" Senator of Nevada, rents the splendid house of Ben Butler near the Capitol, and lives away many times the value of his salary. Gen. Ketcham, of New York, has an elegant home on K street, said to be worth $75,000, and Levi P. Morton, the banker member from New York, who is spoken of for Mr. Garfield's Secretary of the Treasury, has a large and princely mansion on H street. Speaker Randall has a house not far from the Capitol, but his wife is not fond of promiscuous company and he is not famous as a liberal liver.

This list might be very largely extended; but this is sufficient to show the tendency of the times and to give a faint idea of what is to be the future of this City, which, 80 years ago, struggled through the forests of Maryland with a stretch of three miles between the White House and the Capitol. The days of its stumps, and swamps, and mud have long since gone by and the days of its glory have dawned. We must guess what will be its future. BUCKEYE.

NEW YORK LETTER.

A Sunday Morning in Rev. Dr. Talmage's Church—How the Great Preacher Looks and Talks—Holiday Sports—District Attorney Phelps' Death.

Correspondence of the Blade.

NEW YORK, Dec. 31, 1880.

The Brooklyn Tabernacle is not an architectural feature of the City of Churches. Unlike its famous pastor it would not attract the attention of a stranger. Standing back on Schermerhorn street, which is filled with second rate dwellings, "two blocks from anywhere or the street cars," it does not draw notice either as a building or from its position. To find it one has to follow some such clear directions as I heard a Brooklynite give a stranger who had tried to find his way up Fulton street from the ferry on foot, last Sunday morning. Said he, pointing to a cross street, "Turn up there till you come to the next street and then go a block further, and turn down to the left till you come to the Tabernacle."

Crossing Fulton ferry on Sunday morning you find yourself with a crowd of well-dressed people going to church. But they have only two destinations, for the Tabernacle and Plymouth Church absorb the whole of them. Going to church is the only recognized reason for a person visiting Brooklyn on Sunday, and the loud-voiced street car runners at the ferry howl out, "This way to the Tabernacle—nearest car for Talmage's Church." The building itself is of dull red brick, with brown sandstone trimmings. Inside there is the greatest economy of space. Nowhere is there room for a single seat wasted. The large interior strike the capital letter D in form, while the building itself is nearly square, the corners, which are cut off, containing the gallery stairs. The huge organ occupies the center of the straight side of the D, and directly in front of it is the platform, 20 or 25 feet long. There is not a vestige of pulpit or desk. From the very foot of the platform the seats rise in semi-circular tiers (theater-like,) so that every person has a good view of the pastor.

As it was the Sunday after Christmas there was a slight decoration of the church. A star formed of gas jets blazed at the peak of the organ, and below within a border of scripture motto. Wreaths and crosses of evergreen hung on the walls, while a large basket of flowers rested on a stand at each end of the platform. At the rear of the platform on a stand beside Mr. Talmage's chair was a tall cross of white calla lilies. When the great preacher rose to open the service there was not a vacant seat anywhere. Every corner of the immense gallery, holding as many as most churches, was filled, and there was a wall of people standing behind the last seat. Dr. Talmage is

A MAN OF QUICK, NERVOUS MANNER

tall, but not heavy built, with thin gray hair and gray sidewhiskers, which come to a point at the corners of a large mouth. It is not a handsome face at all, but there is a quick change of expression that seems to show every emotion felt.

The music is also one of the great attractions of the Tabernacle, and some of the enemies of the church have accused it of catering too much to the lovers of popular music. The singing is grand, the whole congregation following the lead of the cornet. When Prof Ali, who succeeds the renowned Arbuckle as cornetist, waved his silver bugle from his pedestal in front of the platform, fully 5,000 people answered by rising and following his lead in the well-known words,

"When marshaled on the mighty plain."

The volume of sound that rolled up was tremendous. It was like the surge of the sea in depth. Instead of the bulky hymn books used in most churches, the slamming of which into the racks heralds the close of a song, every member seems to have three or four copies of the "Tabernacle Collection" in his pockets, which are freely handed about to strangers. Not larger than a small pocket Testament, they are easily carried to and from all meetings. Following the opening lesson of the discourse, Mrs. Florence Rice-Knox, well-known from her frequent appearance in concerts, was assisted to the pedestal and gave a solo—"Oh, Shepherd Watching 'Mid the Snow." This part of the service reminds one rather too much of a Chickering Hall concert.

As soon as the collection was taken up those standing were asked to come forward and fill up the aisles, and in a few seconds the last foot of space was occupied, the crowd overflowing the steps of the platform. It is a tribute to the "drawing" power of the man who makes "standing room only" the rule Sunday after Sunday.

Dr. Talmage's subject was the birth of Christ. He began by showing what great encouragement that story contained for all lowly born or poorly started in life, and then he drew a graphic picture of the scene in the rough Bethlehem stable. All the great deliverers of the world, he said, were poorly started in life—Luther, Shakspere, Columbus, Hogarth, Hayden—all were born poor. Christ was born in poverty and with no friends but His father and mother, and in His life there was hope for every one of lowly birth. Dr. Talmage's style of delivery is off hand and unconventional to the last degree. Without once referring to notes he strides back and forth on the long platform, sometimes hurling out volumes of words till his voice rises to a shout, then speaking slowly and mildly. He speaks directly to his audience in the most familiar manner, using all his varied powers of entreaty, persuasion, amusement, entertainment, warning, but never threatening. His discourse is as free and unbounded as his walk around the platform. Mr. Talmage's sermons may be anything but dull or unentertaining. The congregation that crowds the Tabernacle are quick to appreciate and respond to their pastor's points. To a person of old-fashioned tastes it may seem out of place for a minister to designedly raise the laughter of his congregation from the pulpit, but at the Tabernacle not a Sunday passes without several very audible smiles.

In giving the announcements for the week Dr. Talmage spoke of New Year's Day being at hand, and said that he should be at home on that day to all callers between the hours of 9 and 2 o'clock, and hoped that every one would be at leisure to call. "Don't stay away because you don't know me," he shouted, stepping to the front of the platform, "you'll know me well enough before you get away," and a ripple of mirth swept into the farthest corner of the gallery.

Then Mrs. Rice-Knox was once more helped up to her pedestal and gave another solo. Afterwards Prof. Ali's cornet rang out, clear and sweet, leading the huge chorus of the congregation. At the close Dr. Talmage, seeing a well-known clergyman in one of the front seats, who had been his counsel before the Presbytery, asked him to step up and pronounce the benediction. The veteran minister complied, getting in this thrust at the enemies of the Tabernacle pastor: "There was one, who, being accused, said not a word." Then slowly and quietly the great congregation passed out into the storm outside.

HOLIDAY SPORTS.

At present, New York has the old-fashioned holiday weather. The bitter cold of the last two or three days, that has almost blockaded the ferries with floating ice and sent the incoming ocean steamers to their piers, sheathed in ice from the anchor chains to the fore-top mast, has covered the lakes in Central Park with thousands of skaters. As the ice is free to all, every one who can buy, beg or borrow a pair of skates is enjoying it. The park looks well now that the heavy covering of snow has covered the neglected sward and brought out the beauty of the evergreens. There is no need of asking in this weather if the ball is up, for that well-known signal of skating bids fair to stay up for an indefinite time. For those who dislike the crowd and bustle of the rinks and lakes, a run up the Hudson of a few miles brings to a skating ground whose straightaway course can be followed up to Albany. The Valley of the Hudson is the home of the real ice sportsman. Ice yacht clubs dispute the championship of the world on the broad surface of the Tappan Zee, and ice-boat ferries between the up-River towns discount the clumsy invention of Fulton. Ice yachting is glorious sport along the romantic shores of the Hudson. "As swift as the wind" is literally true of these light, steel-shod craft.

Sleighs are out in force, and the jingle of the bells is added to the uproar of Broadway. All of upper New York is out on runners, and the long boulevards and avenues running up to the Harlem River are alive with stylish turnouts. The luxury of a foot of snow to begin the New Year with is rare enough to be appreciated, and with the thermometer showing five below zero gives every opportunity of this best of all holiday sports.

DEATH OF MR. PHELPS.

The old year closes with the State and National colors on the City Hall and public buildings at half-mast, in respect to the death of District-Attorney Benjamin K. Phelps. Mr. Phelps was widely known as a lawyer, being one of the law firm of which Vice-President-elect Arthur is a member. Mr. Phelps was a member of the famous Yale class of 1853, which included a large number of men who have made their mark in the world as statesmen, lawyers and editors. Among his classmates were Andrew D. White, American Minister at Berlin; Isaac H. Bromley, of the *Tribune*, and Edmund C. Stedman, the banker-poet. Mr. Phelps was serving his third term as District Attorney of New York. His wife died only a few days before, and his death was probably hastened by her loss.

KELP.

No More Rebel Secretaries.

To the Editor of the Blade.

COLUMBUS GROVE, O., Dec. 28, 1880.

The BLADE reports the probable appointment of General Wickham, a Virginia Rebel, to a seat in the Cabinet, under Garfield. President Hayes tried this experiment and it was emphatically condemned by Republicans in Congress and out, and gave his administration a set back from which it never recovered. Shall General Garfield try the same experiment? There are Southern Union men enough to fill such places. Reward them. G. OGLEVIE.

The Philadelphia Wife Market.

Boston Post.

There are some 35,000 more females than males in Philadelphia, and a cross-eyed man with big feet and snarly teeth can get a pretty good looking girl on the string in that City.

George Eliot's Romola.

A timely interest is given, by the death of the author, to the new edition of her masterpiece, "Romola," just issued by the American Book Exchange, New York. It shows her work at its best and strongest, and at the same time gives the opportunity to acquire a lasting familiarity with the scenes and society of mediæval Italy. It is issued in handy and beautiful form, extra cloth binding, simple but rare elegance and taste in design, and like the other issues of the "Literary Revolution" its cost is almost nominal, viz.: 35 cents. It is one of a series intended to form a library of classic fiction, which will include one representative and characteristic work of each of the great authors who have won lasting fame in the realm of fiction. Full catalog of standard publications will be sent on request, by the American Book Exchange, Tribune Building, New York.

For the Blade.

ACROSTIC.

BY MRS. M. J. GALPIN.

Jesus kind and full of grace,
Anoint this son of human race,
Make him a tower of strength for thee
Elect him for Eternity.
Save him by Thy loving power,

Accept him from this day and hour.

Grant that all grace and love shall be
Amid life's toil still true to thee
Rejoicing in each blessed day
From earth to heaven be on the way;
In trouble, sickness, fear, or death,
Enfold him till the parting breath;
Lay Thou the garland on his brow,
Distrust him not, he'll keep his vow.

Waterville, Kans.

A MULE KICKS A BEE-HIVE.

Once When the Animal did not Obtain the Victory.

Locke Melone in Californian.

I was visiting a gentleman who lived in the vicinity of Los Angeles. The morning was beautiful. The plash of little cascades about the grounds, the buzz of bees, and the gentle moving of the foliage of the pepper trees in the scarcely perceptible ocean-breeze, made up a picture which I thought was complete. It was not. A mule wandered on the scene. The scene, I thought, could have got along without him. He took a different view.

Of course mules were not allowed on the grounds. That is what he knew. That was his reason for being there.

I recognized him. Had met him. His lower lip hung down. He looked disgusted. It seemed he didn't like being a mule.

A day or two before, while I was trying to pick up a little child who had got too near this mule's heels, he kicked me two or three times before I could tell from which way I was hit. I might have avoided some of the kicking, but, in my confusion; I began to kick at the mule. I didn't kick with him long. He outnumbered me.

He browsed along on the choice shrubbery. I forgot the beauty of the morning. Remembered a black and blue spot on my leg. It looked like the print of a mule's hoof. There was another on my right ham. Where my suspenders crossed were two more, as I have been informed. They were side by side—twin blue spots, and seemed to be about the same age.

I thought of revenge. I didn't want to kick with him any more. No. But I thought if I had him tied down good and fast, so he could not move his heels, how like sweet incense it would be to first saw his ears and tail smooth off, then put out his eyes with a red-hot poker, then skin him alive, then run him through a threshing machine.

While I was thus thinking, and getting madder and madder, the mule, which had wandered up close to a large bee-hive, got stung. His eyes lighted up, as if that was just what he was looking for. He turned on that bee-hive and took aim. He fired. In 10 seconds the only piece of bee-hive I could see was about the size a man feels when he has told a joke that fails on the company like a piece of sad news. This piece was in the air. It was being kicked at.

The bees swarmed. They swarmed a good deal. They lit on that mule earnestly. After he had kicked the last piece of bee-hive so high that he could not reach it any more, he stopped for an instant. He seemed trying to ascertain whether the 10,000 bees which were stinging him meant it. They did.

The mule turned loose. I never saw anything to equal it. He was enveloped in a dense fog of earnestness and bees, and filled with enthusiasm and stings. The more he kicked, the higher he rose from the ground. I may have been mistaken, for I was somewhat excited and very much delighted, but that mule seemed to rise as high as the tops of the pepper trees. The pepper trees were 20 feet high. He [illegible] self like a frog swimming. Sometimes, when he was in mid-air, he would look like he was flying, and I would think for a moment he was about to become an angel. Only for a moment. There are probably no mule angels.

When he had got up to the tops of the pepper trees, I was called to breakfast. I told them I didn't want any breakfast.

The mule continued to be busy.

When a mule kicks himself clear of the earth, his heels seldom reach higher than his back; that is, a mule's fore-legs can reach forward, and his hind legs backward, until the mule becomes straightened out into a line of mule parallel with the earth, and 15 or 20 feet therefrom. This mule's hind legs, however, were not only raised into a line with his back, but they would come over until the bottom of the hoofs almost touched his ears.

The mule proceeded as if he desired to hurry through.

I had no idea how many bees a hive would hold until I saw that bee hive emptied on that mule. They covered him so completely that I could not see any of him but the glare of his eyes. I could see from the expression of his eyes, that he didn't like the way things were going.

The mule still went on in an absorbed kind of a way.

Not only was every bee of the disturbed hive on duty, but I think the news had been conveyed to neighboring hives that war had been declared. I could see bees flitting to and fro. The mule was covered so deep with bees that he looked like an exaggerated mule. The hum of the bees and their moving on each other, combined into a seething hiss.

A sweet calm and gentle peacefulness pervaded me.

When he had kicked for an hour, he began to fall short of the tops of the pepper trees. He was settling down closer to the earth. Numbers were telling on him. He looked distressed. He had always been used to kicking against something, but found now he was striking the air. It was very exhausting.

He finally got so he did not rise clear of the ground, but continued to kick with both feet for half an hour, next with first one foot and then the other for another half an hour, then with his right foot only every few minutes, the intervals growing longer and longer, until he finally was still. His head dropped, his lip hung lower and lower. The bees stung on. He looked as if he thought that a mean, sneaking advantage had been taken of him.

I retired from the scene. Early the next morning I returned. The sun came slowly up from behind the eastern hills. The light foliage of the pepper trees trembled with his morning caress. His golden kiss fell upon the opening roses. A bee could be seen flying hither, and there thither. The mule lay near the scene of yesterday's struggle. Peace had come to him. He was dead. Too much kicking against nothing.

Mrs. Sprague's Appearance.

Chicago Tribune.

Mrs. Sprague is not as beautiful a woman as she once was. She now shows traces of years, and her eyes, which are the chief remaining beauty, many would regard as painted, although her friends insist that there is not a trace of art about them. She cannot now be far from 45 years of age, although she looks much younger. She is of medium height, perhaps five feet six, and her features still show beautiful outlines. Her hair, which is still abundant, is dark auburn in color, for nature has yet spared her gray hairs. Her mouth is a fine feature of her face, and is full of white, regular teeth. Her weight is probable 140. Her hands are symmetrical, and are always encased in kids of the latest fashion. Notwithstanding the bankruptcy of her husband, she always appears neatly and richly dressed.

Pianos to Rent—Organs on Small Payments

Are offered to the musical public at a small margin above cost. Will rent you any make of Piano for three months, six months, nine months, or 12 months, and allow what you pay as rent to apply as purchase money. Recollect we are not confined to one or two makes, but keep them all in our ware-rooms for inspection. Call at WHITNEY & CURRIER'S Palace of Music, 111 Summit St., Toledo, O.

THE S. P. C. A.

A Millionaire's Coachman Arrested for Cruelty to his Master's Horses.

NEW YORK, Jan. 4.—Wm. Johnson, coachman of Mr. Wm. Rockefeller, Vice President of the Standard Oil Company, was arrested Friday by Henry Bergh, jr., officer of the Society for the Prevention of Cruely to Animals, for failing to blanket his horses. When the arrest was made the horses were standing in front of Scribner's, on Broadway, the coachman was on the box, and Mrs. Rockefeller was in the carriage. The officer compelled Johnson to drive to the Mercer Street Police Station and the horses were then taken charge of by the police and stabled. Johnson was then marched to the Jefferson Market Police Court.

Mrs. Rockefeller, who had been so unceremoniusly compelled to relinquish her carriage, went immediately to her husband's office, and Mr. Rockefeller arrived in court to find that the case was disposed of, and that the coachman had been held for trial in $100 bail. Officer Bergh had testified that he had watched the horses for 10 minutes, and saw them shiver and tremble with the cold. They were clipped and more susceptible to cold than horses having a full coat of hair.

Mr. Rockefeller said that this arrest was an outrage, and that his horses were in perfectly good condition and well cared for, and were not blanketed purposely. He did not believe in blanketing horses at such a time. It made them sensitive, and when once they had been accustomed to blankets they must have them continually. His horses were spirited and very likely moved about, put were never kept standing more than a few minutes at a time, and did not suffer. Mr. Rockefeller gave bail for Johnson.

BULL-FIGHTING IN SPAIN.

Camille Debans in Paris Figaro.

I have traveled in Spain. I have even seen something there that has never been recorded by any romance writer or traveler that I ever heard of—namely: that in certain districts they will plow the ground with swords, a custom original enough surely in the land of the Cid! But I will return to this subject at another time, please God! To-day I only wish to express my opinion in regard to bull-fights, and to declare that they are among the most astonishing humbugs possible to conceive. The French romancists are very guilty in this connection. Upon the faith of writers like Theophile Goutier and Alexandre Dumas, how many people who never set foot in Spain have adopted the habit of speaking of the tauromachical entertainments with passionate admiration?

O, the poor horse! I am perfectly aware that he is destined to be sacrificed, and that for such a purpose no one could buy pure-blooded steeds, worth 5,000 or 6,000 francs; but this miserable consumptive and lamentable hack does not the less contradict by his very aspect of hideousness the magnificent promises of the advertisement.

A prudent man opens the door of the *toril*, and a terrified bull rushes out, a bull which has just been vigorously pricked with a goad in order to compel him to make his entry in a theatrical manner.

Now the entertainment has begun. The bull pauses for a moment. No one moves. He sees the horse of the picador, and rushes with the velocity of a cannon-ball, burying his horns to their roots in the animal's belly. Imagine the astonishment of the horse, who has not had the slightest idea of what was going to happen, for his eyes had been generously bandaged! Sometimes it is in the horse's chest that the bull buries his horns with a sickening thud. Then the bull tries to lift horse and rider together—that immense weight.

The banderilleros come and shake their cloaks, and draw off the attention of the animal. Another picador comes into the plaza; the bull sees him, and rushes forward to disable [illegible] while the assistants aid the first dismounted cavalier to his feet. He is so weighed down with iron armor under his yellow trousers and his brown waistcoat that it would be impossible for him to get up without help.

The bull kills the second horse, then a third, sometimes a fourth or even more.

Now, good people, you imagine perhaps like me, that the picador's duty is to stop the bull in his mad career and protect his horse by means of the long lance he carries. No, no! The picador is there only as an ornament. . . . The horses are only used to tire the bull. The furious animal must be allowed to wear himself out, and to disembowel the helpless and blinded animals, until his muscles are weary and his strength is spent. The proof is that at Pampeluna, last summer, a picador who had dared to defend his horse was put in prison.

And how does the matador kill the bull? Ah! it is then that the spectacle becomes dull, long, and tiresome indeed. The *espada* waits until the bull chooses to offer himself to him under good conditions. But, unfortunately, the breathless animal does not always lend himself to these whims. Why should he? Inasmuch as he does not know exactly what is wanted of him. . . .

There is a sudden lightning of steel; the torero has sprung forward. There is a tempest of hisses. He has missed his aim! Good! he tries again. This time the sword has entered up to the hilt. But the bull does not fall. On the contrary he seems to have made up his mind to take a walk leisurely around the arena. The minutes pass. The animal is still firm upon its legs. The public become tired and roar out:

"Otra espada!" (Another sword!)

They bring the other sword, and the matador plunges his second weapon up to the hilt, beside the first one.

At Azpeita I saw a bull who had three swords buried in him, one after the other, and who still continued to walk about. For a whole half hour he refused to fall, and you can imagine how much the people were amused during that half hour.

At Bilboa I saw another bull who had a sword plunged half way into his neck, and remained standing for 27 minutes, while the banderilleros forced him to keep turning his head, first to right and then to left, in order that the blade of the sword should sink in further at each movement. And when this was over, and the hilt was touching the animal's skin, he persisted in refusing to die, and they had to knock him in the head to finish him.

And, finally, I saw Lagartijo, that espada held to be the last representative of the old classic school of matadors, pierce a bull six times with his sword before he could make him fall.

The most astonishing characters in all this bloody farce are the two men in red caps who rake the sand of the arena and keep it smooth. They remain there the whole time as tranquil as "Baptiste," calmly raking away without so much as turning their heads, and paying as little attention to the bull as if he never existed.

And while the banderilleros go and come, and shout, and almost jump out of their bodies in order to make us think it is frightfully dangerous, the rakers go on raking without looking to right or left. The bull pays no attention to them and they do not pay any to the bull

And when I expressed my astonishment at this spectacle to a Spaniard, and said to him, "Why, there is not any danger at all!" the good man seemed embarrassed, and being of a frank character, finally answered:

"It is true. It was very clumsy to have allowed those rakers to remain there."

What the Spaniards really seek in these diversions is the sight of blood poured out, and certain horrors which I purposely refrain from mentioning at all.

And the proof of what I say is, that after each exhibition the male and female spectators go religiously in procession to the charnel house, in which are heaped up in a pool of blood and torn entrails the 15 or 20 dead horses, with their gaping wounds, their eyes starting from their orbits, and their tongues protruding between their long teeth.

And beautiful women in mantillas go there, and smile, and play with their fans, and chat, and look upon those hideous sights without a shudder.

NASBY'S HUMOROUS PAMPHLETS.

The pamphlets described below are as good reading after the campaign as during the campaign. They are written in Nasby's humorous style, and will afford amusement for the neighborhood. We shall sell thousands of them this Winter. We send them by mail, postpaid. All readers of the BLADE will appreciate them They are as follows:

Nasby as a Banker:—Being the History of the Rise and Fall of the Onlimited Trust and Confidence Co., of the Confederit X Roads.

The Democratic John Bunyan;—Eleven Dreams Showing What is Likely to Happen in the Event of the Election of Hancock.

The Decline and Fall of the American Republic.

The first two are by Mr. Nasby, and the last by John McElroy, the author of "Andersonville."

Sent by mail, post-paid, for 10 cents each, or the three for 25 cents.

VERY CHEAP BOOKS.

We have on hand several hundred copies of new, well-bound works of fiction, of which the publisher's price would be $1.75 per copy. In order to close them out we will mail them post-paid to any address for 50 cents each, or will send a copy of the BLADE one year and one of the books on receipt of $1.60. This remarkable offer cannot remain open long, because the demand will be so large that they will soon be exhausted. Why go without books? If a half dozen or dozen families of a neighborhood would club together, and each family order a title, a nice little circulating library would be at your command for one quarter the cost of one ordinary book. The following are the titles:

"Lady Lenora," "Faithful Margaret," "All for Her," "All for Him," "Conquered," "Peerless Cathleen," "St. Peter's Bride," "Vesta Van," "Castle Nowhere," "Heart to Heart," "Fashion and Passion," and "The Grinder Papers."

THE CENSUS

Shows Over Fifty Million.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 4.—The Superintendent of the Census makes the following approximate statement of the population of the States and Territories. It is believed to be very near the figures which are expected to be announced next week:

Alabama	1,262,343	Montana	39,157
Arizona	40,441	Nebraska	452,432
Arkansas	802,564	Nevada	62,265
California	864,686	New Hamp	347,784
Colorado	194,649	New Jersey	1,130,892
Connecticut	622,683	New Mexico	117,430
Dakota	134,502	New York	5,083,173
Delaware	146,654	North Carolina	1,400,000
Dist. Columbia	177,638	Ohio	3,197,794
Florida	266,566	Oregon	174,767
Georgia	1,538,983	Pennsylvania	4,282,738
Idaho	32,611	Rhode Island	276,528
Illinois	3,078,636	South Carolina	995,706
Indiana	1,978,858	Tennessee	1,542,463
Iowa	1,624,463	Texas	1,597,509
Kansas	995,335	Utah	143,907
Kentucky	1,648,599	Vermont	332,286
Louisiana	940,263	Virginia	1,512,205
Maine	648,945	Washington	75,120
Maryland	935,139	West Virginia	618,193
Massachusetts	1,783,086	Wisconsin	1,315,386
Michigan	1,634,096	Wyoming	20,788
Minnesota	780,807		
Mississippi	1,131,899	Total	50,152,599
Missouri	2,169,091		

GRANT'S FRIENDS

Ready with a New Year's Gift.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 31.—The subscriptions to the fund of $100,000, to be raised by Philadelphians for Gen. Grant, are all in, and the transmission of the check awaits the word from the ex-President that he is ready to receive it.

"This is entirely a private affair," said a gentleman whose name for a large amount is among the subscribers. "The names of the gentlemen who have contributed the money will never be announced other than that of admiration and friendship for the General.

"No man in the country has greater personal following than he has, and there is not one among those who have subscribed for this $100,000 who would, under any consideration whatever, accept any public office. One gentleman who is a firm friend of the General sent his name with $45,000, with a letter stating if it was necessary he would give his own check for $100,000, or that he would be willing to pay a life annuity to the ex-President of $25,000. The General has some good friends in the City who would do anything for him."

"Somebody's Darling."

COLUMBIA, S. C., Dec. 31.—Yesterday morning Mr. S. G. Elliott, living near Jacksonboro, was told by a negro that a dead white man was lying on the railroad about four miles from this place. He took his wagon down to the place indicated and found a nice-looking, poorly-dressed lad lying dead near a spot where he had built a fire to keep himself from freezing, for it was cold and rainy. He found in his hands, which were clasped across his breast the following little note: "Whoever finds me please bury me where I am. My name is James Maxey Timmons, from Greenville, S. C. Farewell, forever!" He had no money on his person, nor anything else of value, but his cuff buttons. The pale face and delicate features of the poor boy indicated that he had seen better days, and had evidently been "somebody's darling.

The Botanical Garden.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 3.—Mr. Smith, the Manager of the Botanical Garden, which is now under investigation by Ben Le Fevre's Committee, asserts that the investigation is the result of personal malice on the part of certain Congressmen whom he has refused to favor, and who now want to turn him out of office. He also states that the practice of supplying Congressmen and their constituents with flowers was inaugurated by Mr. Cox, of New York, when Chairman of the Library Committe, which has charge of the affairs of the garden, and that he (Smith) is not to blame for it. He insists that his refusal to supply a few Representatives with an undue quantity of flowers brought about the investigation.

Where Our Immigrants Come From.

NEW YORK, Jan. 4.—The total number of European immigrants arriving at Castle Garden from the 1st of January to date is 319,855. This is the heaviest business since 1854, when the total arrivals were 319,322. The different nationalities on the business of the 10 months ending November 1, are credited as follows; Ireland, 62,108; Germany, 88,983; England, 30,187; other parts of the British Isles, 101,081; Sweden, 38,381; Austria, 3,963; Hungary, 5,501; Denmark, 5,181; France, 3,591; Italy, 6,673; the Netherlonds, 3,010; Russia, 6,746; Asiatics, 248; Africans, 40; West Indies, 1,226; 159,990 were males and 74,960 females; children under 14 years of age, 56,695.

Cabinet Rumor.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 31.—It is rumored at the Treasury Department to-day that Gen. Garfield had decided to invite Judge Porter, formerly First Comptroller, now Governor of Indiana, to be Secretary of the Treasury. It seems pretty generally conceded that Gen. Garfield will offer the Treasury portfolio to a Western man.

WHY write a miserable hand when you can acquire a splendid style at home from Gaskell's Compendium?

BENSON'S CAPCINE POROUS PLASTER

The Manufacturers have received

SIX MEDALS OF HONOR,

Centennial, 1876. Paris, 1878. American Institute, 1879, &c., &c.

OVER 2,000 DRUGGISTS

Have recently signed a statement to the effect that Benson's Capcine Porous Plaster is Superior to all others.

TUTT'S PILLS!

AS AN ANTI-BILIOUS MEDICINE are incomparable. They stimulate the TORPID LIVER, invigorate the NERVOUS SYSTEM, give tone to the DIGESTIVE ORGANS, create perfect digestion and regular movement of the bowels.

AS AN ANTI-MALARIAL

They have no equal; acting as a preventive and cure for Bilious, Remittent, Intermittent, Typhoid Fevers, and Fever and Ague. Upon the healthy action of the Stomach and Liver depends, almost wholly, the health of the human race.

DYSPEPSIA.

It is for the cure of this disease and its attendants, SICK-HEADACHE, NERVOUSNESS, DESPONDENCY, CONSTIPATION, PILES, &c., that these Pills have gained such a wide reputation. No remedy was ever discovered that acts so speedily and gently on the digestive organs, giving them tone and vigor to assimilate food. This accomplished, the NERVES are BRACED, the BRAIN NOURISHED, and the BODY ROBUST. Try this Remedy fairly and you will gain a Vigorous Body, Pure Blood, Strong Nerves, and a Cheerful mind.

Price 25c. 35 Murray St., N. Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a Natural Color, and acts Instantaneously. Sold by Druggists or sent by express on receipt of $1.

Office, 35 Murray St., New York.

TO BOOK AGENTS.

THREE DOLLARS FOR ONE.

AN OFFER THAT WILL TAKE.

THE STRUGGLES OF "NASBY,"

A Book of Over 600 Pages, Illustrated by Thos. Nast, and with an Introduction by Chas. Sumner.

Containing the Famous Nasby Letters, complete from the beginning of them, in 1860, down to the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment, with historical notes.

This volume has been sold by subscription only, and at the uniform price of $3.00. At this price thousands have been sold in every State in the Union.

Having determined to withdraw the book from the subscription trade, we will sell the remaining copies at the nominal sum of $1.00, the purchaser to enclose, in addition, 25 cents for postage. Which is to say, on the receipt of $1.25 we will send a copy of this splendid book to any address, postage paid.

The book cannot be had at any book store, and as no more will be printed, this is an opportunity that should not be neglected.

The book is a complete record of the anti slavery and secession struggle, from its beginning to its ending, being the famous Nasby Letters complete, as they were originally printed, with notes historical.

Ten years from now the book will have a greater value, as it is now out of print, and will be withdrawn from the market. [illegible] its price.

We will send the WEEKLY BLADE, one year, and "The Struggles of Nasby," for $2.50.

Address,

THE BLADE, TOLEDO, OHIO.

To Book Agents AND CANVASSERS, And All Out of Employment

OLD DR. CARLIN'S RECIPES.

Why It Will Sell.

1. Because it is the last recipe book made, and includes all late discoveries and processes down to November, 1880

2. Because it has enjoyed a popularity of 20 years England, and has been edited, added to, taken from and improved, to meet the wants of the American people.

3. Because it is arranged in an entirely new way. The different topics treated are arranged first by subjects and these subjects are re-classified, and departmented so as to make it possible to find anything you want in an instant of time.

4. Because every recipe has been carefully tested, and there is not one in the book that will not produce the result desired if the directions are followed.

5. Because the treatises and recipes necessary for the care of animals, bees, and the proper care of the garden, were written by persons confessedly at the head each of his specialty, and are of inestimable value.

7. Because all scientific and technical language is avoided, and everything is called by its familiar name. The book has been edited for the people and not for medical experts and college professors.

8. Because it sells at a popular price, $2, and is within the reach of everybody.

9. Because it is plainly printed, and so substantially bound as to last for years.

10. Because the author of the original work, old Dr. Carlin, spent a life-time in collecting and testing the recipes, and treated every one of them scientifically and thoroughly, and only published such as he knew to be good.

11. Because it contains the knowledge and experience of both continents, and is a complete family encyclopedia.

12. Because every intelligent man or woman will see the moment they look at it that it is exactly what they need and must have.

13. Because it is the only Recipe Book before the public that has been written or revised for ten years; the only one that contains the wonderful improvements of the past ten years.

14. Because its Kitchen Department alone will pay its cost in a week, and will add to the comfort and health of any family.

15. Because the cooking recipes all have been, every one of them, tested by a practical housekeeper, and there is not one in the book that is not of value.

16. Because it contains knowledge attainable nowhere else, and which every one should have.

There are a great many other reasons, but these are sufficient. The book will sell a million within two years, and handling it will be as good a business as any one wants.

Exclusive territory given. An agent with territory for this book may be certain of a good, comfortable income.

Full particulars sent on receipt of application free.

Address for the United States (except New England), LOCKE PUBLISHING CO., TOLEDO, OHIO.

For New England, LOCKE PUBLISHING CO., 41 and 43 Franklin street, Boston, Mass.

As applications are coming in by the hundred daily, those desiring territory will do well to apply at once. A postal card is sufficient.

DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC PURIFIES THE BLOOD.

DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC is a preparation of Protoxide of Iron, Peruvian Bark and the Phosphates, associated with the Vegetable Aromatics. Endorsed by the Medical Profession, and recommended by them for Dyspepsia, General Debility, Female Diseases, Want of Vitality, Nervous Prostration, Convalescence from Fevers and Chronic Chills and Fever. It serves every purpose where a TONIC is necessary.

Manufactured by THE DR. HARTER MEDICINE CO., No. 213 North Main Street, St. Louis.

CURES DYSPEPSIA. IRON TONIC.

"We do not believe the improvement has ever been equalled."—*Arthur's Home Magazine, Phila.*

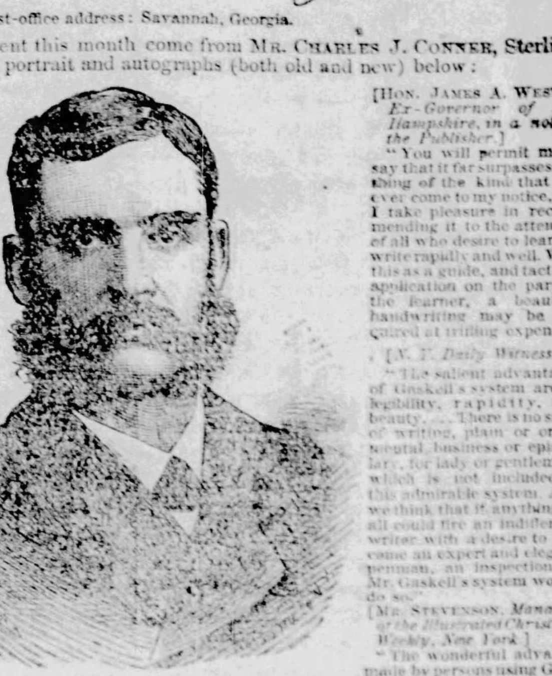
A few of the Best Autographs, showing Improvement from Using GASKELL'S COMPENDIUM

(*Self-Teaching Penmanship*), *received Recently.*

Old Style: Thos. E. Youmans — New Style: T. E. Youmans

Post-office address: Savannah, Georgia.

The best specimens of improvement this month come from MR. CHARLES J. CONNER, Sterling, Illinois. We give his portrait and autographs (both old and new) below:



[HON. HENRY WATTERSON, in Answers to Correspondents in the *Louisville Courier-Journal*.] "We have received a number of inquiries concerning this system of self-teaching penmanship, and reply here that it is valuable. Any one who will follow the methods laid down in it, and give due application thereto, will consider that a most excellent investment of a dollar has been made. The Compendium places a good handwriting within the reach of every one, and its success has been demonstrated by the sale in this country and in England of over *seventy thousand copies*."

[*Pall Mall Gazette*, London, England.] "Good penmanship is very desirable in whatever station in life you are placed, and we are pleased to note that the system of American penmanship introduced by Professor G. A. Gaskell, of the United States, is very popular in London, and is used in many of the leading commercial houses. It is called 'Gaskell's Compendium,' and is simpler and more easily learned, and may be written with greater ease and rapidity, than any of the old styles."

[HON. JAMES A. WESTON, *Ex-Governor of New Hampshire, in a note to the Publisher.*] "You will permit me to say that it far surpasses any thing of the kind that has ever come to my notice, and I take pleasure in recommending it to the attention of all who desire to learn to write rapidly and well. With this as a guide, and tact and application on the part of the learner, a beautiful handwriting may be acquired at trifling expense."

[*N. Y. Daily Witness.*] "The salient advantages of Gaskell's system are its legibility, rapidity, and beauty. . . . There is no style of writing, plain or ornamental, business or epistolary, for lady or gentleman, which is not included in this admirable system. And we think that if anything at all could fire an indifferent writer with a desire to become an expert and elegant penman, an inspection of Mr. Gaskell's system would do so."

[MR. STEVENSON, *Manager of the Illustrated Christian Weekly, New York.*] "The wonderful advance made by persons using Gaskell's Compendium is an evidence of the value of that system."

Old Style: Chas. J. Conner — New Style: C. J. Conner

Old Style: A. N. Palmer — Old Style: John C. Brower

New Style: A. N. Palmer — New Style: J. C. Brower

Post-office address: Cedar Rapids, Iowa. — Post-office address: 27 Cherry St., Rochester, N. Y.

GASKELL'S COMPENDIUM consists of a full series of COPY-SLIPS, BOOK OF INSTRUCTIONS, ORNAMENTAL FLOURISHING, LETTERING, PEN DRAWING, LADIES' PENMANSHIP, &c., &c. By means of this self-teaching system any one can acquire a rapid and beautiful handwriting at odd hours without a teacher. It is the finest Penmanship ever published, and put up in durable and elegant form. PRICE ONE DOLLAR, for which it will be mailed, prepaid, anywhere. Address

Prof. G. A. GASKELL, *Principal Jersey City Business College*, BOX 1534, NEW YORK CITY P. O.

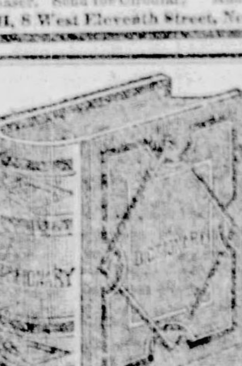
If you don't get prompt returns, please write again. *The Penman's Gazette*, giving full information, and many other specimens of improvement, from young people all over the country, free [illegible]

ORGANS Large Size—Solid Walnut 5 Octaves; 5 Sets of Reeds, CELESTE, SUB-BASS, ECHO, with Coupler and Grand Organ, 9 Stops, 2 Knee Swells. Guaranteed Six Years. Sent on trial. 40,000 sold. Not one dissatisfied Purchaser. Send for Circular. Address MARCHAL & SMITH, 8 West Eleventh Street, New York. $65

A Card to Ladies.

F. T. POWER, Druggist, No. 192 Cherry street, Toledo, O., has been appointed sole authorized agent for the sale of Dr. Felix Le Brun's French Female Regulator. A positive cure for all diseases peculiar to females. Simple, certain, sure. It strikes at the root of all those distressing, disagreeable, perplexing and dangerous diseases which destroy health, beauty and long life. Sent securely sealed by mail, on receipt of price—Three dollars per package, or Four Packages for Ten Dollars. It will never disappoint you. We guarantee four packages to cure any disease peculiar to woman, and will give a written guarantee agreeing to refund the money if a cure is not effected. Send six cents in stamps for our new Guide to Health. Regulator and pamphlets must be ordered from agent whose name appears above. Sold only by authorized agents.

DR. FELIX LE BRUN & CO., PROPRIETORS.



The American Diamond Dictionary contains 700 double column pages, 1102 engravings, 30,000 words with pronunciation and definitions, according to the best American and English standards; also has a list of foreign Phrases, Abbreviations in general use, Geographical names. Also the names of American cities and states; population, size and reference tables. Words used in the metric system. Division of the Aryan languages. Languages and alphabets of the world. Distances traveled in a second by different animals, by locomotives, light, sound, and electricity. Handsomely bound in cloth and gold, with embossed and gilt title. This remarkable book post paid for only 42 cts., two for 75 cts. Address PATTEN & Co., 52 Barclay St., N. Y.

L. S. L.

N. B.—All correspondence should be with M. A. Dauphin, as below. IN ALL CASES the TICKETS themselves are sent, and NEVER circulars offering certificates or anything else instead. Any one proposing to offer anything else by circular or otherwise, on his own behalf, or that of the Company, is a SWINDLER.

A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY TO WIN A FORTUNE. FIRST GRAND DISTRIBUTION, CLASS A, At NEW ORLEANS, Tuesday, January 11, 1881.

128th Monthly Drawing

LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY CO.

This institution was regularly incorporated by the Legislature of the State for Educational and Charitable purposes in 1868, for the term of 25 years, to which contract the inviolable faith of the state is pledged, which pledge has been renewed by an overwhelming popular vote, securing its franchise in the new Constitution, adopted December 2, A. D., 1879, with a capital of $1,000,000, to which it has since added a reserve fund of over $350,000.

ITS GRAND SINGLE NUMBER DRAWINGS will take place monthly on the second Tuesday. It never scales or postpones. Look at the following Distribution:

CAPITAL PRIZE, $30,000.

100,000 TICKETS AT TWO DOLLARS EACH. HALF TICKETS, ONE DOLLAR.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 Capital Prize	$30,000
1 Capital Prize	10,000
1 Capital Prize	5,000
2 Prizes of $2,500	5,000
5 Prizes of 1,000	5,000
20 Prizes of 500	10,000
100 Prizes of 100	10,000
200 prizes of 50	10,000
500 Prizes of 20	10,000
1,000 Prizes of 10	10,000
APPROXIMATION PRIZES.	
9 Approximation Prizes of $300	$2,700
9 Approximation Prizes of 200	1,800
9 Approximation Prizes of 100	900
1857 Prizes, amounting to	$110,400

Responsible corresponding agents wanted at all points, to whom liberal compensation will be paid.

For further information, write clearly giving full address. Send orders by express or Registered Letter, or Money Order by mail. Addressed only to M. A. DAUPHIN, New Orleans, La., or M. A. DAUPHIN, at No. 319 Broadway, New York.

All our Grand Extraordinary Drawings are under the supervision and management of GENS. G. T. BEAUREGARD and JUBAL A. EARLY.

NEEDLES

Agents, Male and Female, can make from $2 to $5 a day selling our Prize Medal Needle Pack age, 125 Needles in a package, completely assorted; price to agents, $11 a hundred; sells for 25 cents. Sample package, 15 cents in stamps. Goods warranted and sell fast. Send for circular. BRITISH NEEDLE ASSOCIATION, 22 New Church street, New York.

PENSIONS

for all soldiers disabled in United States service; also for heirs of deceased soldiers. Pensions increased for soldiers who are rated too low. Bounty and copies of discharges procured. Ohio Veteran Local Bounty for all Ohio Veterans who have not received it. Send two three cent stamps for blank and circulars of information to STODDART & CO., Solicitors of Claims and Patents, Room 8, St. Cloud Building, Washington, D. C.

YOU SURPRISE ME! with your liberal offer! Nevertheless we will send you a "gem of an autograph album" of 50 pages and a book of 300 choice selections, all for 7 three-cent stamps. As to our reliability, inquire of this paper. Address BURT & PRENTICE, 46 Beekman St., New York.

50 Paris, Motto, Chromo, Birds, Shells, gold, silver, etc., Cards, No 2 alike, with name, 10c. 5 packs, 50c. ROYAL CARD CO., Northford, Conn.

CARTES D'AMOUR, very gay for young only; 15 for 25c. Smith & Co. Williamsburg, N. Y.

SEEDS

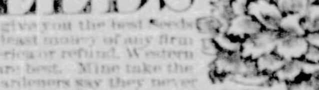
We will send our Catalogue for 1881

Containing a full and descriptive list of FLOWER SEEDS, VEGETABLE SEEDS, Gladiolus, Lilies, Roses, Plants, etc.

beautifully illustrated with colored plates, free to all who send their address. Application may be made to 179, 181, and 183 Main Street, Rochester, N.Y. or 174 E. Randolph St. Chicago, Ill.

HIRAM SIBLEY & CO. ROCHESTER, N.Y. & CHICAGO, ILLS.

ESTERBROOK'S STEEL PENS



Leading Numbers: 14, 048, 130, 333, 161.

For Sale by all Stationers.

THE ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO., Works, Camden, N. J. 26 John St., New York.

SEEDS

I will give you the best Seeds for the least money of any firm in America or refund. Western Seeds are best. Mine take the lead. Gardeners say they never fail. I used 6000 lbs paper to print 50,000 pretty Catalogues illustrated with 3000 worth of engravings. It beats the world, worth many dollars. FREE. Prices below all. R. H. SHUMWAY, Rockford, Ill. Best Seeds cheap pretty Book Free.

HOPE FOR THE DEAF

Garmore's Artificial Ear Drums

PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING and perform the work of the Natural Drum. Always in position, but invisible to others. All Conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. We refer to those using them. Send for descriptive circular. GARMORE & CO., 117 Nassau St., New York, or S. W. Corner 5th & Race Sts., Cincinnati, O.

MARCY'S OIL GAS SCIOPTICONS With New Improved and Carefully Selected MAGIC LANTERN SLIDES. L. J. MARCY, 1340 Chestnut St., Philadelphia. For convenience, and efficiency, for private or for public use, they stand

UNRIVALLED. Circulars free. Catalogue, 10 cents. Sciopticon Manual, [illegible]

DR. A. G. OLIN,

201 So. CLARK ST., CHICAGO, ILL. (Confidential Physician) Send two stamps for Guide to Health. Marriage Guide for the million, either sex, 50c. Reliable Female Pills, $5 a box. A quiet home for ladies during confinement. Rubber Goods and circular of important information by express, 50c. ADVICE FREE.

CARD AGENTS READ THIS!

One Beautiful Card Receiver, made from 27 varieties of Native and Foreign woods, given free to each one of our Card Agents. Send stamp for descriptive Circular and Price List of CARDS, etc. TUTTLE BROTHERS, North Haven, Conn.

EMPLOYMENT LOCAL OR Traveling. State which preferred. Also SALARY per month. All EXPENSES advanced. WAGES promptly paid. SLOAN & Co. 306 George St. Cincinnati, O.

WELL BORING AND ROCK DRILLING MACHINES. Tools for all kinds of Well making. LOOMIS & NYMAN, TIFFIN, OHIO.

51 All Paris, Gold, Silver, Birds, Floral Chromo and Bevel Edge Cards, with name, 10c. 8 packs, $1. Agents. Ivory, Enos Card Co., Northford, Conn.

The Household.

Correspondents writing for this department will please observe the following rules:

1. Write "Household Department" on the envelope.
2. Give real name and Postoffice address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.
3. Write only on one side of the paper; write plainly as possible, and do not interline.
4. Be as brief as the nature of the subject will allow.

Womanly Charity.

This first week of the New Year is a good time for new beginnings. It always seems as if with the ushering in of another cycle of seasons strength to do and dare comes to one—the nerve to attempt better living and doing; to make more of opportunities that cluster in our pathway. There is not a member of The Household but can think of something which, if accomplished, would answer a cherished longing or secret ambition, and there is not one who may not hope for the pleasure final success gives, if, with a strong, hearty determination to work—to work with a definite aim—to set discouragements at defiance—to be content with a little progress, if greater cannot be made—if with these the year's duties and labors are entered upon and persevered in to the end.

To-day, however, we want to talk to the women of The Household about something other than their active life work and cares. It has to do with their judgment of each other, with the cultivation of that loving charity which looks for the best in every one, with that womanly tenderness that will seek rather to excuse than condemn what it does not understand. It has been forcibly brought to our mind by the hue and cry raised in regard to the life of George Eliot, who has lately closed her eyes upon earth, its pleasures and pains forever.

That she had one of the grandest intellects ever given to man or woman none will deny. That she gave to literature the fruits of her genius brought forth by the travail of hard work, treasures which have made the world better and wiser, few will gainsay. That she did what she believed to be right those who knew her best earnestly declare. That she had faith that the purity of her intentions would one day be manifest is evident from her earnest prayer thus poetically expressed:

May I reach
That purest heaven, to be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love;
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty—
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense.

Some great agony! Such, doubtless, as she herself had lived through, and in her grand strength of soul came forth purified. If she sinned, she faced the consequences. She did not attempt justification, neither did she brave society. She simply lived her own life as it seemed to her best. It is, therefore, exasperating, to see these people who were not worthy to touch the hem of her garment, buzzing around attempting to defile her memory. It is the duty of every good woman to judge charitably of the dead, and to hush, [illegible] derstand, and ought not to dare to pronounce a judgment.

The same rule of charity should be applied in our treatment of the humble living as to the memory of the great dead. Men say that women are the worst enemies of their own sex. It is not true. Men ruthlessly destroy a fair structure, but women, alas! prevent its rebuilding. One is as deathly cruel as the other. A reproach is, however, well deserved that even this should be so. The gentle, loving, pitying hand ought ever to be extended to the erring, for there is far more truth than poetry in Burns's idea that though we may know what has been done, we cannot tell what evil has been resisted. Believe the best, and frown upon any attempt to spread what will injure a fellow woman.

Joaquin Miller's little poem regarding the treatment of man by his brother man, applies equally well to women, and we quote it entire, not because of its beauty of expression, but for its truth:

"Is it worth while that we jostle a brother,
Bearing his load on the rough road of life?
Is it worth while that we jeer at each other,
In blackness of heart that we war to the knife?
God pity us all in our pitiful strife.

God pity us all as we jostle each other;
God pardon us all for the triumphs we feel
When a fellow goes down 'neath his load on the heather,
Pierced to the heart: Words are keener than steel,
And mightier far for woe than for weal.

Were it not well, in this brief little journey
On over the isthmus, down into the tide,
We give him a fish instead of a serpent,
Ere folding the hands to be and abide
Forever and aye in dust at his side?

Look at the roses, saluting each other;
Look at the herds, all at peace on the plain.
Man, and man only, makes war on his brother,
And laughs in his heart at his peril and pain—
Shamed by the beasts that go down on the plain.

Is it worth while that we battle to humble
Some poor fellow down into the dust?
God pity us all! Time oft soon will tumble
All of us together, like leaves in a gust—
Humbled, indeed, down into the dust."

—Ed. Household.

A Woman's Profession.

I wish to make a few remarks on the letter of Mrs. M. J. Galpin. She says "Society and Nature have given the right of the first advance to the male." I do not see it in that way. I know society has unjustly given it, but it is wrong there as it has been proven to be oft-times in other things, and as to Nature, I think she has never given her opinion yet.

I believe that if it is to be exclusively the right of one sex, it is the female's; but as I am an advocate of equal rights, and not superior ones, I say it is as much the ladies' as the gentlemen's. Without this privilege, women are driven to the expedient of attracting the opposite sex by arts in dress and adornment of person, that leave no time for more exalted thought, it often making of her a flippant society belle, when she should be a cultured, noble woman, giving just regard to her personal appearance, but not making it the entire aim of her young life.

And, girls, do not let a man hang around you for years without an explicit understanding. I had a young friend who had the steady attention of a gentleman, from the age of 18 to 28. Then when her youth was gone, and her chances for marriage very much lessened, he left her and married a younger woman. I asked her when she was talking of her heartache, if they had a positive engagement. "No," said she, "but he was always talking about the happy future when we would have a home of our own, and how dear I was to him, etc., that I accepted it as a fact, without any misgivings, and was waiting until the time when we could begin life with the prospect of making our own way in the world."

She is now 34 and unmarried.

You are, my young sisters, in duty bound to protect yourselves. If you find you are getting interested in your company, so that to lose him would cause you sorrow, it is only being true to yourselves to mention the subject. Let him know you cannot waste your youth entertaining him, and give him the precious boon of love, to no purpose. If he is an honorable man he will see the force of your position; if not honorable you don't want him.

Learn some remunerative occupation that will make you independent in life, taking good care of your health all the while.

The profession of dentistry is one admirably fitted for a woman. My husband is a dentist, and as I have assisted him in his profession for years, I know what I am talking about. Philadelphia Dental College has graduated a few lady students. One of them is in a capital of the old country, has royalty for her patrons and is doing splendidly.

It is a profession requiring deft fingers, artistic skill, and not near as much strength in extracting as is generally supposed. It can be carried on in a dwelling house, and does not require an exorbitant capital to begin with while the losses are not heavy.

I believe it to be pre-eminently a woman's profession, though I think any profession or occupation is hers that she cares to follow, but whatever you undertake, do it with skill. Let your motto be perfection. Then if the right man comes along marry him and be happy. If he does not arrive, live a brave, true, independent life and you will be content.

Interested.

We are glad to see that a member of The Household is making some practical suggestions. What she says in regard to Dentistry as a profession for women is worthy of attention. If skilled work is done it is remunerative, while there is not the publicity about it that attends many kinds of business, and which is so dreaded by sensitive, retiring women.—Ed. Household.

Not the Way.

I can tell teachers of one or two ways to make children *not* like a school. This last Summer I sent two little boys 7 and 8 years old for the first time, as I taught them their letters and how to spell short words at home. I had told them how I did with little boys when they came to school to me, and they went the first day with great anticipation; but at night they were not so joyous, for the teacher had used a sharpened lead pencil to prod them with when reading, to make them speak their words quicker, or else to secure better attention, which left several black and blue spots on their necks. Then, except at the usual recess the little ones were all kept in the house writing on their slates or blackboard, making figures or letters which rendered it very tiresome for them. No wonder they longed to stay at home, where they could run about.

Another way is to tell scholars their heads are filled with cobwebs, and they will always be blockheads, or if they have been sickly and unable to study or attend school much, tell them they are very backward and ought to be ashamed to be in classes with those smaller than themselves, who are almost grown, when at the same time their ages are nearly the same. We had a man teacher last winter who talked in this way.

When I was a young girl I taught six Summers in succession in one district, where I had attended school with many of the children who came to me, among them three brothers and one sister of my own. I never enjoyed myself better in my life. I was a teacher in school hours, and a child with them at play, that is, I joined in their sports when able to do so, as my health was poor. On rainy days they would play hide the thimble and I have often thought a stranger would think me crazy by the looks of my head, for my long curls were often used to string the thimble on. My school house had a small yard in front of it and each scholar [illegible] every one was very careful to keep them free from weeds. The two front windows were covered with morning glories, and an arch over the door also, and when the Superintendent came to find us he passed the school house thinking it a dwelling house, but of course came back when he found out his mistake. "Well I never," he exclaimed after school, "a little yard six by 20 feet with four maple trees and flowers in profusion! why," said he "the last school I visited hadn't even a blade of grass near the door and the boys were sticking their heads out of the house to look at me as I drove up having torn off both siding and plaster."

Now I can't say as I did anything special to make children like me, except those six little boys, six years old, who came the first Summer I taught. I was then 15 years old. They were my watch in school, always being very careful, for fear they could not have it again if any mischief was done. They had my pencil and knife, and often a piece of my dinner, if their parents were too poor to afford many luxuries (or if they were not). I frequently went to stay all night with some of my scholars, always helping to wash dishes or do something to help their mothers, and helping myself to a good deal of information on the subject of housekeeping.

Sober Sides.

Early Schooling.

To my mind early schooling is the one great mistake of our school law.

If I were the law maker I certainly should have one to prohibit sending children to the common school under 8 years, and then a compulsory law to compel regular attendance for at least five years: with the requisite exceptions to meet extreme cases, of course.

If I were the happy mother of little children (mine have wings and harps) instead of sending them unwilling to school, I would make the utmost endeavor to interest and instruct them at home.

Scarcely a mother in the land but could and should take time to find and read some quaint little story, either in prose or verse, for the "edification and instruction" of her little ones. This might and should be of as daily occurrence as the morning prayer or the evening song. Don't, for the love of God and your children, say you haven't time, and coldly push them off or turn them over to a poor, overtaxed teacher, and don't plead you have no story books at hand and no money, when the Blade, that old encyclopedia of good things, contains in every issue a wealth of amusing and instructive stories, both in prose and poetry. Read these, explain them to the little ones. Open up the little minds, get them interested, give them a glimpse of the wealth of knowledge. Show them what a fairy-land of beauty and pleasure is awaiting them inside the musty covers of books. Show them what wings to the soul knowledge is, and what pleasure in the present.

Dear mothers, let the education of your little ones begin at home. You will lose nothing by it, for in your effort to aid them your own minds will be materially quickened, your own pleasures enhanced, your own souls expanded.

Mrs. Hattie Wade.
Ormas, Ind.

One More.

Will The Household make room for one more fault-finder? I am an admirer of Shirley Dare, and strange to relate, I withstood the blast which she sent rushing through the country by that dreadful "summer letter" which slayed its thousands, and called down upon her unsuspecting head the resentment and indignant of so many members of The Household. But, "they best can bear reproof who merit praise." So this time I come with my little opinion, for I do not like the tone of her letter of last week. She says, "what attraction has a wreath of violets for a girl who has Mark Twain's autograph begged for her album," etc. Now, if you will excuse the appearance of egotism, I will say that I am one of those awful girls, and that I can admire that monogram in three colors and have tasted the dizzy delights of appearing in full costume in a brilliant ball room, and have enjoyed it too. Yet I see no reason why I should not appreciate the delicate subtle perfume of the dainty violet, for it must be a narrow mind that can not appreciate the beauties of art without losing its taste for the beautiful in nature.

It seems to me that this is a one-sided view of human nature, and reminds me of men who say we can not take an interest in politics without losing the modesty and purity characteristic of our sex. But as for the most of her letter, it is alas! too true—that the simple, old-fashioned childhood, is fast disappearing, and like those pure, simple flowers, which she mentions can be found only with a few families, who still desire to perpetuate in their houses and gardens, these beautiful relics of the past, which the ruthless heart of fashion hay, destroyed.

Lillia.

"Inborn, or Nature's Gifts."

Young teachers often ask the question, "What books shall I read, or what rules shall I follow, in order to become a successful teacher?" They imagine that the secret of successful teaching is locked up in some closet, and all that is needed is to obtain a key to unlock it. The key has never been found.

To teach successfully one needs, first, inborn gifts; second, education, and third, experience. The greatest of these is the inborn gifts; for, having them, they will have the others sooner or later. I place inborn gifts first, because I think them the most necessary. I will name some of the most important of them.

First. A strong will power, a spirit of leadership, call it energy, push or vim; or call it what you like, it is that which makes things go. To this add common sense, good judgment, patience (not weary in well doing), love of children, and last, but not least, power of expression.

Visit any school, notice the boys and girls, at play. Is there not one who leads the rest, and whose word is law? Do you not think that Blaine, Conkling or Logan were leaders when boys at school? Would they not have been successful teachers? Grant is noted as a leader, but he would never be as successful in teaching as Blaine or Logan, for he has not the power of expression that they have. Having these gifts, a teacher finds it a pleasure to teach, and his pupils love to go to school.

As the Blade wants short articles, I must close. If this is accepted, will write an article on the second topic, "Education."

Wm. O'Connor.
Ottawa, Ill.

The Real Truth.

When I read "Marian's" letter—"Not Enough to go Round,"—and the amusing predicament she has got the editor in, I could not repress a sympathetic smile at these fellows who are trying their bravery a thousand miles from danger. Take my word for it young ladies, they are just cavorting at a safe distance. We have, at least, a dozen of those fellows here in our neighborhood, who do their own cooking, sweeping and washing, who have ranches, horses and cattle, and pretend they are half dead to have their hair pulled by some disconsolate damsel, but who would out-run the fastest Texas steer on the ranche if they were to see even one of Marian's guards approaching. They are well aware when they are doing their brave talking, there is not a marriageable woman within miles and miles.

Some of The Household correspondents wish to hear from the far West. Just ask for what you wish to know and I will answer as best I may. For a general answer I will say, we have plenty of high mountains, interspersed with valleys, broad plains, covered with thick, short grass. Farming is carried on here to a limited extent along the streams where irrigating facilities can be had. It is too dry to think of farming without artificial rain, as it is called. The principal wealth of the country consists of herds and mines; herds are first on the calendar, mines next. It is all rather a wild, free life, but to do well one must have a fixed purpose as elsewhere.

Wm. Irwin.
Ute Creek, Colfax Co., N. M.

I would like, through this department to call the attention of our Northern friends, who are seeking homes in the South, to this section. I mean Middle Tennessee. Here we have one of the best countries on earth. We can grow nearly all kinds of fruit and vegetables. Our grasses, all of which do well, keep green all the Winter, thus affording more than half our Winter's food for our cattle and sheep, both of which do well here. Corn, wheat, rye, oats, barley all grow luxuriantly. It is a splendidly watered country for man and stock. I can't see how a man could desire a better home than Middle Tennessee will afford.

Our people as a general thing are law-abiding. The political condition of our country is improving. The last election has proved a valuable lesson to our Democratic friends, and I think if we could diffuse more Northern literature—such as the good old Blade—and have a good Northern emigration we would soon have a country of which we might well be proud. Lands are cheap and can be bought on easy terms. I was raised here in one of the strongest Democratic sections of Tennessee and I love this country and want to see it built up with free schools, railroads and good roads, but I know we can never do these things with the element we have among us. So I want good Northern people to come and help us.

F. S. White.
Brick Church, Tenn.

The Ballot.

It will come to women because it is right. The principles upon which our Government was founded, demand it. Those amenable to laws should have a voice in their enactment. Taxation and representation should go hand in hand. These are axioms in a Republican Government, and they cover the whole ground of the right. It will come because it is expedient. If women voted it would introduce a better element into politics, which would have an elevating influence.

The author of "Woman's Kingdom," one of the foremost women of the day, says that no woman can be as good as a really good man. Whether this is so or not, all will admit that the proportion of the very bad is much greater among the men than among the women. The objection to women voting is simply a matter of feeling. It is a shadow of the barbarous ages which still hangs over us. There is no good reason against it. Ridicule alone can be brought to bear upon it. They say a woman can not shoe a horse and therefore should not vote. And other like nonsense. It is idle to say in this age that woman has not the mental power and capacity to judge in such matters. Given the same opportunities and incitements and sex does not mark the difference. Let us talk it up until the lords of creation get accustomed to the idea, and they can not long refuse it. It is now fully in practice in one of the States, and partially so in two others, and there is found no objection.

Ex-Med.

Another Question.

I knocked at the door of The Household some time ago, and was not refused admittance, so I thought I would come again. I have read with interest the letters on teaching, and would like to say my little say with the rest. I am a teacher, and when I speak, it is from experience. My first and foremost rule in governing children is, *never* govern blindly. I have known teachers to make rules, and tell children they must do this, or must not do that, without one word of reasoning or explanation, even though these rules might take away their most enticing pleasures, or what seemed to them their indisputable rights. I never make a rule in school, or refuse a child the smallest request, without explaining just why I do so. And it is very seldom that I find it necessary to reprove a child for an act of disobedience.

I see a great many letters are being written in answer to "Opal's" question concerning marriage, and I would like to have the opinion of the members of The Household on another question relating to the same subject. It seems to be growing more common every day to see girls of 18 to 25 years of age marry men 38 to 45 or even 50 years old. Is this wise? And are such marriages as a rule happy ones. Please let us have the opinion of The Household on the subject.

Litchfield, Ill. Eva.

To Moss Rose.

Gather all your sweet dead wishes,
All your cherished hopes now gone,
Bind them with one tie of memory;
Make for them a silent tomb;
Bury them in one dark corner,
Not the brightest of your heart,
Shed your tears, not weep forever,
You must act a hero's part.

If you would not have them meet you,
White and still with fingers cold,
Filling all your soul with anguish,
Thrust them from you brave and bold.
Look about you for some duty;
Work will heal the wounded heart;
Fill your life with strength and beauty,
Face not like the dove apart,

From the foes who cannot hurt you,
In your path of truth and right,
And the blackest clouds will vanish,
After darkness comes the light.
When we sit alone at midnight,
And we cannot rest or sleep,
Then one thing we should remember,
There's a balm for those who weep.

There's a bright and silvery lining,
To each black and dreary cloud,
If we will, our cares to lighten,
When the blinding storm is loud.
There's a river on whose waters,
If we cast our helpless bark,
We may see in foulest weather
Gleams of sunshine in the dark.

Mrs. J. R. Wilcox.
Soda Springs, Col.

Not to be Exempted.

I for one, shall not come down on "Colorado's" head as she predicts, neither would I criticise, but just express one thought in relation to home happiness. Now speaking from my own observations I cannot think a husband should be entirely exempt from household "cares and worries." As sympathy is one of the links in the golden chain of affection and love, which should bind every husband and wife, may we not, by carefully concealing and bearing alone the ills and perplexities of everyday life, sever that chain, and erect a partition wall, as it were, that will eventually lead to the unhappiness of both? In other words, will not the mutual interchange of griefs, as well as joys, lessen the burdens of each, and thus unite more firmly the hearts that should beat as one? I think it cultivates a degree of confidence, and strength, which enables us to win more successfully the battles of life. I hope the day may never come when I shall meet my husband as "my liege lord."

Fidelity.
Binghamton, N. Y.

Expressions of Opinion.

"J. K.," Ann Arbor, Mich., writes thus:

"Mrs. Galpin gives some very earnest reasons for women voting. Now I do not think that Nature unfits women for understanding the principles of Government at all. Nay, if there is any difference between the intellectual attainments of women and men, I think the former have keener perceptions, more refined natures, and nobler faculties of the soul, of the two. But would it be best for women to enter the exciting arena of political life? Would it not, Mrs. Galpin, tend to blunt their refined natures? Can they not do more good, training their children, teaching them the principles of right and wrong, and leaving their husbands to do the rougher and more unpleasant part of the work in our Government?

It does not seem to me that women's rights are cut off as much as some pretend. Their influence is great. My sister has more influence with me than my brother has, and I venture to say that it is the case with a great many others. Well is not that power?"

"N. H.," of Washington, Kansas, says:

"I believe it is right for a girl to seek a home if it is out of a pure and unselfish motive. I know of a girl who works for a living. She is about the age of young "Bach," but she believes the same as Pennsylvania girls—it is best to have nothing to do [illegible] is able to support herself, but she thinks also it is woman's mission to provide for a household of her own, if it can be made a happy one, and is willing to assist any one who is willing to do his part to make it a good Christian home."

"Peter Pinder," Girard, Ills., writes:

"The question that seems to agitate the minds of your correspondents mostly is one of vast importance, and it is one that should have the sympathy of every honest and intelligent thinking man. And that question is Woman's Rights. God speed the time when they can be made equal in every respect with us, the lords of creation."

"C," of Clymer, N. Y., speaks on the other side:

"I wish to call the attention of the readers of The Household, to an article entitled, "Why are we Burdens?" by Miss Bessie Bingham." You can see that she shows more or less of the masculine. She speaks of self-will and force of character. Pardon me, 'Miss Bingham,' but there are few women that have much self-will or any too much force of character and for that reason alone should not vote. If we accept the Bible as a truth, woman seems to have lost all her force of will, and got Adam into a job of eating forbidden fruit so that the whole human race can never get over it and must work out the curse."

"B. B." Warsaw, N. Y., writes:

"I am not a strong minded woman in the general acceptance of the term, neither am I an unwomenly one, still I cannot see, why it should not be a woman's privilege to provide herself a home if she can do it honorably. Hard work is a great deal easier with one some to care for and to care for you."

"Becka," Buchanan, Mich., asks an important question:

"The Bible says, 'Knock and it shall be opened unto you,' so I have come, believing you will let me in. I will only make a short call, to introduce myself to your family, as Elizabeth Rebecka Dodge—it, but for short you may call me "Becka." I am very much interested in the different topics discussed in your circle. I wish some of you would advance your ideas about governing children with love instead of the rod or some other switch. Can it be done in all cases, and if so, with as good results as when punishment is resorted to, as in case of obstinacy or willful disobedience? I will call again if I can Dodgeit."

Inquiries.

Will some one please give a recipe for fruit cake?—Nannie.

Will some one send me a receipt for graham bread?—Lillia.

Will any of the readers of the Blade inform me, by card, where I can get full blooded white Leghorn fowls?—Wm. Oake, Labula, Jackson Co., Ia.

Will some sister of The Household please send me sample and directions for crocheting fancy stitch for hoods so much worn?—Annetta, Buffalo, Wilson County.

Will the lady that sent a recipe to the Blade for the cure of rupture with the oil of egg, please send her address to Mrs. Jas. Liggett, White Water, Butler Co., Kas?

Will some one please tell through The Household how to knit the suspender stitch, also the different crochet stitches for scarfs and hoods? Or they may address,—Nannie, box 151, Romeo, Mich.

Will some of the members of The Household tell me how to color feathers to make feather flowers? I wish to know how to color leaves for red roses, and also how to color purple.—Celia, Coleman, Mich.

As "Red Nose's" inquiry has been so generously responded to for her affliction, will some person or persons now send me a remedy for flesh worms that will leave the skin smooth and free from the small holes or pores attending them?—Patty Marill, St. Joseph, Mich.

I wish to ask if any person could furnish a copy of a poem entitled, I think, "The Hoosier's Nest." It commences,

"Suppose in riding through the West,
A traveler finds a Hoosier's nest.
In other words a Buckeye cabin,
Scarce big enough to hold Queen Mab in."

—Address, Box No. 4, Staunton, Clay County, Ind.

Will Mrs Butter Duck, Oregon, please send me her address, and also some more information in regard to that country? I should like to know the price of land, the state of society, what are the school advantages, and the markets.—Mrs. W. H. Austin, Axtell, Marshall County, Kansas.

Answers to Inquiries.

Some one asks for a substitute for cream. So far as coffee is concerned a whole egg well beaten, with a little water added, does well where cream cannot be obtained.—S. Scotton, Eureka, Cal.

If "Ethel" will send me her address, I will tell her what I know of Dr. S. A. Richmond's Samaritan Nervine. I have used it and can state what its effect has been in my case (epilepsy.)—James W. Miller, Main City, Cass Co., Mo.

Please tell Mrs. G. B. Tyrell, of Burton, Kan., to take good wood ashes about ½ of a qt and a good handful of salt, and put in the water when she bathes her feet about twice a week. Have the water as warm as can be used; it is a sure cure for frosted feet and chilblains?—Rose Noble, Prospect, Pa.

I see in the Blade of Dec. 16 a request for a cure for cold or night sweats. I send a simple, easy and sure cure. Just before going to bed take from 10 to 15 grains of black pepper (in grain) swallow with one gill of cold water. If it fails the first night repeat the second. I have seen cases of two years standing cured permanently with two doses.—H. B. Prose, Lyons, Kan.

In answer to the inquiry of "English Joy" asking where to obtain temperance songs and pieces for children, I will say that the work of the Executive Committee of the Womans' Christian Temperance Union at New York embraces every department of temperance work. And I would advise all who wish to obtain any kind of temperance literature or information in regard to juvenile work to address, Julia Coleman, 34 Bible House, New York.—H. E. M., Tremansburg, N. Y.

If "Subscriber," Garland, Pa., will procure a good electro-magnetic machine—or, in other words, a galvanic battery—and treat herself as she may be directed for neuralgia, she will find herself cured of the disease as if by magic. She will also find it a good antidote for opium poisoning. "Subscriber" will then exclaim, with others, "throw physic to the dogs." Try electricity, and my word for it your shattered health will again be built up. I know whereof I speak. I have cured myself of a very bad attack of acute rheumatism by a few applications of this remedy. I affirm that electricity will cure many other aches and pains. Electricity will also be found a speedy remedy for cold sweats.—One Who Wishes to Alleviate Suffering.

Recipes.

TO CURE CHILBLAINS.

Take alum the size of a hen's egg; dissolve in three qts. warm water; soak the feet three times. It never fails to cure.—L. Peter.

SOFT GINGERBREAD.

For Rosemary—1 cup molasses, ½ cup of boiling water, 4 tablespoonsful of butter or lard, 1 of ginger, 1 heaping teaspoonful of soda, ½ teaspoonful of baking powder, a little salt, flour to make a batter, not very stiff. I know this recipe to be good.—S. S., Williamsville, Ill.

SOUR KROUT.

Cut a tub of cabbage, put in a clean barrel, a very little salt, and pound until the juice raises on the surface. So continue until the desired quantity is made. Then have a clean weight to lay on top. Mind that your brine is always over the cabbage. Should it fall, make a very weak brine and pour over. Wash your cover often. If kept in a warm place in two or three weeks you have good krout to remove to the cellar.—From Dark Hills.

CURE FOR RUPTURE.

[illegible] published in the Blade some time ago:

"Boil 15 fresh eggs hard, take out the yolks, cut them up in a spider, and place them over a slow fire; stir constantly, gradually increasing the heat. It will soon dissolve into a creamy substance; then, as the fire grows hotter, it will rapidly turn brown-looking, like coffee; now stir briskly all the time. It will smoke and smell badly, and you will feel sure it is burning up, but keep at it patiently, and after a while it will dissolve into a black oil. Strain and bottle it. Rub on the oil every night after lying down, being sure the rupture is in place. In the morning use a salve made of 4 oz. fresh butter, 1 oz. beeswax and 15 drops of oil of spike melted together. Cures have been effected in two or three weeks.—E. L. Phillips.

A letter addressed to The Household was received, signed "Hurrie Scurrie," asking the help of the members for a family whose distress was stated to be great. After it was prepared for publication the editor discovered that the name of the place from which it was sent was omitted. Of course it was useless to put it before our readers when it could do no good.

We have received several inquiries regarding patent medicines, to be inserted in The Household department. As we have confidence in very few of these nostrums, and do not wish to become a gratuitous advertising medium for any, such questions will, hereafter, not be inserted.

A number of letters have come to us lately inviting correspondence from the opposite sex. Since our experience with "Marion's" epistle, we decline to publish anything more of the kind, unless it is inserted as a paid advertisement, and the address given so that the responses need not come to this office. Such a deluge of letters and inquiries could not be endured again.—[Ed. Household.

A Profitable Traffic.

London Telegraph.

An entirely new branch of industrial business in connection with the still thriving trade in relics of cannonized ecclesiastical notabilities has recently been developed by the monks of Mount Athos, who annually dispatch a large number of reverend travelers in this particular class of commodity to the Russian Government of Orenburg. A lively and chronic demand for relics appears to obtain among the inhabitants of this Province, and the latest expedient for keeping up the necessary supply adopted by the priestly purveyors does infinite credit to their ingenuity. Having provided themselves before starting on their rounds with a few good solid bones of departed saints, duly authenticated by some exalted episcopal or monastic authority, they proceed to saw up this stock into extremely thin pieces. Each slice is then framed and glazed, in the manner of a miniature portrait, and either exhibited to the credulous peasantry for a moderate fee, or parted with altogether at a heavy figure to some devout capitalist whose means permit him to become an absolute possessor of so precious an object. About six weeks ago a party of these sagacious Sawbones set up a booth in the portico of Orsk Cathedral, and have since done uncommonly well, according to the Cologne Gazette, in framed fragments of wonder-working tibia and femora, once, doubtless, used for locomotive purposes by saints and martyrs of indisputable merit. But the astute relic-retailers, in view of the hardness of the times just now in Russia, have supplemented their special trade by large dealings in blessed balsams, sanctified salves, and miraculous mixtures, which are largely bought up at top prices by infirm and sickly believers. It is estimated that within the last six years the monks of Mount Athos have realized 2,000,000 rubles—about £300,000—clear profit, by their sales in Russia alone.

Nature's Sluice-Way.

The kidneys are nature's sluice-way to wash out the debris of our constantly changing bodies. If they do not work properly the trouble is felt everywhere. Then be wise and as soon as you see signs of disorder get a package of Kidney-Wort.—*Constitution.*

Our Young Folks.

HOW THE WIND BLOWS.

High and low
The Spring winds blow!
They take the kites that the boys have made,
And carry them off high into the air;
They snatch the little girls' hats away,
And toss and tangle their flowing hair.

High and low
The Summer winds blow!
They dance and play with the garden flowers,
And bend the grasses and yellow grain;
They rock the bird in her hanging nest,
And dash the rain on the window-pane.

High and low
The Autumn winds blow!
They frighten the bees and blossoms away,
And whirl the dry leaves over the ground;
They shake the branches of all the trees,
And scatter ripe nuts and apples around.

High and low!
The Winter winds blow!
They fill the hollows with drifts of snow,
And sweep on the hills a pathway clear;
They hurry the children along to school,
And whistle a song for the happy New Year.

—*Our Little Ones.*

For the Blade.

BIRD'S NESTING.

THE TROUBLES AND TRIUMPHS OF TWO JUVENILE NATURALISTS.

BY KARL POMEROY M'ELROY.

Continued.

The next day they spent in fixing up their aviary and watching the old squirrel, or, as the boys called her, the "squll."

On the following one they started out in company with Marsh Eyster for a marsh wren swamp.

"Where is the swamp, Jim?" asked Harry.

"Down on the new river; the ones we are going to are about a mile away. They're just full of the wren's nests, but there isn't one in ten inhabited or got any eggs in."

"What's the reason of that, Jim?"

"Ask Marsh, he has hunted the thing up thru more books on natural history than I ever saw."

"Some of them are last year's nests, and the he's while the others, their mates, are setting, build nests just for the fun of it. I had a queer time once hunting wren's eggs. I was down to this swamp we're going to. I was in the middle of the confounded arrangement and was standing on a log looking for nests, and the log broke under me and I fell into the water. The mud was about half liquid and I sank in it knee deep. You had better believe I was scared. I caught hold of the rushes and pulled myself out. After that I walked on the roots till I forgot once and stepped in the mud and I went down again. I had a mighty hard time getting out, and when I did I left that part of the marsh pretty quick. I've never been on that part since, tho Jim has."

"Yes, I have. It's solid enuf now."

"Are there two kinds of the Marsh wren, Jim?" "What are their names?"

"Yes, there is, the long bills and the short bills. The short bills are very scarce 'round here. I've only seen one, and that Marsh gave to me."

"Hello, Jim! there is a woodpecker up there," said Harry.

"Which tree is it in?" asked the former.

"In this 'un. Are you going up?"

"Just you bet your happy life I ain't, unless nobody else will, but I know you will, won't you Eyster?"

[illegible]

"I will," said Jim, "If I and Harry can have the eggs." Eyster went up and after a great deal of chopping reached the eggs. There were five of them. They were pure white. When Marsh pulled out his hand he found that it smelt—well, rather strongly. Getting down with all the speed he could muster, he rushed to a little creek, which was in the vicinity, and washed his hands with a vigor rarely equalled and never excelled, notwithstanding they had a faint odor the rest of the day. As this in character resembled that of that little essence peddler, the skunk, they gave him a rather wide berth.

"Phew! Marsh, your hands smell as if you had been fighting with a skunk. Did you ever have a combat with one?"

"Yes, when I was five years old I was staying up on my grandfather's farm. One day my cousin and I went out to the barn and saw a pretty little black-and-white animal running about. Cal, that was my cousin's name, said we should kill him with our pitchforks, and we could take the skin over to the town and sell it, we went for the little perfumatory, and as I was nearest I got the full benefit of the perfume. Cal got hardly any, as he was afraid it might bite and stood behind me. I dropped my fork and ran for my Aunt's house howling like the dickens, they were having dinner, but after I came near the house nobody wanted any. They said it smelt as if somebody was burning brimstone. I had to take off my clothes, bury them and wash in the creek before I could come near them. My clothes were buried for a month or two but they never lost the smell."

"You must have been pretty poorly dressed after burying your clothes, Mars," said Jim.

"No, I borrowed a suit off the clothes-line. After that I have always wanted to run when I saw any of the odorous little vermin."

They had now reached the swamp where the Marsh wrens were separating. They rolled up their pants and waded in. They found any number of nests, but they were all empty. But at last Harry found two in quick succession, each of which had in it five dark, chocolate colored eggs.

"Which kind of wren are they, Jim?" asked he.

"Long-bills. The other kind lay white eggs. Hallo! Marsh has found some kind of rare nest, if we can judge by the noise he is making. Let's go and see what he has got."

They did so, and found that he had a Shortbill's nest which contained three eggs. They divided them equally and resumed the search, but found no more, tho they hunted till evening. They took home with them several of the nests, as they were rather curiously constructed of the marsh plants, woven into a cocoanut shaped ball, with the entrance on one side. The Shortbill's was lined with feathers with soft down of some kind, the others with the finer grasses which grew in the swamp.

On the way home they passed another woodpecker's nest, but none of the boys would go up to it, deterred by Marsh's experience. A little farther on they found a bank-swallow's nest, in some high banks along the river. They dug out the eggs; there were four of them.

When quite near home they saw a Baltimore oriole's nest at the extremity of a long branch. Marsh went up, as he was a good climber. He crawled out to the branch till he was near the nest, hanging on another branch immediately above him. He was just reaching for the eggs when the limb which he was holding with one hand broke, and he fell to the ground. There happened to be a farm house near, and they hired the farmer to drive them into town. As Dr. Brown's house was the nearest they took him to it first. The doctor examined the arm and said it was broken, but it was not a serious fracture. He took him in his gig to his home. The boys went out after eggs the next day and got a number; among them were the Oriole's, others were Kingfisher's, and House Wrens' which had built in a deserted woodpecker's hole. They also captured the bird, and when they went home put her in their aviary. In all they secured 20 eggs, besides several nests.

In this way they went on thru the season, receiving numerous falls and sometimes getting eggs, sometimes not. The close of the nesting left Harry with a moderate collection of eggs and an enthusiasm even surpassing that of his brother for bird's-egging.

Did space permit we would tell of many more of their bird's nesting adventures.

FINIS.

The Blind Water-rat.

The touching lines of Coleridge's "Rime of the Ancient Mariner" were recalled the other day by the reading of an incident:

"He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.
He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small;
For the dear God, who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

The incident was about a water-rat which an English gentleman saw while fishing in a gentle, flowing stream. The sun, shining brightly, showed him the rat crossing the water, not six yards from him. Intercepting its passage by a gentle touch of his rod, he caused it to dive. But quickly rising, it reached the shore, where it ran backward and forward several times, upon the narrow strip of gravel between the stream and the bank.

As there were several rat-holes in the bank, the angler was puzzled to understand why the little creature did not take shelter in one of them. He shouted several times, but it continued its search for a hole, till at last it stood still. As if in despair, it sat upright, with its face raised direct to the sun, and its fore-legs held upward, the very attitude a man would take in prayer.

On approaching it noiselessly, the angler saw that the poor rat was blind. "A more touching appeal to man's compassion," he wrote, "I cannot conceive, and who shall say but that, as it sat there, it did not in some way appeal for light and guidance to the Father of Light? I withdrew as gently as I could, and looking back some minutes after, saw it still in the same prayerful attitude."

Death of a Favorite.

The late Alfred Sined, of England, was one of the rare men who, like Thoreau, have a peculiar insight into nature, and a sort of affinity with animal life, that wins the love of all living creatures. He saw a hundred things when walking in the woods and fields, that a companion with a quick eye failed to see. Nothing seemed afraid of him; bugs, spiders, flesh and birds would come to feed from his hands. His collection of curiosities was wonderful, and very startling to people of weak nerves.

Among his special favorites were a Guernsey lizard and a huge toad. The toad he had raised, almost from birth, feeding it on beetles. It had grown to gigantic size, and knew and loved its master like a well-trained dog. He delighted to show it to visitors, and exhibit its unerring skill in catching bugs and insects. He was almost inconsolable when it died, a victim to the superior strength of the Guernsey lizard. They quarreled over a fine black beetle, and the lizard preferred the death of its rival to the sacrifice of its own appetite.

FOR THE LADIES.

There is romance in figures. A young man met a girl, 1er, married her, and took her on a wedding 2er.

"There's no place like home," repeated Mr. Henpeck, looking at a motto; and he heartily added, "I'm glad there isn't."

In the Isle of Man it has been decided to extend the franchise to unmarried women possessed of the necessary property qualification.

An Ohio girl sued a man for breach of promise, and proved him such a mean scoundrel that the jury decided that she ought to pay him something for not marrying her.

Social amenities—Papa (to Mabel, who has been to a juvenile party)—"Did any one pay you any attention, Mab?" Mabel—"I don't know." Papa—"I mean did any one talk to you or dance with you?" Mabel—"Well, there was a little boy who made faces at me."

A society of Mormon girls, having for its [illegible] has been discovered and broken up at Salt Lake. The members took a vow to marry no man who would not pledge himself to be content with one wife. Five granddaughters of Brigham Young had joined it.

The Duchess de la Torre, wife of Marshal Serrano, is probable the youngest looking matron in either hemisphere. The paint brush, in conjunction with her exquisite artistic abilities, has done a great deal for her. She used to be called at Biarritz *la Marechale peinte par elle-meme*. But she is no longer likely to pass herself off for "a young lady," as a son, whom she sent to London to London to study English, has married Mercedes, daughter of Countess Castellforite, and her daughter is going to marry the brother of the bride. Some seven or eight years ago the Duchess was said by her friends to be only 36 years old. The Marshal is a man of 70.

FAMILIAR RELATIONS.

A little *father* o'er the stile
As James would fain a *sister*—
As eke some *mother* lads would do,
He bent him down and kissed her.

The maiden cried, "*Aunt* you a wretch
To treat a girl so badly!
You'd *daughter* be ashamed, I say,
To *cousin* me so sadly!"

—*Eugene Field.*

A WONDERFUL CUP.

Some Account of Rothschild's $160,000 Goblet.

Baron Charles de Rothschild, of Frankfort, has recently purchased, for the enormous sum of 800,000 francs ($160,000), a silver gilt cup by the celebrated Jammitzer, which is said to be a marvelous work of art. The *Chronique des Arts*, is, as far as is known, the largest price ever paid in modern times for a single object of art. The work is the centrepiece of a table service. The foot is composed of a rock entirely covered with grasses and field flowers, on which disport themselves beetles, little lizards, locusts and snails. From this rises the figure of a woman, emblematizing the earth and bending in eloquent poise, as she supports on her head and her hands a tall chalice, decorated with grotesques and topped by a cover, which terminates in a vase in the form of a baluster, from which springs a bunch of leaves and flowers. The silver gilt of which the cup is made has ornaments in opaque and translucent enamels. The goldsmithery of the sixteenth century is said to offer nothing more finished in execution, and which, though open to criticism possibly from the standpoints both of taste and style, has its weaknesses counterbalanced by the wonderful perfection of all its details.

The story of Baron Rothchild's acquisition of the work is quite curious. It formed part of the estate of the late Nuremberg banker, Merkel, who died in 1878, and whose heirs, by common accord, agreed to loan it, together with Albert Durer's picture of the Holchucher, to the German Museum at Nuremberg, of which Jammitzer's chief d'œuvre became one of the greatest treasures. Indeed, the public, during the years that it was on exhibition, thought it belonged to the museum. It was so arranged that the work could not be taken away without joint consent of the heirs and a ministerial authorization. Some months ago the celebrated art work disappeared from the galleries, to the great astonishment and consternation of the Nurembergers and the country in general. After a while it leaked out that a Frankfort dealer in art objects, the agent of Baron Rothschild, had appeared with the necessary papers from the family and the minister, and the director of the museum had been obliged to deliver to him the cup. The whole affair was conducted with great secrecy, and it is certain that had it been known that the object was for sale, the director of the Nuremberg museum as well as those of many others would have competed with the present purchaser for its possession.

What He Would Say.

Punch.

Board Schoolmaster (desiring to explain the word "conceited," which had occurred in the course of the reading lesson)—Now, boys, suppose that I was always boasting of my learning—that I knew a good deal o' Latin, for instance, or that my personal appearance was—that I was very good looking, y' know—what should you say I was? Straightforward Boy (who had "caught the speaker's eye")—I should say you was a liar, s'.

A BEAUROCRACY.

The Formalities of Getting Married in Germany.

January Atlantic.

This time I was bound to make sure work, and so, with the best information I could procure, started off for the Civil Bureau (*Standes Amt*) to ascertain precisely what was required.

"Upon what business do you come?" demanded the pompous servant at the door.

"I am an American citizen, and want to know how to get married in Germany," I faltered.

He opened the door of the main office, and shouted, "Ein Herr Amerikanner wishes to marry himself!" and then showed me into a large and well-filled waiting-room to take my turn, every occupant of which gazed fixedly at me without winking for some minutes. One thin, dark, wiry man in soiled linen, and bright yellow kid gloves, had dropped in to announce the death of his third wife. A trembling young mother was sharply reprimanded for letting the legal third day pass before announcing the death of her child. A somewhat seedy clerk had come, with a radiant face, to announce the birth of a boy 14 hours old, and to be called Johannes Conrade Hermann Degeuermeister. A servant girl and her lover were waiting in one corner,—she red and giggling, he erect, dignified, and taciturn as a head-waiter,—to be made man and wife. I had plenty of time to observe, for nearly an hour passed before my turn came. At length I was shown into a long room, with half a dozen clerks at one end, who twisted their necks, adjusted their glasses and gazed and listened with open-mouthed wonder.

"I wish to get married in the very simplest and quickest way," I said, presenting my passport. "Will you please tell me how to do it?"

"It is extremely simple," said the officer. "We must have a certificate of your birth [*Geburtsschein*] signed by the burgomaster of the town in which you were born, and with its seal, and witnessed in due form. Your certificate of baptism [*Taufschein*] should also be sent, to guard against all error, sealed and witnessed by the present pastor or the proper church officers. These must be presented here by each of the contracting parties, with their passports, as the first step."

I carefully noted this, and he proceeded:

"The parents, if living, should certify to their knowledge and approval of the marriage. We must also be satisfied that there is no obstacle, legal, moral or otherwise, to it; whether either of you have been married before, and if so their names and ages. The parents' names should be in full; also their residence, occupation, age, and place of birth should, of course, be given for record here."

I begged for another scrap of paper and made further notes.

"When we have these here in this desk," he continued, patting fondly that piece of furniture, "then either we can publish the bans [*Aufgebot*] by posting a notice of your intention in the *Rathhaus* for 14 days, or else you can have it printed in the journal of the place where you reside in America, and bring us a copy here as evidence that it has actually appeared. After the expiration of this time you can be married in this office."

"Must it be here?" I queried.

"Of course," he said. "This is the only place which the law now recognizes. Poor people are content with civil marriage only, but all who move in good society go from here to the church for a religious ceremony."

"Is it not possible to shorten the time?" I timidly ventured to inquire. "We had made all the arrangements for an earlier day, and are seriously incommoded by the delay. I did not know the requirements. It takes four weeks to hear from America, and then two weeks more here, and—You do not, perhaps, exactly understand, and yet I hardly know how to explain. But there is really haste. We are pressed for time."

"Haste? Pressed for time?" he repeated. "Perhaps I do not understand. I am sorry, but it cannot possibly be sooner. You think we are slow in Germany. True, but we are sure. We require our people to take time to think over the matter beforehand, and divorce with us is far from being the easy matter I have heard it is in America."

Stewart's Body.

Gath, in Cincinnati Enquirer.

The body of A. T. Stewart has never been recovered. That is the information I have from persons close to Judge Hilton. The thieves who stole it relied upon a woman's weakness to redeem the bones at a costly price. But to the same religious feelings Mrs. Stewart's friends appealed when they told her that if she purchased those poor bones no man would lie safe in his grave; that they were not necessary to the repose of her husband's soul, and that if he could appear to her in spirit he would tell her never to give one cent to keep alive such an example. Hence the grave robbers had their nasty work and subsequent expense and long waiting on a reward for nothing. I once asked Judge Hilton for information on that subject, and he said: "I would probably tell you if I had anything to say, but the newspaper discussion of the subject is mainly designed to assist the thieves and extort money from Mrs. Stewart. When the subject dies out, and the wounds of the hour are healed, it may be time to talk up that question."

Discrimination.

Syracuse Standard.

Why do the street railroads charge children, who often take up as much room as grown persons, "half price?" If any distinction is to be drawn at all, it should be between the lean and the fat. It is a question of space and not of age.

The Difference.

Cincinnati Saturday Night.

Mr. Vest, of Missouri, struggled after immortality, the other day, in the Senate, by denouncing John Brown as an old scoundrel. A thousand years after oblivion has pulled down that Vest, John Brown's soul will go marching on.

St. Jacobs Oil

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, BACKACHE, GOUT, SORENESS OF THE CHEST, SORE THROAT, QUINSY, SWELLINGS AND SPRAINS, FROSTED FEET AND EARS, BURNS AND SCALDS, General Bodily Pains, TOOTH, EAR AND HEADACHE, AND ALL OTHER PAINS AND ACHES.

No Preparation on earth equals St. Jacobs Oil as a safe, sure, simple and cheap External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims. DIRECTIONS IN ELEVEN LANGUAGES.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.

A. VOGELER & CO.
Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

The Farm.

In this department we cordially invite questions, answers, and also short communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports, etc., etc. Communications should be written legibly, and on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany each letter.

Much Interested.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

I am very much pleased with the "File of Infantrymen, and if published in book form count me in for a copy.

Very truly,
E. Neff,
Justice of the Peace.
Reynoldsville, Pa.

Weighing Hogs.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade.

You are supposed to answer all questions correct. Please answer this for me: I have a hog that measures 6 feet 3 inches in girth and 6 feet 6 inches from root of tail to between the ears, and want to know weight, dead and alive; also rule for ascertaining the same.

Yours truly,
Jacob Lemon.
Patterson, Dec. 21, 1880.

The only rule that is worth anything is to put him on the scales, living or dead.—Ed. Farming Department.

Sun Flower Seed.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

Will some one who knows, inform me where I can procure seed of the sunflower—the new kind spoken of in this Department, which is so good for poultry? Also, where I could procure a pair of brown Leghorn chickens? Is Burnham's Poultry Book, mentioned in the Blade, useful for fancy poultry, or to those wishing to raise common poultry, etc., for eggs? Jennie Smith.
Animas, Colorado.

Fattening Hogs.

To the, Editor of the Toledo Blade:

First—If a hog weighs 100 pounds to start on, how many bushels of corn in the ear will be required to make him weigh 300 pounds?

Second—What per cent is saved by grinding and steaming feed for hogs?

Third—Give the address of some parties engaged in grinding and steaming feed for stock? M. Wilson.
Manchester, Ill., Dec. 20, 1880.

First—If young and thrifty 12 bushels of shelled corn will do it. It all depends on the hog.

Second—Fully one-third, but simply steaming will do as well, and the grinding can be saved.

Third—Fisk, Law & Co., Toledo.

Cows Resisting Milking.

Cows are often troublesome on being milked, and the kicks, knocks and tall language which they receive for their restlessness only render them the more fretful. If they cannot be overcome by kindness, thumps and emphatic language will never make them better. But the fact is, restless habits were engendered in them by the treatment they received after their first calving, when, most probably, they were dragooned into submission. Udders and teats are very tender immediately after calving, and especially after the first calving; and when unfeeling horny hands tug the teats in stripping, as if they had been accustomed to the operation for years, no wonder that the young and inexperienced cow should wince under the infliction and attempt to get rid of her tormentor by kicking. Can the creature be otherwise than uneasy, and how can she escape the pain but by striking out a heel? A rope is then placed on the hind fetlocks to keep the heels down. The tail is then employed by her as an instrument of annoyance to the milker, which is then held by some one while the milking is going on, or is tied to the creature's stall by the hair of the tuft. Add to this the many threats and scolds uttered by the milker, and a faint idea of how a young heifer is broke into milking may be conceived.

Some cows are naturally unaccommodating and provoking; but, nevertheless, nothing but gentleness towards them will ever render them less so. Some cows are only troublesome to milk for a few times after calving, and soon become quiet; others kick pertinaciously at the first milking. In the last case, the surest plan is for the milker, while standing on his feet, to place his head against the flank of the cow, stretch his hand forward, get hold of the teats the best way he can, and let the milk fall to the ground; and in this position, it is out of the power of the cow to hurt him. Such ebullitions of feeling, at the first milking after calving arise either from feeling pain in a tender state of the teat—most probably from inflammation in the lining membrane of the receptacle; or simply from titillation of the skin of the udder and teat, which becomes the more sensitive as the heat increases; or the udder, being still hard, gives pain when first touched—and should the udder be difficult to soften, it is best to allow the calf to suck at least three times a day until the udder becomes soft. This will doubtless relieve the udder, but it will cause another species of restlessness in the cow when the calf is taken from her. Still, rather let the milker suffer some inconvenience than the udder of the cow be injured.

Be the cause of irritation what it may, one thing is certain, that gentle and persevering discipline will overcome the most turbulent temper in a cow. Milking affords different degrees of pleasure to different cows. One yields its milk with a copious flow, with the gentlest handling; another requires great exertion to draw the milk in streams no larger than threads. The udder of the gentle one will generally be found to have a soft skin, and short teats like velvet; while that of the hardened one, has a thick skin and the teats long and tough, like tanned leather.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Wintering Cattle.

During the season when luxury smiles in our meadows, and the sources of pasturage are great, live stock are very easily managed, provided proper attention be paid in not over-stocking land. But when cold nights arrest nature in its bounties, and Winter puts on its dreary garment, depriving the agriculturist of the advantage of pasturage, and rendering him dependent on the store which his foreknowledge dictates to him to heap up for the Winter, it is then that he finds practical information not only desirable, but most important in directing him how to manage the stock in the best possible manner.

For young growing stock, comfortable sheds with conveniently attached yards, should be used, as nothing contributes more to their health and strength than giving them their liberty, and suffering them to range while young; but in doing which, care should be taken to keep them in good condition, as by being reduced in flesh at any season of the year, it injures both their growth and constitution. The kind of food given to animals should be suited to their several ages. In the habit of very young animals there abounds, and seems necessary for their welfare, a great proportion of fluid, and therefore more succulent food may be preferable for them; but when they are more advanced and vigorous, the digestive powers being stronger, and time being requisite for the process of growth; provision less nutritious, or of a coarser quality, may suffice. A dry kind of food agrees better with all animals in Winter, when the perspiration is less than in Summer, during which season moister provisions seem more suitable. When fed on dry food, and more especially if the quantity is so coarse, the stock should be well supplied with water to promote its digestion in the stomach. It is, indeed, a good plan previously to moisten any hay given to cattle, and in a less degree even to horses. The food generally employed for young stock in the yard is hay. It is the practice of some also to use turnips, mangel-wurzel, and other roots. There is a fact that there is no way in which roots can be used with greater advantage to the farmer than by giving the young cattle a daily allowance during the first two or three winters. When roots are given a gallon is sufficient from the beginning, increasing the quantity to two gallons per day to each. These should be given the first thing in the morning, in troughs or mangers, and again in the afternoon, and hay placed either in racks or cribs, morning and evening, after they have eaten the roots. The white globe turnip is the best to begin with, and when they will eat these readily, the Swede turnip may be given in the same way but in less quantities. Turnips should be carefully cut for calves, in thin slices, as in square pieces there is danger of choking, while in the former there is none. One great advantage arising from this mode of feeding is, it learns the young stock to become docile and quiet. When coming two years old, they should be treated in the same manner, giving them more turnips; three pecks per day may be then given them. When rising three years old, they will eat nearly a bushel per day, and will do very well with indifferent day. Care should be taken not to overfeed any cattle, nor to give them more than they can eat up clean. If calves get too loose on turnips they should be more sparingly given.

In stall-feeding cattle, regularity of feeding is of the utmost consequence; indeed, of more than any unpracticed person can conceive. Three times a day, precisely at the commencement of a certain hour, ought to be the regular period, and cattle, particularly if fed on grain, require their fill of water. The easy, contented and improving disposition of the cattle, and small waste of food attendant upon this regularity, is a source of constant satisfaction to the owner. The advantages of stalls, particularly double ones, is a consideration in two points of view: First, that cattle in fattening, require to be kept tolerably warm both day and night; and, secondly, each animal gets an equal share of food, which is not the case when several are put together in a yard or shed, the stronger always getting the greatest portion, while the weaker fall short of their allowance.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Indian Wheat for Manure.

Indian wheat is a variety of buckwheat, sometimes called Merino buckwheat, in Vermont, possibly because the husk is wrinkled as are the Merino sheep of that locality. At least I can guess no other reason. It is a poor kind of grain, but has a most vigorous stalk and is a good kind for plowing under. If B. F. H. (page 776) had stated what crops he wished to follow the plowing under of the green manure, one could give him more definite advice. If he plows sod next June he may sow the Indian wheat on the plowed ground and then harrow it in. The crop will most probably be ready for plowing under in August; but it should be done before the buckwheat ripens seeds. If B. F. H. intends to sow Fall grain he can then get it in early and in excellent condition; but I would advise him to lime the ground after plowing in the green crop. Twenty-five bushels of lime per acre will have a good effect whenever any green crop is plowed under. If the ground is not to be sowed in the fall a second crop may be grown to be plowed in, and common white turnips would be perhaps the best, because they will stand the early frosts and may remain in the ground until Spring and be then plowed in. He may get 12 or 15 tons of turnips and tops per acre to plow in, or he may, as you suggest, sow rye, and plow this under in the middle of the next May, having five to eight tons per acre, and follow with corn, for which he will find this makes an excellent preparation; having the sod and two green crops for manure. In this case I would use lime, both in the Fall and the Spring, dividing the quantity for each dressing. The rye ought to be about three or four feet hight about the middle of May, which will be time enough for corn.—*H. Stewart, in Country Gentleman.*

A HOOSIER WIDOW

Shoots Her Brother-in-Law.

Princeton, Ind., Dec. 30.—Mrs. Dorcus Burchfield, a widow, who lives in Francisco, seven miles east of this place, in this County, shot Thomas Burchfield, her brother-in-law, with a 22-calibre revolver, the ball entering near the right nipple. This occurred about 12 o'clock Saturday night, on the street. Burchfield lived until 12 o'clock that night. It is reported that during the day Thomas Burchfield visited the house of Mrs. Burchfield, where they quarreled, and he threw a brick or snowball against her door. She says she did not intend to shoot him; did not know the revolver was loaded. It is said the cause of the fracas was too much whisky and a little jealously. Thomas Burchfield was about 35 years old, and she is about 38, and has three children. Mrs. Burchfield was arrested Sunday and lodged in jail. The Coroner will hold an inquest to-day.

A BLOODY AFFAIR

Wherein Three Negros are Killed by a White Man.

Fort Monroe, Dec. 29.—A disturbance occurred Friday evening at Smithville, 15 miles west, between a white man named Dunn, and a party of colored men, who had met to organize a military company. One of the men caught Dunn by the whiskers and slapped his face. whereupon he drew a single barreled pistol and killed the negro. Dunn then ran into a store and loaded his pistol, when the crowd headed by Dan Cook with a drawn sword attacked him. He shot Cook dead, after which he seized a butcher's knife and cut his way out. One man named Ed. Drew was badly cut in the abdomen and will probably die, while others were more or less injured. Dunn gave himself up and is now in jail at Williamsburg. Intense excitement prevails among the colored people of the peninsula.

Food for Le Duc.

Washington, Dec. 30.—The Consular Agent in Dardanelles, in Asia Minor, Mr. Frank Colvert, has transmitted to the State Department a report upon the locusts that ravage that country. He describes a mysterious kind of larva, of a moth unknown that appears within the cysts of locust eggs, while it feeds upon and thereby destroys the obnoxious fly. He incloses some specimens of it for the examination of the Agricultural Department, with the hope that it might be found beneficial as an article of import in the grasshopper region. He says that during the last year 90 per cent. of the locust eggs have been destroyed by the new grub.

Special Elections in New Hampshire.

Concord, N. H., Dec. 29.—A special Congressional election in the Third District to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Hon. Evarts W. Farr, was held yesterday, and resulted in the election of Ray, Republican. Of the 37 Towns in the Third Congressional District heard from by the Republican Committee, all but Lempster, which made a Democratic gain of 47, show a Republican net gain of 1,659. The vote was very light, probably not more than two thirds of that in the November election.

Another Old Mason Gone.

Wheeling, W. Va., Dec. 29.—Anthony Deiters died yesterday afternoon, aged 93 years. Mr. Deiters was a native of West Philadelphia. Since 1831 he has been a resident of Wheeling. He served in the French army under Napoleon. Mr. Deiters was one of the oldest Masons in the United States, having been admitted to the Order at the age of 18, under the rule at that time permitting minors of that age to join, under the sponsorship of their fathers.

Not A Beverage.

"They are not a beverage, but a medicine, with curative properties of the highest degree, containing no poor whisky or poisonous drugs. They do not tear down an already debilitated system, but build it up. One bottle contains more hops, that is, more real hop strength, than a barrel of ordinary beer. Every druggist in Rochester sells them, and the physicians prescribe them."—*Evening Express on Hop Bitters.*

MURDER IN DETROIT.

A Third Wife Kills Her Husband in a Drunken Fit.

Detroit, Mich., Dec. 29.—A drunken murder was committed, at 1 o'clock this morning, at the Caledonia House, a cheap lodging-house and saloon of unsavory character near the Michigan Central depot. Its proprietor, John Ferguson, was shot dead by his wife, as she alleged, and probably truthfully, while in fear of her life. Ferguson had been drinking hard all day, and had been very quarrelsome and abusive. Late in the evening after both had returned from a visit to another low place, where both drank more liquor, Ferguson fell to abusing his wife again, calling her opprobious names and threatening to kill her with a knife which he flourished in a reckless manner.

She then ran up stairs, obtained a loaded revolver and when he attempted to come up stairs she fired at him three times, the last shot reaching his heart, killing him almost instantly. Deceased was a hard case, served a term in the State prison of Pennsylvania for robbery, and when released in 1878 came to Detroit, where his wife soon joined him and began living with him. They were married a few weeks ago. Ferguson has a mother, two sisters and a brother, living at Hazleton, Pa., and another brother at Wilkesbarre. His wife's maiden name was Margaret Hier, and she had a mother, three brothers and three sisters, at McKeesport, Pa. She is 24 years of age. The dead man has one wife living in Elizabeth, Pa., with three or four children and another at Denver, Col. His present wife was devotedly attached to him, and their relations comfortable except when liquor made both quarrelsome. The tragedy is the natural result of the reckless, dissolute life led by both.

THE OKLAHOMANS

Intend Having the Colored Exodusters Join Them.

Caldwell, Dec. 29.—We are having the coldest weather ever known in Kansas. About 106 colonists remain in camp. They are no doubt making preparations for some stragetic movement as soon as the weather will permit. The following secret and confidential circular fell into the hands of your correspondent to-day:

SECRET AND CONFIDENTIAL.

Caldwell, Ks., Dec. 28, 1880.

To the Members of the Payne Oklahoma Colony:

For the time being we have been stopped on our way to the public lands. The Army would have no right to remove us. This is to notify all members of the colony to hold themselves in readiness to move at a moment's notice to such point in the Territory as may be fixed upon, where we can concentrate at least 5,000 people. You will go in secretly and no one will be informed except members. These lands are ours and we want them before planting time. Take possession of them.

David L. Payne,
President.

The leaders of the colony are in correspondence with leading colored men of the country and Committees of Exodus at St. Louis, Kansas City, Topeka and elsewhere. They say they have over 500 freedmen members of the colony, that under the terms of the treaties these freedmen have a right to settle on these lands. They will also ask that arrangements be made to settle the Exodusters on these lands. Capt. Wm. D. Mathews, a prominent colored lawyer of Leavenworth, it is understood, will lead in the matter. The leaders of the colony say they will have their friends push legislation immediately upon the meeting of Congress. A Committee of leading colored men will call upon the President after the holidays on this subject.

THE PITTSBURG RIOTS.

Who Shall Pay the Losses.

Pittsburg, Dec. 30.—Allegheny County is still manuvering to evade the responsibility for the riot losses, and will probably succeed. To this end two bills will be offered in the Legislature. The first will provide for the relief of the County from a debt of $2,500,000. This bill will be laid before the Supreme Court of the State for adjudication on the question of constitutionality, there being a provision in the Constitution that the State shall not pay any debt incurred by any municipality or county. The other bill proposes to make riot losses general. Under an act of the Legislature, Allegheny and Philadelphia Counties are liable for losses by riots occurring within their limits. By the proposed bill this law will be repealed. The County Commissioners are very sanguine of the success of both measures. They have the support of the best legal talent in the State.

A NEW ORDER OF THINGS

To be Inaugurated at West Point.

Washington, Dec. 29.—Gen. Howard, since his designation to West Point, has indicated the course which he will pursue as commander of the academy. His own experience as a Cadet was unpleasant. He was ostracised or "sent to coventry" for nearly two years by a class of which Custis Lee was the leader. Howard's offense was in recognizing as his social equal his guardian's son, who was then a Sergeant in the corps of engineers stationed at West Point. Howard committed an additional offense against the pro-slavery Cadets at West Point by his open opposition to the extension of slavery. Howard thinks there must be an abandonment of this policy of separation, and that, without surrendering discipline, there must be a closer relation between the officers and Cadets, and the spirit of caste must be broken down.

THE NEW YORK CUSTOM HOUSE

And the Row it Causes.

New York, Dec. 30.—The followers of Senator Conkling are loudly complaining that they no longer get any of the patronage of the Custom-House. They say that all the recent appointment there have been of anti-Conkling men, and are mostly from St. Lawrence and adjacent counties. The advocates of Civil-Service Reform, who are displeased at the methods pursued in the Custom-House, are compiling a report on the subject to be submitted to Congress. They charge that the Collector is using the Custom-House patronage to secure the election of William A. Wheeler, the Vice President, as the next United States Senator from this State. Mr. Wheeler's brother-in-law is the Auditor of the Custom-House.

Faithful Unto Death.

Hannibal, Mo., Dec. 29.—George Morehead, one of the engineers of the ill-fated "Minneapolis," which, it will be remembered, sunk near Louisiana, Mo., about two months since, died at 6:30 P. M. Sunday, from lung fever, contracted on the occasion of the accident. He stood at his post until half submerged in water, and his fidelity to his trust resulted in his death to-day. He leaves a wife and child in destitute circumstances.

Cincinnati Wants the Electic Light.

Cincinnati, Dec. 30.—This afternoon books were opened and stock to the amount of $300,000 subscribed in a few minutes for the formation of a company to introduce Maxim's electric light in Cincinnati, Covington and Newport. It is the purpose to introduce the light in manufactories and other places where steam power is used and ultimately in private house by providing engines for generators at convenient points.

Outlaws Captured.

Los Vegas, N. M., Dec. 29.—The notorious gang of outlaws composed of about 25 men, who under the leadership of "Billy, the Kid," have for the past six months overrun Eastern New Mexico, murdering and committing other deeds of outlawry, was broken up last Saturday morning by the killing of two and capturing of four others, including the leader. The prisoners were lodged in Los Vegas jail.

NEW YORK DEMOCRACY

To be Reorganized on a Popular Basis—The Meeting Last Night.

New York, Dec. 29.—The reorganization and union mass meeting at Cooper Institute under the auspices of the Brunswick Hotel Committee and Young Men's Democratic Club, was well attended last night by those interested in the reorganization of the Democratic party in this State. Franklin Edson presided. Among the Vice Presidents were George W. Lane, Samuel D. Babcock, David M. Stone, Charles A. Dana, Henry L. Hoguet, Allen Campbell, Wm. A. Beach, Wm. H. Appleton, Pierre Lorillard, Abram S. Hewitt, L. J. N. Stark, J. W. Gerard, D. F. Tiernan, Oswald Ottendorfer, Wm. Henry Hurlbut, Charles S. Fairchild, Simon Sterne, Wm. C. Whitney, Erastus Brooks, Robert Roosevelt and L. M. Barlow, most of whom occupied seats on the platform.

Resolutions were adopted declaring that the late defeat of the Democratic party could have been avoided and victory secured, but for the unfortunate dissensions in its ranks in the city and county of New York; that the voice of the people had not been felt in the selection of candidates, and could not under the existing organizations find expression; advocating full and free elections, honest count and all measures which opposed the right of Federal officials to make arbitrary arrests on the eve of election; use of troops at polls and any interference which impaired the right of suffrage; declaring that the Democratic party opposed unnecessary centralization of power; that the army of officeholders and the established practices of compelling them to contribute money toward carrying elections, are fraught with greatest danger to the State; that the tariff issue should be more sharply defined and that the Democratic party should cease to compete for the support and votes of those who do not believe in fully freeing our commercial Legislature from its contradictory and obstructive features; that Congress has no power in time of peace to attach a legal tender to quality any other currency than gold or silver. The resolutions ended by providing for the appointment of a committee of 50 to reorganize the party upon a popular basis, after consultation with the Democratic State Central Committee.

Abron S. Hewitt then reviewed the recent campaign and in speaking of the causes of Democratic defeat said: "The issues were not fairly presented. The Democratic hard money doctrine was diluted in Maine and Indiana with the Greenback heresy in order to secure votes. We lost and justly lost both States. The Democratic doctrine of a tariff for revenue only was explained and modified to suit the atmosphere of Connecticut and New Jersey. The result was that we lost the former, and carried the latter State by a greatly reduced majority, but failing to secure any return for these unwise concessions. We lost in the State of New York a large vote, (perhaps large enough to have changed the result,) which prefers defeat with honor to victory achieved by any compromise of principles. The Democracy would have been successful but for the disturbing element which existed here in the city of New York, and which did not exist outside of the State of New York."

Mr. Hewitt was followed by Col. Fellows, Rufus Peckham and Townsend Cox. The committee of 50 was then named. Among them are Wilson G. Hunt, Oswald Ottendorfer, Robert B. Roosevelt, Edward Cooper, Abram S. Hewitt, Chas. A. Dana, Henry Clausen, Allen Campbell, Wm. C. Whitney and Wm. H. Hurlbut.

SPRAGUE-CONKLING.

Sorrow at the Prospective Suits.

Washington, Dec. 29.—The friends of Senator Conkling, ex-Senator Sprague and Mrs. Sprague, here in Washington, express genuine sorrow that a great scandal involving these names and many others is about to break upon the country. In Washington each of these three parties has friends, who lay the blame at the doors of the other two, but deeper than this is the sorrow that all feel in view of what seems the impossibility of keeping this scandal down. It is believed here by some that it will equal the Beecher scandal in many sensational features, and probably attract as much attention. Great efforts have been made to effect a reconciliation between Mr. and Mrs. Sprague, but every attempt has been a failure. Mrs. Sprague's friends say that the ex-Senator is unbalanced in mind, in fact that he don't know half the time what he is about, and that his strange conduct has been caused by business and domestic trouble. Sen. Conkling's friends take it very coolly, and say that nothing whatever can be proved against him, although they are aware that the attempt will be made. The whole matter is deplored here, as much on account of the high character of the parties, as because other and innocent hearts will ache.

A PAUPER'S MONEY

Turned Into the Treasury.

Fort Scott, Kan., Dec. 30.—An unusual circumstance was developed today in the Probate Court, as follows: On the 11th day of September, 1877, James Johnson, a supposed pauper, died at Bourbon County Poor House. He was a ragged, dirty and miserable object, that seemed to be partially demented. His antecedents were unknown, but after his death they found that his clothing, although rotten, torn and filthy, possessed unusual weight. This fact induced a closer inspection, when gold and silver coin, and well-worn and thoroughly greasy bank bills, in all reaching the sum of $541.70, were found secreted in his coat and vest. As soon as this discovery was made, steps to appoint an administrator were taken. George W. Oliver was the gentleman chosen. The three years required by law having expired and no heirs appearing, the administrator made a final settlement of the estate, turning over to the Treasurer, for the benefit of the common school fund, the sum of $531.50.

CONGRESSIONAL WORK

After the Holidays.

Washington, Dec. 30.—It is intended to have three or four more of the appropriation bills ready to report at once upon the assemblage of Congress after the holidays. Four have already been passed by the House, and the fifth, the Army bill, calling for $30,000,000, has been reported. Both parties manifest haste in desiring to dispose of this routine business, because neither desires to be held responsible for an extra session. It is thought by both that it is not at all improbable that something may transpire to make it necessary, and the Democrats already frequently remark that if it calls the Republicans will be responsible. On the other hand, the Republicans point to the fact that the only obstruction so far to business has resulted upon the action of the Democrats in trying to force to passage the electoral count resolution, which they were justified in the light of the recent election in antagonizing.

Well Preserved.

Milford, Mass., Dec. 30.—At Oxbridge yesterday, upon the opening of a hogshead of molasses at one of the prominent business houses, it was found to contain the body of a negro in a fair state of preservation. He had the appearance of an ordinary field hand. He is supposed to have been murdered, and the body thus disposed of to conceal evidence of the crime. The discovery has created considerable excitement in the locality, and the police have already taken steps to institute a rigid examination.

Nearly Frozen to Death.

Nevada, O., Dec. 29.—Aaron Hopp, of this place, while out loading logs in the woods north of Town, yesterday afternoon, used a chain in loading, which broke, allowing the log to roll back, striking him with great force, and rolling on his right leg, crushing the foot and ankle into a pulp, and holding him squarely for several hours, when a neighbor, in passing along the road, was attracted by his cries of distress, who rescued him, nearly frozen to death.

ROMANCE ENOUGH

For a Good Sized Novel.

San Francisco, Dec. 29.—In a wretched litte hut on Ocean Beach, near the Golden Gate, was found on Christmas Day the badly decomposed remains of a man known as "The Hermit." He had lived alone for five years, and his story, romantic enough for a novel, has just been learned. His name was George Jacob Hoeffel. Born in Germany, of wealthy parents, he was educated at Heidelberg, and about the time of the Franco-Prussian war, came to America. He had relatives in New Orleans, and there married a society belle. His health was poor, and on the advice of physicians he came to this coast with his wife and child. He grew worse, and decided to visit the Sandwich Islands, but his wife would not consent to accompany him. Finally he left her and the child with friends and departed. She soon got into fast society, became mistress of a wealthy merchant, and when he discarded her, fell to a Dupont street brothel. Meanwhile the husband recovered his health and returned; eager to learn why he got no letters from his wife; but sure of her safety, as he had left ample means at his banker's for her support. When told of her shame and that she had gone East, he started out to find her, but after two years' search, in which he spent much money for detectives, he returned here broken in heart. He had severe illness and when he recovered, his mind was shattered. He refused to associate with friends, built a hut on the seashore, and gained a living by fishing and gathering driftwood. He would not write to his parents in Germany, though many letters from them were found in his room. It is related that about a year ago, while he was wandering on the beach, a carriage drove by, in which he recognized his lost wife. She knew him also, and gave orders to the driver to whip the horses and drive on. Hoeffel rushed after the carriage, shrieked, "My wife, my wife!" and fell senseless on the sand. The woman, it is said then left the city for good. Hoeffel died alone, and his cabin showed the miserable, squalid life he had led.

GEN. SHERMAN AND THE PRESIDENT.

The Reasons for the Coldness Between Them.

Washington, Dec. 30.—The reports that a coolness had sprung up between General Sherman and the White House are not altogether groundless. In the matter of the retirement of General Ord, the recommendations of General Sherman were ignored. The General wrote a strong letter to the President setting out the injustice of retiring Ord and not retiring McDowell, who is older than Ord. On the other hand, McDowell's friends told what an ardent Republican McDowell was, and how he had come all the way from the Pacific slope to vote for Garfield, while Ord had sent a congratulatory dispatch to Hancock upon the latter's nomination to the Presidency. It is now learned that McDowell's much-vaunted trip to the East to vote the Republican ticket was made at Government expense, costing about $1,000. The Star this afternoon quotes an ex-army officer as saying that Gen. McDowell has been rewarded for having come from the Pacific coast to New York to vote for Garfield, but that his vote cost the Government about $1,200. He got an order from the War Department for himself and aide de camp to come East, and under that order both of them drew their regular mileage and allowances, amounting to about $1,200. The records will show the fact as to Ord's unlucky congratulatory dispatch to Hancock. It is reported that this was not sent at Government expense. These discriminations in retirement of army officers cause unfavorable criticism in military circles, and Gen. Sherman's views are not without supporters.

THE INSIDE HISTORY

Of Howard's Appoinment to West Point.

Washington, Dec. 30.—A good deal of surprise was manifested in Washington at the appoinment of Gen. Howard to the command at West Point, in view of the fact that a few days before it was done, the President himself told Howard that he had decided not to place him at the academy under pressure from Gen. Sherman and Sec. Evarts, although he had been summoned to Washington originally for that purpose. It leaks out now that the President was persuaded to act upon his original instruction by certain of the stalwarts in Congress. When it was announced through the Press that the President had yielded to the representations of Schofield's friends that the change from him to Howard would be too abrupt, they went to the White House and told Mr. Hayes that the country demanded just such a change, and that under the present condition of things a colored boy might about as well be in the abode of the lost as at West Point. So much feeling had been aroused that if any half-way measures were attempted, the institution was in imminent danger of being wiped out. Braced up by this stalwart backing, the President decided to do as he originally intended, and put Howard in command.

GREAT TROUBLE

Apprehended in Socorro.

Denver, Col., Dec. 29.—The Tribune's Santa Fe special says: "Very serious disturbance exists to-day at Socorro, N. M. The authorities refused to arrest the man who murdered Conklin, editor of the Sun, and the citizens finding no recourse at law, have arrested and held by force the Sheriff and four others, including the murderer of Conklin. The rescue of the prisoners is threatened and bloodshed is imminent. A request has been made to the military commander of the district for troops, and although troops cannot be used as a posse comitatus, yet a company has been ordered from Colorado, N. M., as a means of protection for public property and the property of the railroad company. Bodies of men are being armed at Albuquerque and other points in the vicinity, and will go to Socorro at once. Grave results may be expected. All women and children have been moved out of town. Acting Governor Rich is doing all in his power to preserve order and secure the proper action of the law.

Washington Notes.

Washington, Dec. 29.—Pres. Hayes has decided to accord Cadet Whittaker another hearing. A Court martial will be ordered in a few days.

Under the law the appointment of Sec. Ramsay, acting Secretary of the Navy, will expire on the 30th, 20 days from its date. The President has decided to renew the appointment from time to time until the 4th of March.

No action will be taken upon the report of the special Commission investigating the affairs of the office of Marshal Fitzsimmons, of Georgia, until he has been heard in his own defence.

Washington, Dec. 30.—Brig. Gen. Randolph B. Marcy, Inspector General, and Col. John G. Barnard, of the Corps of Engineers, were to-day placed upon the retired list by the President, the retirement to date from January 2d.

The court martial in the case of Cadet Whitaker has been ordered to convene at West Point, Tuesday, January 18th. The following is the detail for the court: Brig. Gen. Nelson A. Miles, President of the court; Col. H. A. Morrow, Infantry; Lieut. Col. Pinckney Lugenbeel, First Infantry; Lieut. Col. J. M. Brannon, First Artillery; Maj. Lewis Merrill, Seventh Cavalry; Maj. E. B. Sumner, Fifth Cavalry; Capt. R. T. Frank, First Artillery; Capt. J. N. Craig, Tenth Infantry; Capt. Merritt Barber, Sixteenth Infantry; Maj. A. B. Gardner, Judge Advocate of Court.

St. Louis Crime.

St. Louis, Dec. 30.—Twenty-eight murders and 57 suicides were committed in this City during the past year. Of the persons murdered five were women and two were infants. There are now 18 murderers confined in the jail awaiting trial.

THREE DESPERADOS.

How They Temporarily Ran a Train in Texas.

St. Louis Republican.

The express train on the International & Great Northern Railway stood in the depot at Houston, Texas, last Thursday, waiting for the hour of starting, which was to be at 1:30 P. M. It consisted of the engine, baggage car, smoking car, ladies' car and a Pullman sleeper. The brakeman stood at the door of the ladies' car and sent all male humanity without feminine attachments to the car forward. Three men entered the depot in that stage of inebriety known as "fighting drunk," and when attained upon Texas whisky it is a very bad phase.

"Go forward, gentlemen," said the brakeman, this is the ladies' car."

"To h—l with you and your ladies' car," was the response. "Step out of the way, you lily-livered whelp, or you'll never be fit for anything but a nutmeg-grater."

The brakeman stood back when he saw two derringers.

The party took seats in the ladies' car, kicked out a valise or two which had been left to reserve the seats, and lighting very bad cigars, began to make themselves as disagreeable as possible. The train men were powerless to interfere, and lady passengers opened the windows for a breath of pure air and to drown the torrent of vile language in which the trio were indulging. They had brought along several bottles of liquor and indulged in frequent libations.

The train howled along merrily over the wide plains of Texas, and all the afternoon and until the evening shades darkened the stream of foul talk went on, at last becoming maudlin and incoherent. Each one of the party had two derringers, which were kept at full cock, and they made no secret of the fact that they were desperate men. The train conductor at last, upon request of a number of passengers, asked them to be quiet. In response he was driven into a corner of the car, and the brakeman was put with him, where they were kept under the eye of a drunken desperado with a ready weapon and told that to move or speak was instant death. The passengers were completely terrorized. A young New York drummer opened his valise to get a revolver, but the quick eye of one of the Texas men saw the motion and he was covered in an instant by one of those terrible derringers.

The man who seemed to be the leader of the gang then started back into the Pullman sleeper, where Conductor George W. Trice held sway, and the desperado saying he "wanted all the —— —— in a heap," drove him forward at the muzzle of two derringers, either one of which would make a hole in a man large enough to put a fist in. He paraded his prisoner through the length of the train several times. Trice was speechless with rage.

The train plunged onward into the night and the click-te-click-te-click of wheel and rail told that the motive power at least, was not in the hands of the ruffians. Passengers looked out at the flying land-marks and wished for the speed of a lightning flash to end the journey and be rid of the drunken demons.

Conductor Trice asked as a special favor that he be allowed to send a telegram. Permission was granted upon condition that he return immediately to his captivity or the corral, as the desperados called it. Instead of doing so he went to his own car and looked about for a weapon. There was a long and heavy monkey wrench, which Trice picked up, and balancing it in his hand, he said to himself, "It will do." He then placed it convenient to his hand in the passage leading to the drawing-room, and waited for results. Soon it came the biggest and worst ruffian of the trio, who, with frightful oaths and the foulest language, began to abuse the conductor for not returning. Ladies stopped their ears, and passengers involuntarily placed their hands upon their hip-pockets. The ruffian had in each hand a cocked derringer. He once brutally struck Tice in the face with one of the weapons, drawing blood. Tice's eyes flashed fire, but he bided his time and slowly backed away before the ruffian toward the narrow passage way, where the conductor's weapon was conveniently placed. The scoundrel followed with foulest language, step by step. Caution was necessary as the pressure of a finger was all that was necessary to end upon earth the sum of Trice's days. When at just the right spot for his purpose he reached behind him with his right hand and got a good grip on the wrench, and with his left made some gestures of expostulation calculated to distract the attention of the bully. Then with one lightning blow, in which was concentrated all the rage that had been burning in his heart, Trice brought the heavy steel down upon the top of the ruffian's skull. He dropped his pistols, groaned heavily, threw his hands to his head and fell to the floor insensible, while the blood poured out over the carpet. At the first stopping place he was put off the train, and his companions got off also to the intense delight of the passengers. The action of Conductor Trice undoubtedly prevented murder. The man is not believed to be fatally injured, but he will for a number of days carry his head in a sling, so to speak, as a memento of the time when he tried to run a Pullman car. He and the others are said to live in the village of Loveland, Texas. Trice has been employed by the Pullman Company for a number of years and is a general favorite.

A Township Trustee Short.

Michell, Ind., Dec. 30.—James Marley, of Spice Valley Township, this County, who served as Trustee of his Township until retired by the limit of the statute of the State, was succeeded last April by Jesse Connerly, who found Marley short in his settlement $3,257.98. Marley pleaded with Connerly for time to make up the deficiency, which was extended until patience ceased to be a virtue, and to-day he entered suit in court against Marley and his bondsmen for the people's money.

Finger Prints on the Throat.

Courtney, Tex., Dec. 29.—The corpse of a negro woman was discovered in the woods one mile north of Town, evidently murdered, and with signs of having been choked and strangled to death. There were finger prints on her throat. She was well-dressed, and the word "Lockhart" was writted on a pocket handkerchief found on the body. It is thought she she got off a train at night, and, in attempting to get to the house of a friend, was murdered.

Lynchers to be Arrested.

Allentown, Pa., Dec. 20.—District Attorney Anstell has issued warrants for the arrest of all who participated actively in the lynching of Joseph Snyder. He says he will do his duty fully in the matter, but fears no Jury can be found willing to convict.

Treasury Disbursement.

Washington, Dec. 28.—It is expected that any temporary scarcity of money on Wall street will be relieved this week, as the Secretary of the Treasury will disburse some $25,000,000 in the redemption of the bonds that fall due the 31st, and the usual payment of interest on the debt.

The Fight Begins.

New York, Dec. 29.—Edelbert Giro, involved in the Christiancy divorce case was arrested to day, charged with attempting subornation of perjury. He denies the charge, which he says is only made to prevent him from testifying in the divorce proceedings.

Its Usefulness Gone.

The House of Refuge on the top of Mount St. Gothard, founded in the fourteenth century, will be permanently closen two years hence. The opening of the tunnel will render it useless, as not even beggars will then cross the mountain on foot. At present the hospice affords shelter, food and a bed to 20,000 people yearly, and is supported by public and private charity. The ride through the tunnel will cost only 20 cents.

WAKING UP THE WRONG MAN.

Woodtick Williams and the Feverish Hornet.

Chicago Tribune.

"Yes, that's so," said Woodtick Williams, thoughtfully, as he squirted a half gill of tobacco juice through his teeth at a bumble-bee's ear, and then looked out across the divide and beyond the foothills, toward the top of the range where the eternal snow was glittering in the summer sun.

"You are eminently correct. The gentleman from Buckskin has stated the exact opinion of the subscriber, sure as death and semi-annual assessments.

"Every profession has its style of lead and the peculiar dip toward the horizon. From the towering Congressman down to the neglected advance-agent of the everlasting Gospel, every profession, I allow, has its peculiar lingo. Every pork-and-beans pilgrim from the States that's been in my camp for twenty-seven years has said that the miner slings more unnecessary professional racket than anybody else; but that ain't so. Take folks as they assay, from blossum-rock to lower level, there ain't much difference.

"Nine years ago, I and Timberline Monroe and Katooter Lemons, from Zion, struck the Feverish Hornet up on Slippery Ellum. First, we knew the prospecting season had closed up on us, and, as the layout for surface had pinched out, we decided to sink on the Hornet, just for luck.

"So Timberline, Katooter and me went over to Huckleberry Oleson's store at the lower camp, and soaked our physiognomy for chuck, and valley-tan, and a blastin' outfit for the job.

"Down five foot she showed 150 colors to a hunk of rock no bigger'n a plug of tobacker, with wall-rocks well defined both sides and foot-wall slick as a confidence game in 'Frisco.

"The quartz, with a light coat of gouge, looked as if she'd been jammed through the formation like a Sabbath-school scholar's elbow through a custard pie, and it had crushed the prehistoric stuffin' and preadamite sawdust out of the geological crust in good shape.

"'Katooter,' says I, 'if she shows up this way all the way down, I be teetotally dodbuttered if I don't think we've cornered the sugar at last. We'll run her down to ten foot and see how she looks to the naked eye.'

"Ten foot down she'd widened to three foot between walls, with solid gray quartz as pretty as a bank-book. Then we made a mill-run of five pounds in a half-gallon mortar and cleared up a dollar's worth of dust on the blade of a long-handle shovel.

"The prospectus of the Feverish Hornet was very cheering indeed.

"I sat down on a candle-box and sang something. I always twitter a few notes when I feel tickled about anything.

"Katooter listened to my singing a little while, and then he went down the gulch murmuring something about my music, and intimating that prosperity always had its drawbacks after all.

"He slid down to the Frescoed Hell and jammed his old freckled hide so full of horse-liniment of the vintage of '49 that he got entirely off the lead, and drifted so far into poverty-rock that he didn't know Timberlane nor me from a stomach-pump.

"That's generally the way with men that turn up their noses at vocal music.

"Well, he got no better so rapidly that next day he was occupying a front-seat at the biggest delirium triangle you ever heard of, and was the sole proprietor of the biggest aggregation of self-brown tarantulas and variegated caterpillars and imported centipedes that ever exhibited in Columbia's fair domain.

"Every little while he'd nail some diabolical insect crawling up his sleeve or gently walking through his hair, and then he'd yell like a maniac and pray and swear like a hired man.

"The atmosphere seemed to be level-full of bumble-bees as big as a cookstove, and every time they'd cuddle up to him or sink on him with their sultry little gimlets, Katooter would jump up and whoop like a Piute medicine-man trying to assuade a wide waste of turbulent cucumber.

"At these times Katooter would lay aside his wardrobe, and, throwing me into the fire-place and Timberline under the bed, he would wander forth into the starlight, with the thermometer down to 37 degrees, and wrapped in nothing but his surging thoughts.

"By the time Timberline and me would get up and swab the cobwebs and cinders out of our eyes, Katooter would be half-way up the gulch and lighting out like a freckled Greek Slave hunting for a clothing-store.

"First along we used to run after him and try to tire him out and corral him, but he was most too skipful, and apparently so all-fired anxious to put all the intervening distance he could between himself and the fuzzy tarantulas and fall style of centipede that he made some pretty tall time, considering the poor trail and the light mountain-air.

"Then another thing: when we got to him he was so pesky mean to hang on to.

"You've probably tried before now, when you were small, to catch the boy who tied your shirt to the top limb of a dead tree, and you have thrown all your energy into the effort, but you decided after a while to wait till he got his clothes on before you punished him.

"That's the way it was with Katooter. He was the smartest man I ever tried to gather into the fold. We'd think we had him, and all at once he'd glide between our legs like a yaller dog and laugh a wild kind of laugh that would run the thermometer down 13 degrees, and away he'd glimmer up the trail like a red-headed right of way.

"So I got mad at last and used to chase him with a lariat and Yellow Fever.

"Yellow Fever was a sorrel mule that belonged to the firm. We called him Yellow Fever because he was so fatal.

"Well, when Yellow Fever and me got after Katooter with the lariat we most always gathered him in.—[Bless my soul, how I'm stringing this yarn out.]

"Well, to make a long story short, Katooter rallied after a while, and during the spell his chilblains was convalescing and some more new skin growing on his system where he had barked it off running through the sage-brush and falling into old deserted prospect holes, I had an offer of $50,000 for my third in the Feverish Hornet and sold.

"Then I went down to Truckee and bought a little house of an old railroad-man down there, grubstaked myself for the winter, and allowed I'd lay off till the snow left the range in the spring.

"One night, about half-after 12, I judge, I heard somebody step along to the window of my boudoir. Hearing it at that time of night I reckoned that something crooked was going on, so I slid out of bed and got my Great Blood-Searcher and Liver-Purifier, with the new style of center-fire and cartridge-ejector, and slid up to the window, calculating to shove a tonic into whoever it might be that was picknicking around my claim.

"I looked out so as to get a good idea of where I wanted to sink on him, and then I thought before I mangled him I'd ask him if he had any choice about which part of his vitals he wanted to preserve, so I sings out to him:

"'Look out below there, pard, for I'm going to call the meeting to order in a minute! Just throw up your hands, if you please, and make the grand hailing-sign or distress, or I'll have to mutilate you! Just show me about where you'd like to have the fatal wound, and be spry about it, too, because I've got my brief costume on, and the evening air is chill!'

"He didn't understand me, apparently, for a gurgling laugh welled up from below, and the party sings back:

"'Hullo, Fatty, is that you? Just lookin' to see if you'd fired up yet. You know I was to come round and flag you if second-seven was out. Well, I've been down to the old man's to see what's on the beard. Three is two hours late and four is reported on time. There's two sevens out and two sections of nine. Skinney'll take out first seven and Shorty'll pull her with 102. It's you and me for second seven, with Limber Jim in front end and Frenchy to hold down the caboose. First fire is wrong-side up in a washout this side of Ogallalla and old Wha'shisname that runs 258 got his crown sheet caved in and telescoped his head light into the middle of the New Jerusalem. You know the little Swede that used to run extra for old Hotbox on the emigrant awhile? Well, he was firing on 258 and he's under three flats and a coal-oil tank with a brake beam across his coupler and his system more or less relaxed. He's gone to the sweet subsequently too. Rest of the boys are more or less demoralized and side-tracked for repairs. Now you don't want to monkey around much, for if you don't loom up like six bits and go out on the tick, the old man'll give you a time check and the Oriental Grand Bounce. You hear the mellow trill of my bazoo.'

"Then I slowly uncorked the Great Blood Purifier, and moving to the footlights where the silvery moonbeams could touch up my dazzling outlines, I said: 'Pardner, I am pleased and gratified to have met you. I don't know the first bing-busted thing you have said to me, but that is my misfortune. I am a plain miner, and my home is in the digestive apparatus of the earth, but for professional melody of the chin, you certainly take the cake. You also take the cake-basket and what cold pie there is on the dump. My name is Woodtick Williams. I discovered the Feverish Hornet up on Slippery Ellum. I am proud to know you. Keep right on getting more and more familiar with your profession, and by-and-by, when nobody can understand you, you will be promoted and respected, and you will at last be a sleeping-car conductor and revel in the biggest mental calm and wide, shoreless sea of intellectual stagnation that the world ever saw. You will —— ——.'

"But he was gone.

"Then I took a pillow-sham and wiped some pulverized crackers off the soles of my feet and went to bed enveloped in a large gob of gloom." Bill Nye.

Cheyenne, W. T., Dec. 5.

RUSSIAN EXILES.

How the Prisoners Live Away from Home—Harsh Rules and Terrible Suffering.

London Standard.

On his arrival the prisoner is driven straight to the Police Ward, where he is inspected by the Ispravnik, a police officer who is absolute lord and master of the District. This representative of the Government requires of him to answer the following questions: His name? How old? Married or single? Where from? Address of parents or relations, or friends? Answers to all of which are entered in the books. A solemn written promise is then exacted of him that he will not give lessons of any kind, or try to teach any one; that every letter he writes will go through the Ispravnik's hands, and that he will follow no occupation except shoemaking, carpentering or field labor. He is then told he is free!—but at the same time is solemnly warned that should he be shot down like a dog rather than be allowed to escape, and should he be taken alive shall be sent off to Eastern Siberia without further formality than that of the Ispravink's personal order.

The poor fellow takes up his little bundle, and, fully realizing that he has now bidden farewell to the culture and material comfort of his past life, he walks out into the cheerless street. A group of exiles, all pale and emaciated, are there to greet him, take him to some of their miserable lodgidgs, and feverishly demand news from home. The newcomer gazes on them as one in a dream; some are melancholy mad, others nervously irritable, and the remainder have evidently tried to find solace in drink. They live in communities of twos and threes, have food, a scanty provision of clothes, money, and books in common, and consider it their sacred duty to help each other in every emergency, without distinction of sex, rank or age. The noble by birth get 16 shillings a month from the Government for their maintenance, and commoners only 10, although many of them are married, and sent into exile with young familes. Daily a gendarme visits their lodgings, inspects the premises when and how he pleases, and now and then makes some mysterious entry in his note-book. Should any of their number carry a warm dinner, a pair of newly mended boots, or a change of linen to some passing exile lodged for the moment in the public ward, it is just as likely as not marked against him as a crime. It is a crime to come and see a friend off, or accompany him a little on the way. In fact, should the Ispravnik feel out of sorts—the effect of drink—he vents his bad temper on the exiles, and as cards and drink are the favorite amusements in those dreary regions, crimes are marked down against the exiles in astonishing numbers, and a report of them sent regularly to the Governor of the Province.

Winter lasts eight months, a period during which the surrounding country presents the appearance of a noiseless, lifeless, frozen marsh—no roads, no communication with the outer world, no means of escape. In course of time almost every individual exile is attacked by nervous convulsions, followed by prolonged apathy and prostration. They begin to quarrel, and even to hate each other. Some of them contrive to forge false passports, and by a miracle, as it were, make their escape, but the great majority of these victims of the Third Section either go mad, commit suicide, or die of delirium tremens. Their history, when the time comes for it to be studied and published, will disclose a terrible tale of human suffering, and administerial evils and shortcomings not likely to find their equivalent in the contemporary history of any other European State.

Fashionable Footwomen.

London World, December 8th.

Footmen are going out, and footwomen are taking their place. During the other night in Eaton Place, the door was opened by one of the latter in a most charming and becoming livery. Black and white mob-cap for head-dress, stand-up collar with white cravat and small pin in it, rich brown-cloth coat with livery buttons, cut somewhat like a man's hunting-coat, and a buff waist-coat with a High Church collar—such was the uniform. I was so struck with the upper portion of the dress that I never thought of looking at the extremities; but I fancy my eye once got a glimpse, going up stairs, of red stockings and shoes with silver buckles. During dinner four winsome lassies, all similarly attired, waited on me hand and foot, and certainly never was a dinner more deftly handed and served. Why not? Women are, by their nature, much better suited for this sort of work than men. The latter think nothing of eating onions or smoking vile tobacco before serving the soup, or putting their thumbs in the gravy of one's mutton, or breathing stertoriously at your ear, or perceptibly on your cranium if it lacks a covering. Besides, there is a decided economy; footwomen are not taxed, nor do they eat so much.

Violin Making.

Barney Phillips, in Harper's Magazine for January.

Violin making in its perfection is one of the most difficult of callings. It is apparently nothing more than the adjustment of certain bits of wood, which are planed, filed, saw cut, scratched, sandpapered, carved, pegged, glued, and varnished; but to give it the soul requires the highest capability of human intelligence. Hands must work in a material which, though easier to cut than metal, can not be kept up to the same degree of precision. Fingers must be subservient to brain. For a guide you must have the fine appreciation of tone quality. If with mechanical dexterity you possess the necessary fineness of ear, your wooden case will give out the sound of a Guarnerius, a Steiner, or an Amati. The trick of it all is so subtle that he who makes a good violin is no longer a servile imitator. A commonplace instrument may be quite within the scope of a good pattern-maker, but a really fine violin, such as a great soloist will accept, one perfect throughout the whole register, one that responds to the least touch of the finger, that makes a pure and unalloyed sound, with the tone quality, whether you just touch it, or rasp it with your bow—well, that is nothing less than a *chef-d'oeuvre*. Why, there are only four people to day in the world who can turn you out such an instrument.

News of the Week.

TELEGRAPHIC CONDENSATIONS

North Carolina has 65 cotton factories.

W. H. Vanderbilt is worth $120,000,-000.

Nashville is suffering from a coal famine.

Michigan teachers are in session at Lansing.

Seventy patents were issued to women last year.

William Wait, a well-known legal writer, is dead.

A freight train was ditched at Adrian, Mich., Tuesday.

The Virginia Midland Railroad has been sold for $6,500,000.

The inauguration of Gen. Garfield is to be a grand affair.

Two envoys from the King of Abyssinia have arrived at Cairo.

The steamship "Parthia," from Liverpool, brought £81,390 in specie.

The population of Vermont is about half that of Cook County, Ill.

Conkling is off speaking terms with Sens. Blaine, Lamar and Bayard.

Minister Angell's treaty with China will undoubtedly be ratified by Congress.

The steamship "Westphalia," from Europe, brought $214,230 French coin.

The laboring classes of Switzerland are out of work and are much distressed.

Jim Keene is going to present to the City of New York a statue of Nathan Hale.

Dr. Chapin's salary was $12,000 a year, and was raised the past year to $20,-000.

Vice-Pres. Wheeler will celebrate his retirement from office by a trip to Europe.

Gen. Grant is thoroughly soured on Blaine, and says he will never speak to him again.

Over 1,000 printing presses have been shipped from Philadelphio to France since the Centennial.

At Portland, Me., the woolen mill "Windham," owned by Isaac Jackson, burned. No insurance.

Patrick Norris, a Molly Maguire, has been arrested for the murder of David Storey, seven years ago.

The Greenbackers fondly hope to defeat the funding bill by filibustering and other "parliamentary expedients."

Eighty-five ships, with 8,843 emigrants, left the Mersey in November; 7,918 of the emigrants came to the United States.

Gov. Sprague claims that his boy will have a nice story to tell about Sen. Conkling, when the divorce case comes to trial.

Fifteen conductors on a Boston street railroad have just been discharged for what the Advertiser calls misusing their bell-punches.

At Jefferson, Texas, the Rothschild case was submitted to the jury at 2 o'clock yesterday. Verdict returned, "not guilty."

Col. Israel Vodges, First Artillery, has been retired at his own request, having served over 40 consecutive years as a commissioned officer.

Eight Philadelphians have died during the year who left property valued at over half a million dollars. It does not count much now for them.

The Republicans have a project on foot to call up the bill for the payment of United States Marshal claims immediately after the recess.

The widow of Mark Hopkins, of San Francisco, has been sued by a decorative artist for $12,000, for work done on her $1,500,000 mansion.

The January dividends payable in Boston, aggregate $10,214,802, which includes $5,204,278 interest on bonds, and $2,103,444 dividends of railroads.

George Boddicke, a letter-carrier in New York, confesses that he has been robbing the mails for the past year, his plunder averaging about five dollars per day.

At Norfolk, Va., the steamer "Wyanoke," while cutting through the ice in the James River, had a hole stove in her bow and was run ashore. She will be floated after repairs.

Warrants have been served upon 16 ladies of Star City, Ind., for entering the only saloon in town, emptying out the liquors, breaking the glassware and cutting up the pool table with axes.

A Providence woman undertook to kill herself economically with the poisonous ends of matches, but found that she had to eat 37 before becoming unconscious, and then a doctor easily saved her life.

A man at Whitestown, Ga., believes that the air is pure at a hight of 100 feet, and he has obtained permission to run a pipe to the top of a village church steeple in order to pump a supply into his house.

Lynch, the colored man, who will make a hot fight for a seat in the House from the Shoestring District of Mississippi, represented that constituency before Gen. Chalmers obtained the honor.

A convention of attorneys of Missouri is being held at Kansas City, at which were submitted no less than 23 schemes to relieve the docket of the Supreme Court, which is clogged by four years' business.

The investigation into cruelties practiced at the penitentiary at Syracuse reveals terrible inhumanity toward the inmates. An ex-convict, named Cusick, has sued Superintendent Spaulding for $1,000.

Mr. Gladstone received a memorial from 700 magistrates of Ireland, declaring that the existing lawlessness requires the immediate attention of the Government, and replied that Parliament will deal with the subject.

The Boston Advertiser says that the new law of Massachusetts, under whose provisions nearly $200,000 in taxes has been assessed upon life insurance companies doing business therein, is odious to the companies.

The Prohibitionists in North Carolina are earnestly at work, and are sending petitions to the Legislature in favor of prohibition for signature to all the clergymen, temperance societies, schools, factories and Postoffices in the State.

A thousand persons, mostly women, are employed in engraving and printing government money and bank-notes at Washington. They are so strictly watched during work hours that they look upon themselves then as prisoners.

At Cincinnati, the jury in the case of the State of Ohio against ex-City Auditor Silas W. Hoffman, was discharged this morning, having been unable to agree. They stood 11 for acquittal to one for conviction. The case has been before the Court for more than four weeks.

Two-thirds of the capital stock of the Kentucky Central road has been purchased by a party of Ohio capitalists, who thus shut out certain enemies to the Cincinnati Southern. The former road will be extended to Winchester, to a connection with the Chesapeake & Ohio.

Mrs. Sprague's counsel says it was her earnest desire to save her little daughters from the effect of the divorce proceeding, and he had several interviews with the Governor's personal friends to arrange for a dissolution of the marital tie on the ground of neglect to support, without vail.

Scandalous Goings On.

St. Paul, Minn. Jan. 4.—Another chapter in the Scott County (Minn.) scandal has been brought to light. Following the conviction of ex-County Treasurer Ring and County Treasurer Baumbagler, his successor, is the arrest of County Attorney-elect Maylor, charged with attempting to bribe a juryman on the trial of Ring. During the trial one of the jury received a letter offering him $50 if he secured a disagreement, and $100 in case of an acquittal. The letter is pronounced by experts to be in Taylor's writing. Several other circumstances showed Taylor's connection with Ring, and his interest in his behalf. Taylor, in default of bail, was sent to jail.

NINE LIVES LOST

In a New York Fire.

New York, Jan. 4.—A fire broke out in the rear of 35 Madison street in a four-story tenement. Nine lives were lost as follows: Ellen Sheridan, aged 43 years; Kate Sheridan, 14; Maggie Sheridan, 5; Martin Sheridan, 3; John Walsh, 13; Thomas Cassidy, 6; Charles Cassidy, 8; girl named Egan, age 2, and Mrs. Sheridan, age unknown. Several persons were injured, among them James Cassidy, Mary Egan and Charles Walsh.

FULLER PARTICULARS.

At 8:15 this morning a fire broke out in tenement in the rear of James Doyle's liquor store, 35 Madison street. It started at the bottom of the stairs that furnished the only exit for the tenants in the five story building, excepting the fire escape attached to the building outside, and in less than five minutes swept through the stairway to the roof, cutting off the escape of a score of persons. The flames soon found vent also through the two lower stories and barred egress by the fire escape. The tenants, panic stricken, made a rush for the roof but the scuttle was firmly hooked and would not yield. The ascending flames drove the people back within their rooms.

THE WILDEST CONFUSION FOLLOWED.

Men and women threw their children from windows and jumped after them, through the flames that swept across the yard and set their clothes ablaze.

When the firemen obtained a mastery the dead bodies of nine persons who had been burned were taken out from the building. Several were injured in their efforts to escape and were sent to the hospital.

THE SCENE OF THE CALAMITY,

the like of which has not occurred in this City since the tenement house fire in Cannon street a year ago, and Turner Hall destroyed about the same time, is approached through a narrow alley, hardly wide enough to allow the passage of a portly man, between two tall tenements Nos. 35 and 33 Madison street. In the front of the house of 35 is Doyle's liquor store. Its back door opens directly upon the narrow hallway in the rear of the tenement. When the fire obtained its start, plumbers were at work at the foot of the stairs, thawing out frozen water pipes and for this purpose used gasoline. The vessel was by some means upset and becoming ignited there was an explosion which blew in the door of the saloon. In an instant black smoke rolled up the long stairway, drawn onward by the draught, caused by an open window in the top story. There was a momentary hush as the

FRIGHTENED PLUMBERS

hurried into the yard. A man sitting by the bar room stove slammed the hall door on the advancing fire. Immediately there was a wild rush overhead and the sound of breaking glass, and the air was filled with the wails of the imprisoned men and women, the shrieks of frightened children, and the cries for help of the bar-keeper and plumbers, who ran through the street to a near-by police station. Very soon

THE CLANG OF FIRE BELLS

filled the street and the narrow alley became filled with firemen and police struggling to bring help to the imprisoned and burned tenants. They came too late, the fire finding vent through the open doors and windows of the untenanted ground floor of the house and through the door had seized upon the shutters, window frames and wooden floors of the balconies outside, licking them up like so much tissue paper and reaching upward toward the floors where the frightened men and women huddled together, afraid to venture out on the fire escape that was itself aflame, while the flames within the house were plainly visible through the ill-fitting doors then being fast consumed.

Eight families occupied the house, two on each floor. On the second floor the Eagans and Muldoons had at the first alarm escaped through a window, Mrs. Mary Eagan (widow) and her four grown children, Margaret, Thomas, Joseph and John reached the ground in safety by a quick jump. Mrs. Muldoon, who is over 80 years old was less fortunate. Seizing her two grandchildren, Annie, age 10, and Kate, age 7, she sprang from the fire escape, but in the fall sprained or broke her leg and crawled away with difficulty. On the third floor Mr Regan, who lived alone, escaped with his neighbors, the McKenna family, likewise by jumping. James, age 9, Hugh, age 4, and baby were thrown through the window by Charles McKenna, their oldest brother, a lad of 15. The mother was sweeping in the yard when the fire broke out. She rushed to the stairway, but was met by a

SOLID SHEET OF FLAME,

and realizing the danger of her children, roused them by shouting before they knew of their danger. "Jump! Charles, throw them down," the agonized mother cried, and stretched out her arms to receive them as three little heads looked over the window sill beside their brother. The mother appealed to him to throw the children to her and to jump himself, while the baby, frightened by the cries of others who were alarmed at the smoke which was fast filling the room, constantly cried, with its little arms outstretched, "Mamma, mamma!" The boy quickly measured the distance to the ground from his third-story perch, and taking the baby up, first tossed it out, and it fell into the arms of its mother, who caught the other children as they were sent to her one by one, and finally broke the fall of Charles as he leaped, and all escaped unhurt.

ON THE FOURTH FLOOR,

David Cassiday and another family of Eagans. On the fifth and topmost story Mrs. Ellen Sheridan was at breakfast with four children. The men of these families, as of all others in the house, had gone to work. Mrs. Sheridan, at the first alarm, gathered together the children and sought to escape by the stairs, but the fire had possession of them. There was no succor from the street, and she sought the scuttle in the roof, but it was immovable. She shrank back from the leap to the yard, five stories below, and closing the door of the apartment to keep out the rapidly advancing flame, herself and children were suffocated by the smoke rapidly filling the room. The Cassiday family, unable to escape to the roof,

FLUNG THEMSELVES FROM THE WINDOWS.

Two of the children, Charles and Thomas, aged six and eight, remained in the room and burned to death. The Eagan family also leaped to the yard, except a child, aged two years old, that was suffocated. Mary Eagan, in the fall, was badly injured.

Officer Thomas Barrett took two children from the second story by means of the fire escape, but the flames soon sent him to the ground with burned hands, demolished beard and scorched face. The calamity was completed within a half hour. In a short time the nine bodies of the dead were removed to the Police Station, and the saloon, now with pipes entirely thawed, resumed business. The bodies presented a horrid spectacle, the flames evidently in cases having aided the smoke in the work of death. Young McKenna wrapped his little brothers and sisters in sheets and blankets before dropping them to his mother and firemen in the yard. He saved himself by seizing a clothes line stretched between the two houses, and going hand over hand beyond the line of flame, he dropped into the arms of those waiting to receive him.

A youth named Donegan, through an adjoining house, had reached the roof of the burning building, and with an axe demolished the scuttle. Katie Sheridan, with a child in her arms, endeavored to escape. Her clothing was ablaze. As the girl nearly reached the top she extended her arm to Donegan, who grasped it, but the flesh peeled from the bone, and the girl and child fell back into the flames, pieces of charred flesh remaining in the hands of Donegan.

The three children of the Fagan family may recover. Reagan was saved by leaping from the window of his room to the window of the house opposite. Mary Muldoon saved her three grandchildren by wrapping them in bed-clothes and dropping them into the arms of people in the yard. She herself then leaped, and sprained an ankle.

GARFIELD'S ADMINISTRATION.

The New York Tribune on the Subject.

New York, Jan. 3.—The Tribune this morning gives prominence to the following editorial: The time seems fit for at least one statement about the approaching administration of President Garfield. It is not to be used as to make weight in the pending Senatorial contest, whether in New York or elsewhere. We are fully authorized to say this, and the words are entitled to their full significance. It is proper to say further that the incoming administration will see to it that the men from New York and from other States who had the courage at Chicago to obey the wishes of their districts in balloting for President, and who thus finally voted for Garfield, shall not suffer for it nor lose by it. They will not fail of honorable recognition for their independence, their courage, their resolute pursuit or the policy they believed best for the Republican party and for the country. Gentlemen at Albany who are said to have been threatened with a different course at Washington may reassure themselves. The administration of Pres. Garfield is to be an administration tor the whole Republican party. It will foment no quarrels. It will most earnestly seek the things that make for peace and for the best interests of the party it represents. But it will not permit its friends to be persecuted for their friendship. Whoever has been persuaded to doubt this may as well make henceforth a declaration of independence from the dictation of any authority save the wishes of constituents and his own convictions of policy and right.

NEW YEAR'S DAY

At the White House.

Washington, Jan. 3.—The New Year's receptions of 1881 have fully equaled in brilliancy any our City has ever known in the past. The crisp, cold, exhilarating atmosphere and good sleighing gave a novelty to the day that no other New Year's within the memory of the present generation has known, and added greatly to its enjoyment. The White House has been the scene of the greatest interest. The Marine Band, as usual, played in the large entrance hall during the reception. The long central corridor was festooned with flags, and further decorated with flowers and potted plants. The parlors were also adorned with flowers and hot-house plants. The program of the order of reception as previously published, was strictly carried out. Mrs. Hayes was assisted by Miss Maria Herron, of Cincinnati; Miss Mills, of San Francisco; Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, and others. Sec. Evarts made presentations of the members of the Diplomatic Corps to the President. The largest number of these were assembled to-day that have ever assembled here on any one occasion.

TEXAS TRAGEDIES.

Man Chopped to Pieces—Stage Coach Robbed.

Galveston, Jan., 4.—A News special from San Antonio, Tex., says: A most atrocious murder has been committed in a wood chopper's camp, four miles east of the City. Bruno Hilago, refusing to loan his horses to Juan Ray, who [illegible] red to go to San Rosa, Mexico, the latter felled him with an ax, and getting a gun shot him and struck him over the head with the butt. Then picking up the ax he literally shopped him in pieces. The Sheriff's posse discovered Ray yesterday hiding in the brush and captured him.

Saturday night the San Antonio and Laredo stage was stopped three miles South of Medina by two masked men, who, after pillaging the mail bags, relieved the passengers of all their valuables. It is supposed the men were covered by others in the brush, owing to their utter recklessness and confidence.

Gen. C. C. Augur, the new Commander of the Department of Texas, has arrived.

HURD'S HOPES

On His Anti-Protection Resolutions.

Washington, Dec. 31.—Frank Hurd, who is still in the City, in an interview said that he thinks his anti-protection resolutions will be reported by the Ways and Means Committee to the House soon after the holidays. He does not know how the majority of the Committee will stand, but thinks there will be no objection to reporting them for discussion.

"I think," he said, "a vote in the House will show that members are nearly equally divided on the question of protection. While there are some Democrats who are in favor of protection, there are some Republicans who are against it. I observe that a free trade meeting has been held in Brooklyn, presided over by Henry Ward Beecher. The meeting was attended by many prominent business men of that City, who are Republicans and voted for Garfield. They resolved against any tariff for protection, and determined to put in circulation free trade literature with a view of enlightening the people on the subject. There are many Republican free-traders in the West, and I have no doubt that several Republican Representatives will vote for the principles of the resolution."

Interoceanic Canal.

Washington, Dec. 31.—Gen. Grant is very deeply interested in the subject of an interoceanic ship-canal, and an article dictated by him will appear in the North American Review for February. It is understood that the publication of that number of the Review will be hastened as much as practicable in view of the prevailing interest in the subject, both in this country and in Europe. Of course no synopsis of Gen. Grant's paper can be given to the public until the publishers are ready, which, it is expected, will be as early as January 14. In all probability, however, the article will be mainly devoted to discussing the advantages that would accrue to the United States from the construction of a canal under American auspices and subject to American control. Gen. Grant is a hearty believer in the policy of building such a canal.

Public Debt Statement.

Washington, Jan. 3.—The debt statement issued to-day shows a decrease of the public debt during December, 1880, to be $5,699,430. Cash in Treasury, $222,299,739; gold certificates, $45,582,-120; certificates of deposit outstanding, $7,005,000; refunding certificates, $927,-400; legal tenders outstanding, $346,681,-016; fractional currency outstanding, $7,147,580; sixes of '81 outstanding, $g,129,000; payments made from Treasury by warrants during December, 1880, were on account of civil and miscellaneous, $5,470,957; War, $3,491,911; Navy, $1,719,104; Interior, Indians, $643,018; Interior, pensions, $4,750,070. Total, $16,075,063.98. The above does not include payments made on account of interest or principal of the public debt of the United States.

A Victory for the B. & O.

Baltimore, Jan. 3.—In the United States Circuit Court this morning, in the suit of the Pullman Palace Car Company against the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company, for infringement of patent of the complainants by the Railroad Company in using Pullman sleeping cars on their road, and praying for an injunction against the road, Judge Bond filed the opinion of the Court refusing to grant the injunction.

West Virginia Senatorship.

Washington, Dec. 31.—Gov. Mathews, of West Virginia, is here. The Governor is a prominent candidate for the Senatorship, which will be vacant after March 4, by reason of Senator Hereford's retirement. He feels confident that either he or Mr. Camden will be elected. The general opinion in Washington is that Sen. Hereford will be defeated for re-election. He has cut a very small figure in the Senate.

Buffalo people express regret at the announcement that Fort Porter is to be abandoned by the United States troops. There are now two companies of infantry at the fort, commanded by Capt. Hall and Capt. Craig.

FRED DOUGLASS

And the Marshalship of the District of Columbia.

Washington, Jan. 4.—The question whether Mr. Frederick Douglass shall be retained as Marshal of the District of Columbia, will be one of the first in regard to office holding that Gen. Garfield as President will be called upon to settle. The office of Marshal of this District is a most tempting one. It carries with it a salary of $6,000, with almost nothing to do. There is no whisky distilled here, and but very little tobacco manufactured. Thus the Marshal's duties are very light, and can be, as they always are, performed by his chief deputy. In consequence of the softness of the berth there are any number of patriots who are anxious to serve their country in the capacity of Marshal for the District of Columbia. The Department of Justice already has information of half a dozen men who intend to apply for the place, and who, through their friends, are inquiring into its duties and emoluments. These six and many others will try for Fred. Douglass's place, and Gen. Garfield will have to decide whether to retain him or not. There is also considerable opposition to Douglass's retention shown by the lawyers and people of the District who have business with his office. It is not on account of his color, but because Douglass has surrounded himself in dealing out the subordinate positions by a number of colored men, two of them his sons, who, it is said, are insulting in their manners to all white people who come into his office. Douglass did good work during the campaign, especially in Indiana. Gen. Garfield has a very good opinion of him. He will not, however, retain his marshalship, it is thought, but will be sent abroad to represent the Government in the diplomatic service. He may be sent to Liberia.

INDIAN FIGHTING

Major Igles Has Gall a Prisoner.

St. Paul, Minn., Jan. 4.—At a late hour last night Gen. Berk, Adjutant of the Dakota Division, received the following telegram from Major Igles:

"Camp Poplar River,
via Fort Buford,
Jan. 3, 1881.

To Berk, Assistant Adjutant General:

After my talk with the Indians on the 31st of December, which led me to believe them to be sincere, they, through their chief, 'The Crow,' sent me yesterday a very impertinent message that they would not move, and would fight me. I moved against them to-day, surrounded their camp, shelled them and compelled them to surrender; killed one, wounded two and lost no soldiers. I have now at the agency about 300 hostiles and about 300 horses and 40 guns. They threatened to fight but showed none. They deserted their Villages. I burned up about 60 of their lodges which will hurt them badly. Will start at daylight after the hostiles, who have gone to the Yankton-Nais camp about 13 miles distant. The Yanktonians, by six of their principal men, assisted me to-day and were of great help, and I will give them some ponies. I have Gall as prisoner and will have The Crow to-morrow. These people are in great distress for want of food and will do what I can for them. The thermometer is 20° below zero."

(Signed) Igles,
Major 5th Infantry.

PRES. GOODRICH

Denies that the Alpena Was Not in Good Condition—Sitting Bull's Troubles.

Chicago, Jan. 3.—A. E. Goodrich, President of the Goodrich Transportation Company, denies in toto the charges made by the coroner's jury at Grand Haven, Mich., that the Company's steamer "Alpena," which went down last October with all on board, was in bad condition, unseaworthy, with inadequate and worthless life-preservers, with inexperienced sailors for a crew, and with but one life-boat. Mr. Goodrich declares that these charges are unsupported by facts, and that the conclusion that the Company should be held responsible for all damages arising from the disaster is also unwarranted.

Specials say Sitting Bull remains in camp near the mouth of the Milk river, awaiting the surrender or annihilation of Chief Gall, who has encamped near the Popular River Indian agency, with 300 or 400 warriors of the Uncappae tribe. This Chief has by his display of bravado made Sitting Bull envious and the latter prefers that Gall shall be annihilated first, leaving him the prestige of being the last to surrender. This will probably occur very soon.

Twins Frozen to Death.

New Albany, Ind., Dec. 31.—The twin babies of Wm. and Fannie Johnson, aged three months, were frozen to death to-day. The family resides in the western end of the City, and is very poor and destitute. Johnson left home yesterday in search of employment, leaving his wife without fuel. The day was bitter cold, and she tucked the children away in the cradle and covered them as best she could with the scant coverings she had. The cold grew more intense through the night until the mercury had sunk eight degrees below zero. At three o'clock A. M. one of the children perished, and at 6 A. M. the other followed. Not even the nearest neighbors were aware of the destitution of the wretched family. Had they made known their condition, they would have received abundant relief. The freezing of the children only became publicly know this afternoon.

Who is Utah's Delegate?

Cheyenne, Jan. 3.—Allen Campbell, the anti-Mormon candidate for Congress at the late election in Utah, passed through here to-day on his way East. He says Gov. Murray will decide by January 4 whether he will give Delegate Cannon a certificate of election, the objection being that Cannon is an alien and polygamist. Campbell's counsel hold that Gov. Murray has power to pass upon the question of eligibility as to issuing a certificate of election, and can legally give the certificate to Campbell. There will certainly be a contest in the House over the seat of the Utah delegate. Campbell is a Democrat, but strongly anti-Mormon.

Hartmann, the Socialist.

New York, Dec. 31.—The Socialists of New York are making great preparations for the reception of Leo Hartmann, the Russian Nihilist, who was implicated in the plot to murder the Czar of Russia, and who subsequently escaped. Hartmann, it will be remembered, was the subject of the international dispute between Russia and France. Hartmann is expected in New York within a few days, on one of the large Atlantic steamers.

FELLOWS' SYRUP

Is a combination of Hypophosphites, originated by me in Canada while under the process of pulmonary consumption, and which has since been employed by the medical profession throughout America and England with unprecedented success.

It contains the elements essential to the animal organization, the oxidizing agents and tonics.

In combination with the stimulating agent phosphorus, possessing the merit of being slightly alkaline, and is dispensed in the convenient and palatable form of syrup.

Its effects are usually visible within 24 hours, and are marked by a stimulation of the appetite, the digestion and assimilation, entering directly into the circulation; it tones the nerves and muscles; exerts a healthy action of the secretions; neither disturbs the stomach nor injures the system under prolonged use, and may be discontinued at any time without inconvenience.

In a word, it possesses the stimulants to arouse the strength, the tonics to retain it, and merit of a high degree.

Very respectfully,
JAMES I. FELLOWS.

Do not be deceived by remedies bearing a similar name; no other preparation is a substitute for this under any circumstances.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Dr. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

The Markets.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS.

Financial.

Toledo, Ohio, Wednesday, January 5, 1881.

For the past week money in New York ruled quiet must of the time at 5@6 per cent. The stock market was firm in the beginning of the week, but toward the close was irregular and feverish. Government bonds were quiet but steady.

The statement of the New York Associated Banks is as follows:

	Decrease.	Increase.
Loans	$	$5,338,800
Specie		961,900
Legal tenders	504,300	
Deposits		5,398,000
Circulation	23,200	

The reserve and the liabilities are:

Specie, increase	$961,900
Legal tenders, decrease	504,300
Total reserve	$457,600

The Assistant Treasurer at New York reports that the receipts of his office during December were $129,552,817.43, and the disbursements, $47,846,442.69, leaving a balance of $81,706,373.74. The receipts for customs during the month were $8,659,900.40, an increase of $1,055,559.27 upon the receipts from the same source for the corresponding month of 1879.

The Assay Office reports deposits for the month: Gold, $15,940,800; silver, $420,600. Total, $16,361,400.

The imports for the week were: Dry goods, $1,873,010, and merchandise, $3,443,281, a total of $5,016,291.

Internal revenue receipts, $554,364; customs, $410.194.

The Treasury Department to-day remitted on account of the redemption of the sixes of 1880, due to-day, checks amounting to $123,340. There now remains $6,201,000 of this loan unredeemed, of which amount the Treasury holds $1,083,000 as security for national bank circulation.

The Treasury now holds $359,823,550 in United States bonds to secure bank circulation, divided as follows:

Currency 6's	$4,019,000	4½ ₰ cents	$36,710,450
Six ₰ cents	50,719,750	4 ₰ cents	11,043,800
Five ₰ cents	8,330,550		

Bonds deposited for circulation during the week ending to-day, $1,217,000. Bonds held for circulation withdrawn during the week, $1,357,-000. National bank circulation outstanding—currency notes, $343,219,934; gold notes, $1,135,-200.

The receipts of national bank notes for the week, as compared with the corresponding period of last year, were as follows:

	1879.	1880.
New York	$122,000	$296,000
Boston	17,000	148,000
Philadelphia	16,000	85,000
Manchester	301,000	389,000
Totals	$456,000	$918,000

There were distributed from the United States mints $310,993 in standard silver dollars for the week, against $207,983 during the corresponding week of 1879.

The following is a statement of United States currency outstanding at this date:

Old demand notes	$60,745 00
Legal tender notes—all issues	346,681,016 00
One year notes of 1863	48,085 00
Two years notes of 1863	12,550 00
Two years coupon of 1863	23,350 00
Compound interest notes	241,210 00
Fractional currency—all issues	15,523,468 45
Total	$362,588,424 45

The Comptroller of the Currency reports the amount of National Bank notes outstanding on January 1, 1881, (not including $1,135,260 circulation of National gold banks), to be $343,219,943. The net increase for December was $655,267, and for the calendar year, $2,258,727.

To-day's reports up to latest hour by telegraph to the Blade say money is loaning at 6 per cent. on call. Prime mercantile paper, 5@6 ₰ cent. Bar, silver, 113⅛c. Exchange quoted at $4.98⅞ for long and $4.99¾ for sight. Government Bonds steady and quiet. 1881 registered, 101½; coupons, 101½; new fives, register d, 101½; coupons, 101½; new four-and-a-halfs, registered, 111⅞; coupons, 111⅞; new fours, registered, 112¾; coupons, 112¾. State Bonds dull and nominal. Railroad bonds inactive. Since 11 o'clock the market has been feverish and unsettled, the general tendency being toward a lower range of quotations, and at noon prices had reacted ¼ to 2¼ per cent., the latter for Western Union.

STATE STOCKS.

	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thrs	Frid	Sat.
Old Tennessee's	45	50½	50	49	47½	....
New Tennessee's	43	50½	49½	47	45¾	....
Old Virginia's	31	35½	33	32	22	....
New Virginia's	31	36	34	33	33	....
Missouri 6's	108	111	111	111¼	111¼	....
Louisiana 7¼'s	54¾	53¼	53	53	53	....

GOVERNMENT SECURITIES.

	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thrs	Frid	Sat
U. S. 1881	104¼	104⅜	104¼	104¼	104¼	....
U. S. 5's, new	101¼	101⅝	101⅝	101⅛	101⅛	....
U. S. new 4½'s	111⅞	111⅞	111⅞	112	112	....
U. S. new 4's	113¼	113⅜	113⅝	113¼	113⅝	....
Sterling, sight	484¼	483	483	483¼	483	....
Sterling, 60 days	482½	480½	480¼	480½	481	....
Pacific 6's of '95	130	130	130	130¼	130	....

DRY GOODS.

The year 1880 was a satisfactory one for the dry goods trade. The closing month footed up well in all departments. The week just closed was a quiet one, as is always the case between the holidays. Prices are firm, and the promise for a large trade in 1881 is all that could be desired. Stocks are considerably reduced in most departments. Cottonades were less a [illegible], but prices strong. Checks and stripes moved strictly in accordance with current wants at steady quotations. Corset jeans and satteens continue in steady jobbing distribution at full, firm quotations. Cambrics, roll and glazed, were in moderate inquiry at unchanged values. Cheviots moved quietly at current prices. Plaid osnaburgs are firm under a light demand. Denims, ducks and drills continue in active movement, with the leading makes sold up, and prices very firm. Tickings were steady, also silesias and wigans. Ginghams remain firm for staples, fancies and dress styles. Print cloths were dull and irregular. Prints are in moderate jobbing distribution for staples, fancies, robes, shirtings, mournings and solids at firm prices. The stock of dark work is dull in the market. Wide prints in cretonnes, foulards and percales are firm and in fair demand. Worsted dress goods, staple and fancy, were dull, but no change in prices on the leading makes. Cotton dress goods are lower to close out assortments. In woolen goods there is no change in the market; prices are steady and the demand moderate for cassimeres, suitings, worsted coatings, cloakings and repellants. Kentucky jeans and satinets, both plain and printed, are very firm and stocks well sold up. Flannels were in moderate jobbing demand. Blankets continue strong and active. Hosiery and underwear are quiet.

WOOL.

The Wool Circular of Harding, Martin & Co., says: In Boston the business of the week was quite large for wool. The demand included all grades and qualities, and considerable of the business has been done during the past few days. In prices there is no change. Wool of all kinds is held firm, and we shall be disappointed if the months of January and February do not show an active market. Manufacturers, as a whole, hold but comparatively small stocks. Some few large mills have a good stock on hand, but most manufacturers have kept stocks worked up very close for some months past, and are likely to operate more freely early in the year.

The sales of the week indicate prices as follows: Ohio, Pennsylvania and Virginia X, XX, XXX and above, 46½@52c; Michigan X and No. 1, 44@45c; combing and delaine, 48@55c; Territory, 20@32c; unwashed and unmerchantable fleece, 21@36c; California spring, 15@37½c; California fall, 19½@31½c; super and X pulled, 35@52c; scoured, 26@80c; noils, 40@52c; Texas, 25@34c.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

In Boston trade was a little slack between the holidays. However, the amount of goods sold footed up well, the volume being fully up to the average of other seasons. Prices are in an unsatisfactory condition. In various lines of goods at the opening of the season manufacturers agreed upon uniform prices, but a few having scaled rates a little, buyers were not so free to purchase. It is observable that a better class of goods is called for than last year. In New York business was also dull. Manufacturers are just closing out their orders for fall goods, and salesmen will start out immediately with samples for the coming season. In Philadelphia there was a marked increase in the number of orders from salesmen South and West for children's and infants' wear. The jobbing interest for the closing week in boots and shoes was fairly active.

Brain and Nerve Food.

VITALIZED PHOS-PHITES

Composed of the Nerve-giving Principles of the Ox-Brain and Wheat Germ.

PHYSICIANS HAVE PRESCRIBED 300,000 PACKAGES WITH THE BEST RESULTS IN ALL FORMS OF IMPAIRED VITALITY, MENTAL EXHAUSTION, OR WEAKENED DIGESTION. IT IS THE BEST PREVENTIVE OF CONSUMPTION AND ALL DISEASES OF DEBILITY. IT GIVES REST AND SLEEP TO INFANTS, CHILDREN AND ADULTS, BY STRENGTHENING THE BRAIN AND NERVES WITH THE FOOD THEY ACTUALLY REQUIRE.

For sale by Druggists or mail, $1.00. F. CROSBY, 664 & 666 Sixth ave., N. Y.

The Blade's telegraph dispatch from London this morning, regarding the crops, is as follows:

London, Jan. 4.—The Mark Lane Express says: There has been mild as well as stormy weather, but young wheats look well. The deliveries of home grown grain have been small, the markets have been dull and everything was cheaper. Most of the home-grown grain is in bad condition; foreign supplies, therefore, are relied upon. No amount of engineering in America tempts millers to abandon the consumptive demand. The flour supply has considerably fallen. There are practically no old wheats on offer. Values of breadstuffs continually favor buyers. Foreign supply on spot small, and afloat large. Values gave way until Friday. In wheat, American Red Winter off coast recovered 6d. The season is now too far gone for speculators to work out another corner, but it matters little whether they send much or little. For the present we can get well sudplied elsemhere until next harvest. British and foreign Barleys dull and cheap. Oats slow and unchanged. Foreign Oats similar in tone. Maize dull. American, on Friday, was reduced 3d. Sales of English wheat during the week, 27,141 qrs. at 41s.11d ₰ qr., against 37,574 qrs. at 46s.11d for the corresponding week last year. Imports into the United Kingdom for the week ending Dec. 23, 600,294 cwts. wheat and 204,374 cwts. flour.

The market for wheat during the week exhibited a somewhat unsettled condition, with closing prices higher but not firm. The volume of trade was small. On Tuesday last No. 2 Red Wabash closed at 99½c; on Wednesday 99c was the price; on Thursday none sold; on Friday 101½c was noted; on Saturday there was no session; on Monday 102½c was noted, with but little done. The fluctuations so frequent through the week give no assurance of steadiness in the immediate future.

Special reports from London and Liverpool are as follows:

London, Jan. 4—1:00 p. m.—Arrived Wheat quiet but firm. Arrived Corn firm and a shade higher. To arrive Wheat and Corn dull. Corn off coast 3d higher.

Liverpool, Jan. 4—1:00 p. m.—Wheat firmer, fair inquiry. Corn, not much doing. Cargoes off coast for United Kingdom and Continent—Wheat in moderate demand. Corn dull.

An epitomee of the market reports to the Blade to-day is as follows: New York—Wheat heavy and about ¼@1¼c lower. Corn heavy and ¼c lower. Oats lower. Milwaukee—Wheat declined 1½@3c; the noon board closed dull. Corn lower. Oats lower. Cincinnati—Wheat dull. Corn firmer. Oats quiet. Chicago—Wheat unsettled and lower. Corn weak and lower. Oats weak. Buffalo—Wheat nominal. Corn quiet and steady. Oats quiet. Baltimore—Western Wheat lower and weak. Corn easier and quiet. Oats higher.

At to-day's session of the Toledo Produce Exchange there was a very limited amount of trading in cash Wheat, and values underwent but little change. Spot Amber sold steadily at 102½c, the figure at yesterday's close.

White Wheat was not placed upon the market. Red Wheat did not move to any extent. No. 2 Red Wabash opened at 101½c and closed at 102c, ½c below the preceding day. No. 3 Red Wheat, 96c for one lot. No. 3 Red Mixed, 99c. Rejected Wheat, 85@84c, inside for L. S. ing grades of spot wheat in this mardet for the days named, week ending Monday, Jan. 3:

	Tues.	Wed.	Thurs.	Fri.	Sat.	Mon.
Amber	100	....	....	....	*	102½
2 Red Wab.	99½	99	....	101½	....	102½
3 Red Wab.	....	94	....	....	....	....
2 Amb. Ill.	....	....	....	....	....	....

For future delivery there was a fair business done in No. 2 Red Wabash, but not so large as on the preceding day, and values were lower at the conclusion. Seller January ¾c lower at 101½c. Seller February opened at 104c and marked 104⅛c at the end, ⅞c down. Seller March 106⅞c to begin and 106¾c on the last transaction, ⅞c decline. Seller April, 108½c at first and 108⅛c to close, 1c depressed. Seller May, 110½c, 1⅜c under yesterday.

The price of No. 2 Red Wabash for future delivery will be seen in the following, week ending Monday, Jan. 3:

NO. 2 RED WABASH.

	Dec.	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.
Tuesday	....	100	103	106
Wednesday	....	99	102¼	105
Thursday	....	100½	103½	106½
Friday	....	101½	104¼	107½
*Saturday	....			
Monday	....	102¼	105	107⅝

*New Year—no session.

The market for cash Corn was considerably more animated than for several previous days. High-mixed, 40½c. No. 2, 39½@39¾c, latter to close. Rejected, 38½@38¾c, stronger value to conclude. D. & M. do, 39½c. No sales of options.

Oats moved fairly free at 35c for No. 2; D. & M. do, 35½c. Michigan, 35½c.

Dressed Hogs—Light sales at $5.30 for all weights.

The market for Clover Seed was quite brisk No. 2 Medium, $4.15; Mammoth Seed, $5.05; No. do., $4.65.

Mr. Charles Worthington, Statistician of the Department of Agriculture, has completed his final investigation and compilations in regard to the wheat crop of the United States for 1880, a detailed statement of which, by States, is as follows:

	1880, bu.	1879, bu.
Maine	383,135	488,688
New Hampshire	204,525	195,529
Vermont	520,096	463,924
Massachusetts	15,606	15,324
Connecticut	43,730	50,318
New York	12,931,217	10,746,660
New Jersey	2,473,974	1,789,115
Pennsylvania	22,299,093	21,307,245
Delaware	1,369,040	1,012,584
Maryland	7,485,800	6,939,066
Virginia	9,322,350	8,851,007
North Carolina	3,470,080	3,224,836
South Carolina	690,720	1,141,460
Georgia	2,582,370	3,616,920
Alabama	946,630	1,501,592
Mississippi	374,000	417,912
Texas	3,901,500	3,454,200
Arkansas	1,167,600	1,384,000
Tennessee	9,309,800	11,852,640
West Virginia	4,651,140	4,330,580
Kentucky	5,347,120	7,631,520
Ohio	37,732,800	36,591,360
Michigan	30,705,000	28,773,130
Indiana	38,341,990	43,709,148
Illinois	52,767,200	54,896,830
Wisconsin	16,464,000	20,565,468
Minnesota	40,752,600	31,887,135
Iowa	36,098,400	32,787,043
Missouri	30,688,000	26,802,300
Kansas	19,850,000	13,098,060
Nebraska	10,208,000	18,043,707
California	45,760,000	35,000,000
Oregon	12,920,000	8,188,800
Other States and Terr's.	18,005,000	16,900,000
Total bu	480,849,823	448,755,118

The following compilation will show at a glance the comparative yield in the several general divisions of the country, in bushels:

	1880.	1879.
New England States	1,167,092	1,196,843
Decrease	29,751	
Middle States	39,073,341	35,850,605
Increase	3,222,736	
Southern States	49,256,900	54,473,703
Decrease	5,216,803	
Western States	314,667,390	297,145,167
Increase	17,522,223	
California and Oregon	58,680,000	43,188,800
Increase	15,491,200	
Other States and Territ's.	18,005,000	16,900,000
Increase	1,105,000	

The increase in the crop compared with 1879 is 32,094,603 bu.

The corrected information in regard to acreage of wheat for 1880, in the United States, shows 36,037,950 acreas, against 32,835,909 in 1879. The yield per acre for 1880 is 13.3 bu., against 13.7 in 1879; 13.1 in 1878, 13.9 in 1877. Previous to 1877 the general average for fifteen years was 12.2.

The figures given by the Bureau of Statistics indicating the amount of wheat remaining for domestic consumption per capita for several crop years, compare as follows: 1878-79, 6.03 bu; 1877-8, 6.09; 1876-7, 5.34; 1885-6, 5.23; 1874-5, 4.79, etc. In this reckoning the flour exports are not taken into consideration—and thus the amount stated per capita includes wheat consumed at home for seeding, flour, etc., and also covering the amount of flour exported. For the year ending June 30, 1880, the flour exports were eqnivalent to 27,051,385 bu of wheat; preceding year equivalent to 25,323,713 bu.

The annual production of wheat in the United States, the exparts of wheat, including flour, and the remaining supply for domestic uses, compare for five years, each ending June 30, as follows:

	Production, bu.	Exports, bu.	Remaining bu.
1875-76	292,136,000	74,750,682	217,385,318
1876-77	289,355,300	37,043,965	252,312,564
1877-78	364,194,146	92,139,236	272,054,910
1878-79	420,122,400	147,787,649	472,434,751
1879-80	448,755,118	100,305,108	263,410,95

General Produce.

Milwaukee Jan. 4.—Wheat declined 1½@3c; the noon board closed dull at 105c for hard; 99c for No. 1; 98c for No. 2 hard; 95¼c for No. 2 cash and seller January; 96¼c seller February; 97¾c seller March; 82c for No. 3; 74c for No. 4; rejected nominal. Receipts, 83,000 bu; shipments, 6,000 bu. Coarse grains lower. Corn, 36½c for No. 2. Oats, 30c for No. 2. Rye, 87c for No. 1. Barley, 87c for No. 2.

Cincinnati, Jan. 4.—Flour quiet; family, $4 65@4 95; fancy, $5 25@6 00. Wheat dull; No. 2 amber, — c; No. 2 red, 103@104c. Corn firmer; No. 2 mixed, shelled, 43c. Oats quiet; No. 2 mixed, 35@36c. Barley in good demand; No. 2 Fall, 98@100c. Pork nominal at $13 00. Lard firm at $8 50. Bulk meats firm and unchanged at $4 37½@6 87½. Bacon quiet; clear rib, $7 75. Whisky dull at $1 10.

Philadelphia, Jan. 3.—Flour—Market firmer; western superfine, $3 25; western extras, $3 75@4 25; Minnesota extras, clear medium, $5 00@5 12½; fair, $5 25; good, $5 50@5 62½; choice, $5 75; straight, $6 00; Ohio good, $5 75; fancy, $6 10; do patents, $6 75; Indiana good, $5 50; Minnesota patents, $7 00@8 25. Rye flour dull at $5 20@5 25. Wheat opened firmer and prices advanced, but later the advance was lost; rejected at grain depot, 108c; No. 2 red in elevator, 115½c bid; 115½c asked. Corn in good demand for local lots; options dull; steamer on track, 53c; western mixed on track, 54c. Oats steady; No. 1 white, 47½c; No. 2 do, 46½@47c; No. 3 do, 45c; mixed, 44½c.

Chicago, Jan. 3.—Wheat unsettled, but closed lower; 95¼c cash; 96¾c seller January; 97⅛c seller February; 97⅞c seller March. Corn lower at 36½c cash; —c seller January; 36⅞c seller February; 41⅞c seller May. Oats weak at 30½c cash; —c seller January; 30⅞c seller February; 34½c seller May. Rye at 85c. Barley at 11⅛c. Whisky at 111c. Pork slow and lower at $12 35 cash; $12 35 seller January; $12 52½ seller February; $12 72½ seller March. Lard weak at $8 42½ cash; $— seller January; $8 55 seller February; $8 67½ seller March. Hogs—receipts, 28,000 head; market fairly active and 5c lower; light, $4 80@4 75; mixed packing, $4 50@4 80; heavy packing, shipping, $4 85@5 00; selected, 5 05@5 15. Cattle—receipts, 4400 head; market active; 5@10c higher; common to fair shipping, $3 80@4 45, good to choice $4 80@5 20, butchers' at 2 20@3 60; stockers at $2 90@3 75.

Baltimore, Jan. 4.—Flour dull and unchanged; western superfine, $3 50@4 00; do extra $5 25@5 00; do family, $5 25@6 00. Wheat—Western lower, closing weak; No. 2 western winter red, spot, and seller January, 114½@114⅝c; seller February, 117@118c; seller March, 119¼@119½c. Corn—Western quiet and and firm; western mixed, spot, and seller January, 52½@53c; seller February, 54½@54⅝c; seller March, 55½@56c; steamer, 49c. Oats higher; western white, 44@45c; do mixed, 43@43½c; Pennsylvania, 44c. Rye dull, 98@100c. Hay unchanged; prime to choice Pennsylvania, $21 00@23 00. Provisions dull, unchanged. Mess pork, $12 35. Bulk meats—loose shoulders, none; clear rib sides, none offering; do packed, $5 00@7 50. Bacon—shoulders, $6 00; clear rib sides, $8 00; hams, $9 00@10 00. Lard—refined, $9 25. Butter dull; prime to choice western, packed, 18@23c; roll, 20@23c. Eggs firm; fresh, 33@35c; limed, 25@27c. Petroleum nominal. Coffee market firm; rio cargoes, ordinary to fair, 11½@13½c. Sugar steady; A soft, 9⅝c. Whiskey is dull at 116@117c. Freights to Liverpool, per steamer, unchanged; cotton, 3-16@¼d; flour, 2s 5d; grain, 8@8½d. Receipts—Flour, 3501 bbls; wheat, 61,500 bu; corn, 62,700 bu; oats, — bu; rye, 980 bu. Shipments—wheat, — bu; corn, 6000 bu. Sales—Wheat, 404,600 bu; corn, 33,200 bu.

New York, Jan. 4.—Flour dull, in buyers' favor; receipts, 30,000 bbls; round hoop Ohio, 4 30@5 00; choice do, 5 10@6 75; superfine western, 3 25@3 85; common to good extra do, 4 25@4 75; choice do do, 4 80@6 75; choice white wheat do, 5 00@6 00. Wheat—market heavy and 1@1¼c lower; sales, 8,000 bu No 2 red seller January, at 116⅞c — c; 248,000 bu do seller February, 118⅝@119⅝c; 56,000 bu do seller March, 120½@120⅞c; No 2 white, seller January, — @ — c; seller May, 117½@117¾c. Corn about ¼c lower, and dull; mixed western spot, 53½@57c; do futures, 55½@58c. Oats heavy and lower; western, 43@48c. Beef steady; new plain mess, $8 50; new extra do $9 50. Pork dull and nominal; old mess, $12 75 spot. Lard lower and weak; steam rendered, $8 90. Butter quiet and steady; Ohio, 13@27c. Cheese steady at quiet at 7@13½c for poor to choice. Sugar unchanged and quiet. Molasses steady and quiet. Petroleum dull and nominal. Rice firm, and trade moderate. Coffee quiet and unchanged. Freights firm. Spirits turpentine steady at $9 47½@9 48. Rosin quiet at 180@190c. Tallow steady at 6@6⅛c for western. Eggs strong at 30@35c for fair to choice.

Live Stock Markets.

East Liberty, Jan. 3.—Cattle—Receipts since Friday, 2,245 head through and 4,234 head yard stock; selling slow at 10@25c off from last week.

Hogs—Receipts since Friday, 11,275 head; Yorkers, $4 90@5 10; Philadelphias, $5 25@5 45.

Sheep and Lambs—Receipts since Friday, 4,200 head; selling at 10@15c off from last week.

Chicago, Jan. 3.—Hogs—Receipts to-day, 13,-000 head; shipments, 1,000; market weak, rather slow and 5@10c lower; mixed packing, $4 45@4 75; light, $4 55@4 80; fancy, $5 10@5 20; choice heavy, $4 85@5 00.

Cattle—Receipts, 5,000 head; shipments, — head; exports firm at $5 40@6 40; good to choice shipping, $4 65@5 00; common to fair, $3 60@4 00; butchers', $2 25@3 75; bulls, $2 50@3 60; stockers, $2 85@3 75; yearlings, $3 25@3 40.

Sheep—Receipts, 1,000 head; shipments, — head; market fairly active; common to medium $4 00@4 50; good to choice, $4 75@5 00.

New York, Jan. 3.—Beeves—Receipts for two days, 4,030 head; making 9,330 head for the week, against 11,300 head last week. One-fourth of the fresh offerings arrived late; the market opened with a firm tone and brisk demand at very full prices, but closed dull, with a downward tendency. A car load of very poor cattle sold at $7 75, to dress 55 lbs; otherwise the range was $8 75@9 50, to dress 55 to 58 lbs, the lowest figure for common steers and the highest for prime Illinois; no extra or prime cattle shown. Exporters used 800 head at $10 75@10 50. Shipments of live stock and fresh meat for the week, 1,709 live cattle, 7,634 quarters of beef, — live sheep, 2,280 carcasses of mutton — live hogs and 867 dressed pigs.

Sheep and Lambs—Receipts for two days, 11,700 head; making 25,730 for the week, against 26,200 head last week. Market over-supplied and dull at a reduction of ¼@½c, sheep at $4 00@6 50 ₰ 100 lbs; lambs, $5 [illegible].

Swine—Receipts for two days, 9,500 head; making 21,380 head for the week against 33,860 head last week. Market firmer and higher; fair to good live hogs, $5 50@5 60 ₰ 100 lbs.

Cuticura

Astonishing Cures of Itching, Scaly and Scrofulous Humors of the Skin, Scalp, and Blood of Children and Infants.

Cuticura Remedies are simply elegant to use. They appeal to mothers and parents with great force. From infancy to old age they are equally successful, safe and reliable. Cuticura, a Medicinal Jelly, arrests disease, eats away dead skin and flesh, allays inflammation, itching and irritation, soothes and heals Skin Diseases and Scalp Affections with Loss of Hair. It reproduces and beautifies the hair. Cuticura Resolvent, the great Blood Purifier, cleanses, purifies and eradicates all chronic and hereditary humors. Cuticura Medicinal Toilet Soap, prepared from Cuticura, cleanses, soothes and heals diseased surfaces, whitens, freshens, and beautifies the skin beyond all praise. It is an elegantly perfumed Toilet, Bath and Nursery sanative.

Children and Infants.

Chas. Eayre Hinkle, Jersey City Heights, N. J., writes: "My son, a lad of twelve years, was completely cured of a terrible case of Eczema by the Cuticura Remedies. From the top of his head to the soles of his feet was one mass of scabs. Every other remedy and physicians had been tried in vain."

Fred. Rohrer, esq., Cashier Stock Growers' National Bank, Pueblo, Colorado, writes: "I am so well pleased with its effect on my baby that I can not afford to be without it in my house. It is a wonderful cure, and it is bound to become very popular as soon as its virtues are known to the masses."

J. S. Weeks, esq., Town Treasurer, St. Albans, Vt., says, in a letter dated May 28: "It works to a charm on my baby's face and head. Cured the head entirely, and has nearly cleaned the face of sores. I have recommended it to several, and Dr. Plant has ordered it for them."

Cuticura Remedies are prepared by WEEKS & POTTER, Chemists and Druggists, 360 Washington street, Boston, and are for sale by all Druggists. Price of Cuticura, a Medicinal Jelly, small boxes, 50c; large boxes, $1. Cuticura Resolvent the new Blood Purifier, $1 per bottle. Cuticura Medicinal Toilet Soap, 25c. Cuticura Medicinal Shaving Soap, 15c; in bars for barbers and large consumers, 50c.

ALL MAILED FREE ON RECEIPT OF PRICE.

SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE For Catarrh.

Begin at the beginning. Cleanse the nasal passages. Remove the morbid coats of rotten and dead tissue. Work upon these surfaces until the living, wholesome membrane is reached, cleansed, disinfected, soothed and healed. Then you have attacked and removed the cause. Meanwhile, by internal administration, drive from the blood the poison it delivers with every pulsation of the heart. When all this is faithfully done, Catarrh is conquered—you are cured.

Sanford's Radical Cure consists of one bottle of the Radical Cure, one box of Catarrhal Solvent, and one improved Inhaler, all wrapped in one package, with Treatise and Directions, and sold by all druggists for $1. Ask for Sanford's Radical Cure, the most complete, instantaneous, and economical treatment in medicine.

General Agents, Weeks & Potter, Boston.

COLLINS' VOLTAIC ELECTRIC PLASTERS

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Weak and Sore Lungs, Coughs and Colds, Weak Back, Stomach and Bowels, Dyspepsia, Shooting Pains through the Loins and Back, Spasms or Fits and Nervous, Muscular and Spinal Affections, relieved and cured when every other plaster, liniment, lotion and electric appliance fails. Ask for Collins' Voltaic Electric Plasters. Only 25 cents.

DR. RADWAY'S Sarsaparilian Resolvent

THE GREAT

BLOOD PURIFIER.

Changes as Seen and Felt, as they Daily Occur. After Using a Few Doses.

1. Good spirits, disappearance of weakness, languor, melancholy, increase and hardness of flesh and muscles, etc.

2. Strength increases, appetite improves, relish for food, no more sour eructations of waterbrash, good digestion, calm and undisturbed sleep, awaken fresh and vigorous.

3. Disappearance of spots, blotches, pimples; the skin looks clear and healthy; the urine changed from its turpid and cloudy appearance to a clear cherry or amber color; water passes freely from the bladder through the urethra without pain or scalding; little or no sediment; no pain or weakness.

4. Marked diminution of quantity and frequency of involuntary weakening discharges (if afflicted in that way), with certainty of permanent cure. Increased strength, exhibited in the secreting glands, and functional harmony restored to the several organs.

5. Yellow tinge on the white of the eyes, and the swarthy, saffron appearance of the skin changed to a clear, lively and healthy color.

6. Those suffering from weak or ulcerated lungs or tubercles will realize great benefit in expectorating freely the tough phlegm or mucus from the lungs, air cells, bronchi or wind pipe, throat or head; diminishing the frequency of cough; general increase of strength throughout the system; stoppage of night sweats and pains and feelings of weakness around the ankles, legs, shoulders, etc.; cessation of colds and chills, sense of suffocation, hard breathing and paroxysm of cough on lying down or arising in the morning. All these distressing symptoms gradually and surely disappear.

7. As day after day the SARSAPARILIAN is taken new signs of returning health will appear; as the blood improves in purity and strength the disease will diminish, and all foreign and impure deposits, nodes, tumors, cancers, hard lumps, etc., are resolved away and the unsound made sound and healthy; ulcers, fever sores, chronic skin diseases, gradually disappear.

8. In cases where the system has been salivated and Mercury, Quicksilver and Corrosive Sublimate have accumulated and become deposited in the bones, joints, etc., causing caries of the bones, rickets, spinal curvatures, contortions, white swellings, varicose veins, etc., the SARSAPARILLIAN will resolve away these deposits and exterminate the virus of the disease from the system.

9. If those who are taking these medicines for the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous or Syphilitic Diseases, however slow may be the cure, feel better and find their general health improving, their flesh and weight increasing or even keeping its own, it is a sure sign that the cure is progressing. In these diseases the patient either gets better or worse—the virus of the disease is not inactive; if not arrested and driven from the blood it will spread and continue to undermine the constitution. As soon as the SARSAPARILLIAN makes the patient feel better, every hour you will grow better and increase in health, strength and flesh.

The great power of this remedy is in diseases that threaten death, as in

CONSUMPTION

of the Lungs and Tuberculous Phthisis, Scrofula, Syphiloid Diseases, Wasting Degeneration and Ulceration of the Kidneys, Diabetes, Stoppage of Water (instantaneous relief afforded where catheras have been used, thus doing away with the painful operation of using these instruments), dissolving stone in the bladder, and in all cases of

Inflammation of the Bladder and Kidneys.

And in chronic cases of Gonorrhœa and Uterine Diseases.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of Medicine than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful doses, while others require five or six times as much.

ONE DOLLAR PER BOTTLE.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S

Ready Relief

CURES AND PREVENTS

DYSENTERY, DIARRHAE, CHOLERA MORBUS, FEVER AND AGUE, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, DIPHTHERIA, INFLUENZA, SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING

Bowel Complaints,

Looseness, Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, and painful discharges from the bowels are stopped in 15 or 20 minutes by taking Radway's Ready Relief. No congestion or inflammation, no weakness or lassitude will follow the use of the R. R. Relief.

IT WAS THE FIRST AND IS

The Only Pain Remedy

that instantly stops the most excruciating Pains, allays Inflammation and cures Congestion, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, Glands or Organs, by one application.

In from One to Twenty Minutes,

no matter how violent or excruciating the pain and rheumatic, bed ridden, infirm, crippled, nervous, neuralgic or prostrated with disease may suffer, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will afford instant ease.

Inflammation of the Kidneys, Inflammation of the Bladder, Inflammation of the Bowels, Congestion of the Lungs, Sore Throat, Difficult Breathing, Palpitation of the Heart, Hysterics, Croup, Diphtheria, Catarrh, Influenza, Headache, Toothache, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Cold Chills, Ague Chills, Chilblains and Frost Bites.

The application of the Ready Relief to the part or parts where the pain or difficulty exists will afford ease and comfort.

Thirty to sixty drops in a half tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Sprains, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels and all Internal Pains. Travelers should always carry a bottle of Radway's Ready Relief with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

FEVER AND AGUE.

Fever and Ague cured for 50 cents. There is not a remedial agent in this world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other Fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

FIFTY CENTS PER BOTTLE.

RADWAY'S Regulating Pills.

Perfect Purgatives, Soothing Aperients, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operation.

Vegetable Substitute for Calome

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a perfect cure. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or other deleterious drugs.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffering Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs and Sudden Flushes of Heat and Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system from all the above named disorders.

PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOX.

We repeat that the reader must consult our books and papers on the subject of diseases and speedy cure, among which may be named:

"False and True,"
"Radway on Irritable Urine,"
"Radway on Scrofula,"

and others relating to different classes of diseases.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

Read "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren, Corner Church Street, New York. Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

There can be no better guarantee of the value of Dr. Radway's old established R. R. R. Remedies than the base and worthless imitations of them, as there are false Resolvents, Reliefs and Pills. Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name RADWAY is on what you buy.